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JULY, 1889.

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THE MIND AND EVOLUTION.

*Mental Evolution in Man. Origin of Human Faculty.* By  
GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Kegan  
Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

THE question of evolution according to Darwin will this year have undergone discussion during one generation. The result of the battle, so far, has been to concentrate the whole interest of the struggle upon the question whether or not the mind of man can have been evolved from the psychical faculties of the lower animals. With a true instinct did Darwin himself regard this point as the most important of all, and it is not less valued by his most aggressive follower, Professor Lankester.\*

It is not, however, the last-named naturalist who has devoted himself to this particular question. It is Mr. G. J. Romanes who for a long time has made it his own, and has directed all his energies to the task of showing that there truly is (as Mr. Darwin declared) no difference of kind but only one of degree between the highest human intellect and the cognitive powers of an oyster. He has become the representative of Darwin in this special and most important field of inquiry, and

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\* See his article "Zoology," in the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.  
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he has accumulated, in defence of his position, an enormous mass of statements which he regards as evidence in favour of the position he desires to maintain.

He has just published a work on this subject, written with great clearness and ability though with too much repetition, and we are persuaded that no one could have done more than he has to sustain his thesis and to defeat Mr. Darwin's really important opponents.

He has been strangely blamed\* for attaching the importance he has to the question of "difference of kind," and for assuming that such a difference involves a difference of origin; and it has been asserted that creatures as different in kind as men and animals may have been successively produced by evolution. To say this, however, is to confound a real philosophical difference of "kind" (which, of course, is what Mr. Romanes has in view) with a mere popular use of that word, as when we say we like three kinds of toast for breakfast—"dry," "buttered," and "French." But a real difference of kind, a difference of *essential nature*, cannot be evolved. It cannot possibly admit of "more" or "less." It simply "is" or it "is not." Mr. Romanes has so far rightly apprehended the task before him, to which he has so vigorously applied himself. He does not "palter with us in a double sense," but honestly and honourably strives to meet, point blank, the strongest arguments of his adversaries.

Amongst these adversaries he names Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Professor Quatrefages, and Dr. St. George Mivart. It is, however, the last named whom he regards as the most important,† and, indeed, Dr. Mivart has, for nineteen years, continuously combated Darwinism on this special ground—*i.e.*, ever since his *Genesis of Species* appeared and occasioned Mr. Darwin the disquietude and dismay depicted in his *Life and Letters* edited by his son.

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\* In the *Guardian*.

† "I select as spokesman a distinguished naturalist, who is also an able psychologist, and to whom, therefore, I shall afterwards have occasion to refer, as on both these accounts the most competent as well as the most representative of my opponents" (p. 10). "I shall now proceed to unfold the reasons which lead me to differ from Mr. Mivart, and so from all the still extensive school of which he is, in my opinion, much the ablest spokesman" (p. 178).

By a singular coincidence, very shortly after the appearance of Mr. Romanes' work, a portly volume has made its appearance,\* of which Mr. Romanes' selected representative opponent happens to be the author. Dr. Mivart's new book covers a vastly more extensive ground than does that of Mr. Romanes; nevertheless, it replies by anticipation† to the arguments of the latter writer, although, of course, not so directly and minutely as it would probably have done had not the two works gone to press at the same time.

In contrasting these two almost simultaneous publications, we are specially desirous to do justice to the author from whose views we dissent, because he lies under a manifest disadvantage. We refer to the very different philosophical training which these two authors have evidently undergone. The defective philosophical notions which Mr. Romanes has acquired have neutralized his best efforts and produced a waste of labour which we contemplate with sympathy and regret. And yet, if he has laboured in vain with respect to his thesis, he has by no means laboured in vain for the public. His work forms a striking example of the absolute necessity of a sound philosophy as a basis whereon alone a solid scientific structure can be reared. If a man entertains erroneous notions concerning those deepest questions which (as Professor Huxley says) "underlie all physical science," even his physical science itself is endangered thereby—*à fortiori*, any speculative deductions he would draw from such science. If, however, Mr. Romanes had not laboured under this disadvantage, if his psychology had been really rational and his philosophy sound, then his book would never have been written, or, if written, would have enunciated conclusions directly contrary to those he has not hesitated to put forward.

One of all his strangest mistakes is his entire misapprehension of the standpoint of his opponents. Throughout his book he assumes that they are "Nominalists" (as he declares himself to be), and therefore entertains the absurd notion that "concepts" are "words" and *nothing more*. He strangely

\* *On Truth; a Systematic Inquiry*. By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1889.

† Especially in chapters xiv., xv., xvi., and xxiii.

asserts (p. 22) that "Realism was gradually vanquished by Nominalism," whereas, in fact, Nominalism twice raised its head and was twice defeated, and at the time when, with the Renaissance all scholastic disputes went out of fashion, moderate Realism had conquered all along the line. Mr. Romanes must have read his "selected opponent" to small purpose indeed, since he has taken him for a Nominalist,\* a position utterly abhorrent to the whole school he represents.

But there is a yet more fatal and fundamental flaw. Mr. Romanes professes to agree with his opponents in asserting that the presence of self-consciousness is the line of demarcation between a rational and an irrational nature. We might fairly expect, then, that he should have some clear apprehension of the character thus put forward on this one really important matter. Yet he candidly avows (p. 194) that it is a problem "which does not admit of solution." Now the problem which Mr. Romanes has undertaken is to show that the difference between a "self-conscious" being and one without consciousness is a difference not of kind but of degree. This he does not so much as attempt to do, but retreats into a profession of Idealism. Yet Idealism is fatal to his position, which is essentially that of a Materialist. This intellectual confusion is very instructive. If once in the realms of speculation the solid ground of reason be deserted, then "depth calleth to depth" to engulph the rash adventurer who has wandered into the bogs and quicksands of a world unknown.

Mr. Romanes rests his entire case on what he believes to be the phenomena presented to our notice by savages, children, and the higher animals. But we refuse to accept such tests. It is difficult to fully comprehend either the infantine or savage mind, and we cannot thoroughly know the so-called "mind" of any brute. On the other hand, we can know by the study of our individual intellect what thought is, and we can be sure that it is essentially different in kind from any activity which is not intellectual. We believe that it is

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\* In his work *On Truth* (p. 234) he distinctly says: "Rational conceptions can evidently exist without words, but rational words cannot exist without conceptions or abstract ideas."

different in kind from the highest faculties of animals, because the general observation of mankind and one's own common-sense tells us that animals are not intellectual. If, however, anybody likes to maintain that all animals, and even vegetables, have really an intellectual nature absolutely like our own—making them essentially moral and responsible beings—but hindered by some physical condition from making their real nature manifest, we have little objection to make to such a view. Instead of degrading man to the level commonly assigned to brutes, it would raise the most unsightly insects and the meanest fungus to the level of mankind. Nevertheless, we should deem such a belief absurdly unwarranted, and one not only without evidence but against it. As to idiots, infants, and savages, however, we deem them truly rational in nature from analogy and our observation of the effects of education. We have no difficulty here in supposing that circumstances (a deformed brain, an undeveloped body, or a degraded environment) have prevented the truly intellectual nature of such creatures from making itself unequivocally manifest.

Mr. Romanes makes a very grave mistake when he tells us (p. 12) that human immortality can only have become known to us by "revelation." We do not, of course, affirm that man's immortality is directly to be perceived as being a necessary truth like the principle of contradiction or the law of causation. But we confidently affirm that a scientific analysis of our being, with a consequent perception of the notion of the human soul, makes its indestructibility (without a miracle) a reasonable inference. When, further, we reflect on God's existence and nature, together with our own ethical perceptions and our observation of the facts of history, this inference becomes raised to the level of certainty, apart from revelation.\*

The value of Mr. Romanes' opinion about this matter (and we might almost say about any matter) is seriously imperilled by a perfectly amazing assertion he makes in a note on this subject. He there tells us: "The dictum of Aristotle

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\* As to this, see *On Truth*, pp. 388, 487.

and Buffon, that animals differ from man in having no power of mental apprehension, may be disregarded, for it appears to be sufficiently disposed of by the following remark of Dureau de la Malle: 'Si les animaux n'étaient pas susceptibles d'apprendre les moyens de se conserver, les espèces se seraient anéanties.'"

So, then, animals have first to learn how to live and then go on living afterwards! That such a sentence should have been written by De la Malle is wonderful, but that it should be quoted nowadays by Mr. Romanes, and supposed by him to overpower Aristotle and Buffon, is astounding. It is difficult to understand how an intelligent and painstaking author like Mr. Romanes could fall into such a bathos. But we shall see shortly that he is led by a correspondent's cockatoo to step over the edge of an abyss of absurdity even more profound.

Mr. Romanes is not unaware of the danger of trusting to the tales so commonly told about pet animals; but, as Dr. Mivart says:\*

"A still stronger tendency to exaggeration besets many modern writers on account of a philosophical prejudice. Because they do not see how man can have come to have a faculty different in kind from that of animals, they strain every point—exaggerate some facts and ignore others—to show that he has no such different faculty. But in science the first question is not how anything exists or becomes, but whether it does exist or not, as a fact. Mr. Chambers, Professor Bain, and the late Mr. G. H. Lewes agree as to this tendency to exaggeration, declaring it to be 'nearly as impossible to acquire a knowledge of animals from anecdotes, as it would be to obtain a knowledge of human nature from the narratives of parental fondness and friendly partiality,' and affirming that the researches of various eminent writers on animal intelligence have been 'biassed' by a secret desire to establish the identity of animal and human nature."

And we may add, the real identity of all living organisms whatever. This tendency has been very naïvely declared by Mr. Darwin himself, when he tells us †: "It always pleases me to exalt plants in the organic scale!"

That thirsty dogs should run into hollows,‡ that an elephant should blow on the ground beyond an object it wished to drive towards it, that a bear should similarly draw near a piece of

\* *On Truth*, p. 349. † *Life and Letters*, vol. iii. p. 333. ‡ Romanes, p. 51.

floating bread by pawing the water, or that dogs "accustomed to tidal streams or to swimming in the sea" should feel and instinctively allow for currents, need occasion no surprise whatever. They are surely just such phenomena as we might confidently anticipate. Mr. Darwin is quoted by Mr. Romanes as having written about a dog of his which on hearing the words, "Hi, hi, where is it?" rushed and looked about even up into trees, adding: "Now do not these actions clearly show that she had in her mind a general idea that some animal is to be discovered and hunted?" No doubt the hearing of such words, "uttered in an eager voice," excited the dog's emotions and raised images in its imagination—reminiscences of before-experienced groups of smells, sounds, colours, and motions—but that is very different from a "general idea"!

Anecdotes related by Mr. Belt are quoted (p. 52) concerning ants in South America, which learnt to tunnel under the rails of a tramway. But such facts need surprise no one who remembers any of the more wonderful but familiar actions of ordinary insects. No doubt these burrowing ants were well accustomed to make tunnels, and had instinctively made them again and again on the occurrence of other obstacles to surface progression. To say, as Mr. Romanes says, "clearly the insects must have appreciated the nature" of the obstacles and "correctly reasoned out the only way by which they could be avoided," is not a little absurd. If they could really appreciate a "nature," and truly "reason out" a way to avoid an injury, we should quickly have such plainly and distressingly inconvenient evidence of their rationality that there would be no need to go so far as to South America to find an instance of it.

Very funny is the tale cited from Miss Branston about a certain archiepiscopal collie-dog which had acquired a habit of hunting imaginary pigs every evening directly after family prayers. Mr. Romanes makes much of this, but really nothing could well be more simple or natural than the association of feelings and imaginations thereby implied.

The often related anecdote of crows which seem "able to count," is thus related (p. 57) by our author, after Leroy: When about to shoot the nests, in order "to deceive this



suspicious bird, the plan was hit upon of sending two men into the watch-house, one of whom passed on while the other remained; but the crow counted and kept her distance. The next day three went, and again she perceived that only two returned. In time it was found necessary to send five or six men to the watch-house in order to put her out of her calculation." But what wonder is there that a crow seeing a man go beneath her nest with a gun should keep clear till she had seen him go away, even if, for a time, he had hidden himself behind a bush? Why, then, should it be wondered at, if her mere sense-perception felt a difference between the visual picture presented by a group of three men and another presented by only two? The wonder rather is that she should not be more discriminative, as we always wonder that a bitch or a she-cat does not miss a single pup or kitten taken away from her litter.

But the value of the mass of such tales of "animal intelligence," the credulity of the narrators, and the trust which may be reposed in Mr. Romanes' critical powers may be made clear to our readers by the following quotations.

Mr. Romanes tells us (p. 100):—

"Concerning the use of gesture signs by monkeys, I give the remarkable case recorded by James Forbes, F.R.S., of a male monkey begging the body of a female which had just been shot. The animal came to the door of the tent, and, finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gestures seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms and bore it away to his expecting companions."

It would be curious to know what the monkeys did with the corpse. But Mr. Romanes cites another account of a monkey shot by a Captain Johnson, which "instantly ran down to the lowest branch of a tree as if it was going to fly at me, stopped suddenly and coolly put his paw to the part wounded, covered with blood, and held it out for me to see." We are next told of what Mr. Romanes calls "a closely similar case," recorded by Sir William Harte, as follows:—

"One of his officers, coming home after a long day's shooting, saw a female monkey running along the rocks with her young one in her arms. He immediately fired and the animal fell. On his coming up, she grasped her little



one close to her breast, and with her other hand pointed (!) to the wound which the ball had made and which had entered above her breast. Dipping her finger in the blood and holding it up, she seemed to reproach him with having been the cause of her pain, and also that of the young one, to which she frequently pointed."

Now, that these relations repose on a basis of truth is not to be doubted. That the mother hugged her young one, that the wounded apes made gestures due to anger, pain, or terror, no reasonable critic would question. It is, however, no less evident that the kind-hearted sportsmen read into such movements, motives and meanings due to their own fertile imaginations. Such mistaken inferences are not to be wondered at on the part of military men unskilled both in scientific observation and philosophic reflection; but it is strange to see their delusions shared by a professed psychologist!

But we reach the climax of absurdity in a tale which is gravely quoted from a correspondent by Mr. Romanes, as evidence of the possibility of very exceptional capacity on the part of a talking bird. The matter concerns a cockatoo which had been ill, and the words are (p. 190):

"A friend came the same afternoon and asked him how he was. With his head on one side, and one of his cunning looks, he told her that he was 'a little better;' and when she asked him if he had not been very ill, he said, 'Cockie better; Cockie ever so much better.' . . . When I came back (after a prolonged absence) he said, 'Mother come back to little Cockie; Mother come back to little Cockie. Come and love me, and give me pretty kiss. Nobody pity poor Cockie. The boy beat poor Cockie.' He always told me if Jes scolded or beat him. He always told me as soon as he saw me, and in such a pitiful tone."

On the subject of tales about animals, we feel, with Mr. Romanes, that "enough has now been said." For if what he represents as facts and valid inferences were truly such, we should not say with our author that "animals present the germ of the sign-making faculty," but that animals plainly have and exercise the very same intellectual powers that we possess and exercise, and that nothing but a series of accidents would have prevented some bird, such as this Cockie, "from having discovered the law of universal gravitation, or dictated a treatise like the *Ethics* of Aristotle!"

The whole attempt of Mr. Romanes to show that the intellect of man is but the development from the brute he asserts it to be, reposes upon his mode of representing the different orders and degrees of cognition and intelligence. By dividing and subdividing these according to a certain system, he is enabled to draw out what, to the unwary, may look like a transitional series of psychical states. It would not, however, have this appearance, but that he starts by assuming the system of Locke as one to be admitted without dispute.

To admit the system of Locke, however, is to admit a system according to which every faint or revived group of sensations is an "idea," and since every brute has such groups of feelings, the point in dispute is thereby at once assumed. By an "idea" Mr. Romanes means (p. 34) "indifferently any product of the imagination, from the mere memory of a sensuous impression up to the result of the most abstruse generalization."

His ideas he divides (p. 39) into three categories—(1) The simplest, which he calls "memories of percepts." (2) Complex, compound ideas, which are mere groups of associated and superimposed impressions, like Mr. W. F. Galton's "generalized photographs," which he calls "generic ideas," or "recepts;" and (3) general or abstract ideas, which he calls "concepts." He considers nothing to be a "concept" which is not expressed by a word, and that it is but a recept which has acquired a name. He assumes that no one can possess self-consciousness who does not speak of himself in the first person, and he makes no distinction between (*a*) that direct and unreflecting consciousness which we all possess when we do anything we know we are doing, yet without expressly advertising to it, and (*b*) that reflex consciousness we have when we say to ourselves, Now I am reading or writing, or whatever it may be. By assuming that animals have perceptions undistinguishable from our own, that they can by vocal and other signs make known their apprehension of "recepts;" that infants who do not talk, but clearly show their apprehension of things around them, are devoid of "concepts," and that when they do talk, but only speak of themselves in the third person, they are still devoid of self-consciousness, it becomes easy indeed to represent the evolution of intellect from sense by

the help of begging dogs, talking birds, speechless infants, and children who only speak of themselves by their own names.

But in thus proceeding Mr. Romanes misunderstands or ignores the whole standpoint of the school which he opposes. That school loudly asserts that the as yet speechless child may possess mental "concepts"; that when a child speaks of itself as "Willie," or only points dumbly to its own bosom, it may be fully self-conscious, and that to perform self-conscious action we have no need to reflect upon and distinctly advert to the nature of the thing we may at the time be doing.

But to draw out clearly here the distinctions which Mr. Romanes ignores, would require us to do little less than to write a short treatise on psychology. For duly to understand this question, it is especially needful to apprehend what those of our faculties which we share with brutes really are, and how our various intellectual powers are distinguished from them. Unless we know fully our own mental nature, it becomes a hopeless one to inquire into the natures of other beings. It is therefore fortunate that we have been enabled to refer our readers to Dr. Mivart's new work, wherein they will find these distinctions drawn out at length. It is especially his chapters (xiv. and xv.) on our lower and our higher mental powers to which we would call attention, and to the characters\* which distinguish our intellectual perceptions (which alone deserve to be called "ideas") from all the various properties which sensuous cognitions possess. The distinction between our higher and our lower mental powers is declared (p. 203) by Dr. Mivart to be "probably the most fundamental and the most important of all the distinctions to be made in the study of mind." Instead of dividing the mental faculties as Mr. Romanes does, we agree with his opponents in dividing into two fundamental distinct categories—(A) sensuous affections, and (B) ideas. Amongst the former are to be classed, among others, all those which Mr. Romanes distinguishes as "recepts," while "percepts," instead of being at the root of all, are to be distinctly recog-

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\* See *On Truth*, pp. 102-107, 111-113, 206-210, 216-218.

nized as intellectual affections, altogether beyond the scope of the sensitive faculties.

In his sixth chapter Mr. Romanes supplies a great number of most interesting examples of the perfection with which intellectual conceptions and very abstract ideas can be made known by gestures, without the use of a single word, and he gives (p. 114) some curious details concerning the syntax of gesture language, which differs considerably from that of spoken language. Thus a deaf mute will usually express by signs, not "black horse," but "horse black;" not "bring a black hat," but "hat, black, bring;" not "I am hungry, give me bread," but "hungry me, bread give!" He quotes a remarkable answer to a very abstract question, given by a pupil to the Abbé Sicard. To the question "Who made God?" the pupil replied, "God made nothing"—i.e., God is self-subsisting. Such an alternative as "I should be punished if I were lazy and naughty," would, we are told, be thus put: "I lazy, naughty, no!—lazy, naughty, I punished, yes!"

With respect to true rational speech, Mr. Romanes denies (p. 172) that the predication of existence is the essential or any important part of a full, formally expressed proposition. Rather, he tells us, "it is really the least essential or the least important; for existence is the category to which everything must belong if it is to be judged about at all." But because it is a category, to which every actual thing must belong, it by no means follows that it is an *unimportant* category. Mr. Romanes might be deprived of objects and conditions belonging to various categories which might not be worth much to him, but he could hardly say it was unimportant to him whether or not he was deprived of *existence*! He continues: "Merely to judge that A *is*, and B *is*, is to form the most barren (or least significant) judgment that can be formed with regard to A and B." Of course, it is manifest that so to affirm is to give the minimum of information about A and B; but though it tells us little as to extent, it tells us a truth of the most profound and intensely important kind.

We have already referred to a mistake made by Mr. Romanes with respect to self-consciousness. This appears distinctly where he says (p. 195-196): "It will, I suppose, on

all hands be admitted that self-consciousness consists in paying the same kind of attention to internal or psychical processes as is habitually paid to external or physical processes, and bringing to bear upon subjective phenomena the same powers of perception as are brought to bear upon the objective."

But this is an utter mistake. If we could not be self-conscious directly, or without holding up a previous mental act and recognizing it, we could never be self-conscious at all, for such a conscious-paying attention to an act performed, must itself be either direct or reflex. If it be affirmed to be direct, why should we deem it more difficult to have been conscious of the first direct act than of the second? If it be affirmed to be necessarily reflex, then how can we know it by a direct act? If reflex consciousness be absolutely necessary in the first case, it must be so likewise in the second, and so again for that second act, and so on *ad infinitum*.

We must be able to know, with consciousness, directly, or we can never consciously know anything at all! In his eleventh chapter, Mr. Romanes is occupied with what he calls "the transition in the individual"—i.e., the development of intellect in the child. He therein tells us (p. 218) that a daughter of his, aged eighteen months, gave the proper baby names to sheep, cows, pigs, &c., whether seen in unfamiliar picture-books or on wall-papers, or on chair-covers in strange houses. Somewhat later, having called first her brother and the other children, "Ilda," "whenever she came upon a representation of a sheep with a lamb, she would point to the sheep and say *Mama-Ba*; while the lamb she would call *Ilda-Ba*." Yet he ventures to affirm that in her case "speech in the sense of formal predication" had not begun. For our part we consider that it would be difficult to point to a more distinct manifestation of a true predication. Strongly indeed do we dissent from Mr. Romanes' strange assertion (p. 222) that, "so far as the earliest phase of language is concerned, no difference even of degree can be alleged between the infant and the animal."

Having, then, mistakenly affirmed that self-consciousness must be reflex, and having attributed to the logical and conceptual gesture-language of children no more value than to the

bodily signs of emotion in brutes, Mr. Romanes goes on to consider (p. 227) that stage in the life of a child which he regards as anterior to the formation of true mental concepts. "Let us," he says, "consider the case of a child about two years old, who is able to form such a proposition as *Dit ki* (sister is crying)." This he affirms to be no truly intellectual act, but merely the bringing "*into apposition*" of two perceptions of its senses which it has experienced simultaneously. This apposition in consciousness, he tells us, "is effected for the child by what may be termed *the logic of events*: it is not effected by the child in the way of any intentional or self-conscious grouping of its ideas." Now, of course, Mr. Romanes does not here mean to deny that the child reflects on its mental act, as even adults very rarely do. Such a denial would be too absurdly superfluous. All he can mean to deny to it is that direct common consciousness which attends all our ordinary actions. Such a denial is, however, quite unwarranted. In saying *Dit ki* the child expresses a true judgment with two concepts, and the copula "is" implied. The absolute enunciation of the copula is not needed, if we can see that it is meant; for, as Mr. Romanes truly says (p. 164), so that a man *means*, his mode of expressing that meaning is relatively unimportant. In such childish sentences as that quoted, the copula is evidently present potentially, though it may not be uttered; and, as Mr. Romanes has well said (p. 233), the greatest of all distinctions in biology is "potentiality." That is just it. It is the distinction between a nature which *can* and a nature which *cannot* form intellectual conceptions, which is the distinction between man and brute. But this latent power, or "potentiality," can only be made known by the outcome. It is this which gives us such abundant reason for regarding new-born infants, and defectively organized persons, as potentially rational; and which justifies our denying rationality to animals, since they never show us they possess it—while we cannot doubt but that if they did possess it they would soon make us unpleasantly aware of the fact. Here we conclude what we have to say concerning Mr. Romanes' psychology. He has failed in his task because his task was an impossible



one; but he has also failed to address himself to the real problem he had to solve, because he has mistaken what is the true indication of self-consciousness, and, above all, because he has failed to appreciate the fundamental difference which exists between the lower and the higher mental faculties which he and every man possesses.

Mr. Romanes next (p. 238) devotes himself to an exposition of the doctrines of comparative philology, modestly disclaiming any right to speak as an expert in that science. He draws the following parallel between the origin of language and the origin of man:—

"Let it be noted," he says (p. 242), "that we are in the presence of exactly the same distinction with regard to the origin of language as we were at the beginning of this treatise with regard to the origin of man. For we then saw that while we have the most cogent historical evidence in proof of the principles of evolution having governed the progress of civilization, we have no such direct evidence of the descent of man from a brutal ancestry. And here also we find that, as long as the light of history is able to guide us, there can be no doubt that the principles of evolution have determined the gradual development of languages, in a manner strictly analogous to that in which they have determined the ever-increasing refinement and complexity of social organization. Now, in the latter case, we saw that such direct evidence of evolution from lower to higher levels of culture, renders it well-nigh certain that the method must have extended backwards beyond the historical period; and hence, that such direct evidence of evolution uniformly pervading the historical period, in itself furnishes a strong *primâ facie* presumption that this period was itself reached by means of a similarly gradual development of human faculty. And thus, also, it is in the case of language. If philology is able to prove the fact of evolution in all known languages, as far back as the primitive roots out of which they have severally grown, the presumption becomes exceedingly strong that these earliest and simplest elements, like their later and more complex products, were the result of a natural growth."

There is, of course, a parallelism between the course of human speech and human intellectual conditions generally, because the former is the explicit expression of the latter. But since, as Mr. Romanes most truly says, we have no evidence (beyond inferential evidence) as to the actual origin of man or of speech, it by no means follows either that they arose by evolution, or that their earliest condition was inferior to that of which we have the earliest indication. We have as much evidence of decay and retrogression as of progression,



and even Mr. Herbert Spencer considers that all existing savages are degraded beings. It is as improbable (revelation apart) that primitive man was like one of the more degraded savages of our own day as that he was like Mr. Romanes himself. Since man, having a nature essentially distinct from that of brutes, must have had a distinct origin also, we have no data which can enable us to draw an approximatively accurate portrait of him. It may be that the earliest men, in whose minds the aspects of Nature evoked a multitude of concepts, had clearer intuitions of the real nature of things, and of the relations between them, than later men, whose minds had become burthened with a multitude of conflicting impressions and opinions. We meet with a parallel phenomenon when we compare the clear, simple, yet profound conceptions of the Greek intellect as shown in Aristotle, with the confused, entangled, yet shallow, speculations of our own day in England, France, and Germany.

M. Noire's theory as to the origin of speech, so favoured by Professor Max Müller, is designated (p. 290) by Mr. Romanes the "Yeo-he-ho theory," but he is ready to accept it as one form of Onomatopœia,\* yet he by no means assigns the origin of speech to any or all forms of Onomatopœia. "If even," he says, "civilized children . . . will coin a language of their own in which the element of Onomatopœia is barely traceable, and if uneducated deaf mutes will spontaneously devise articulate sounds which are necessarily destitute of any imitative origin," why (he asks) should primitive man be supposed to have been only capable of mimicry? Why, indeed!

In his fourteenth and fifteenth chapters Mr. Romanes occupies himself with what he calls the "Witness of Philology." Premising that his opponents place the psychological distinction between men and brutes in the faculty of judgment possessed only by the former, he adds: "I have shown that by universal consent this faculty is identical with predication." Such, however, is by no means the case. He ought to know this well, since almost at the beginning of his work he thus

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\* This is the use of names which imitate sounds made by the objects they denote—as cuckoo.

quotes (p. 86) one of Dr. Mivart's categories of language: "Sounds which are rational but not articulate, ejaculations by which we sometimes express assent to or dissent from given propositions," and "gestures which answer to rational conceptions, and are therefore 'external' but not oral manifestations of the *verbum mentale*."

As to the first origin of language Mr. Romanes is good enough to inform us that: "As a matter of fact, it did not begin with any of our later-day distinctions between nouns, verbs, adjectives, prepositions, and the rest; it began as the undifferentiated protoplasm of speech, out of which all these 'parts of speech' had afterwards to be developed by a prolonged course of gradual evolution." He quotes Schelling as saying: "Die Sprache ist nicht stückweis oder Atomistisch; sie ist gleich in allen ihren Theilen als Ganzes, und demnach organisch entstanden;" adding: "This highly general and most important fact is correctly stated, as it was, I believe, first stated by the anthropologist, Waitz—namely, that the unit of language is not the word but the sentence; and, therefore, that historically the sentence preceded the word. Or, otherwise and less ambiguously expressed, every word was originally itself a proposition, in the sense that if and by itself it conveyed a statement."

But if this assertion could be shown to be true, it would but make yet more glaring the distinction between the intellect of man and any power possessed by a brute. The need of expressing thoughts by external signs (manual or oral) is but a consequence of the limitation of our faculties due to our bodily organs. The less such bodily signs may be needed for the perception or conveyance of ideas, the higher is the intellectual condition. Thus it is that specially gifted intellects can attain, at a glance, truths which less gifted natures cannot reach except after a long course of demonstration. Thus it is again that some exceptionally endowed minds can, with a few pregnant words, bring to the minds of others perceptions which inferior natures could only convey by long and laboured discourses. Mr. Romanes quotes (p. 300) Professor Max Müller as saying: "If we watch the language of a child,

which is really Chinese spoken in English, we see that there is a form of thought and of language, perfectly rational and intelligible to those who have studied it, in which, nevertheless, the distinction between noun and verb, nay, between subject and predicate, is not yet realized."

Primitive man is represented as speaking of himself in the third person, and Professor Sayce is quoted as telling us that, "The Malay *Ulu*, 'I,' is still 'a man' in Lampong, and the Kawi Ugwang 'I' cannot be separated from *Nwang*, 'a man.' " But it would not be of the slightest consequence to our argument if we Englishmen, here and now, never spoke of ourselves but as "this man," or "this one here." Such expressions would mean "I" as truly as if we used the pronoun, and it is only the *meaning* which is of importance, as Mr. Romanes has told us. Professor Sayce is further quoted (p. 303), as affirming that "an inflectional language does not permit us to watch the word-making process so closely as do those savage jargons, in which a couple of sounds, like the Grabo *Ni ne*, signify 'I do it,' or 'You do not,' according to the context and the gestures of the speaker. Here by degrees, with the growth of consciousness and the analysis of thought, the external gesture is replaced by some uttered sounds." Now if the Professor here means by "the growth of consciousness," its evolution from a state of mind devoid of consciousness, he errs greatly. For the sounds *ni ne* could never be uttered with *meaning* by any unconscious being. But apart from this, the cited passage affords an admirable example of the cheap and easy way in which the intellectual processes of different races of mankind are disposed of as may happen to suit the purpose of the disposers. The utterer of *ni ne* is just as rational essentially as is Professor Sayce himself or the present writer. We have similar phenomena in our own language. The two words "My work" may signify either "*I* do it," or "You do *not*," according to the context and the gestures and tones of the speaker. A man may say "*My work*," pointing to the products with a look of lively satisfaction at being able to boast himself the author of so remarkable a production. He may say "*My work*," while pointing to

his own body, with a look of strong disapprobation at the idea of any one else pretending to have done it.

Mr. Romanes strongly criticizes and censures his apponents for the importance they have attached to the idea of "being." He observes (p. 308):—

"Seeing that my psychological opponents have laid so much stress upon the substantive verb as this is used by the Romance languages in formal predication, I will here devote a paragraph to its special consideration from a philological point of view. It will be remembered that I have already pointed out the fallacy about the copula . . . nevertheless . . . my opponents may seek to take refuge in the substantive verb itself: forced to acknowledge that it has nothing especially to do with predication, they may still endeavour to represent that elsewhere, or in itself, it represents a high order of conceptual thought. This, of course, I allow; and if, as my opponents assume, the substantive verb belonged to early, not to say primitive, modes of speech, I should further allow that it raises a formidable difficulty in the otherwise easy path of evolutionary explanation."

Then, to show that the substantive verb is very far from primitive, he tells us that the Hebrew word *Kama* meant primitively "to stand out," and that the verb *Koum*, "to stand," passes into the sense of "being." But what more could we require? Does Mr. Romanes think we suppose that primitive man employed a word to denote abstract existence, without its having another meaning or other meanings also? We are far indeed from entertaining such a notion.

Mr. Garnett is quoted (p. 310) as saying that the Coptic is defective as regards the substantive verb, but he very significantly adds that the Egyptians "had at least half a dozen methods of rendering the Greek verb substantive when they wished to do so." If a given subject be "I," "thou," "he," "this," "that," "one;" if it be "here," "there," "yonder," "thus," "in," "on," "at," "by;" if it "sits," "stands," "remains," or "appears," we need no ghost to tell us that it is."

Mr. Romanes is under the impression that the argument of his opponents rests upon the analysis of the proposition "as this was given by Aristotle." In thus thinking, however, he is quite mistaken. It reposes on the perception of the thoughts which underlie propositions, whether expressed in Greek, Dyaak,

Chinese, or Polynesian phraseology. This answer Mr. Romanes anticipates (p. 321), saying that "in order to meet it he must refer to proofs which he considers were established by him in previous chapters"—namely, sayings of children possessing only what he calls "preconceptual ideation," that is, before they speak of themselves in the first person—before, that is, they have what he considers the necessary condition of self-consciousness. "Will any opponent venture to affirm," he asks, "that preconceptual ideation is indicative of judgment?" We reply, of *course* it is. Again he asks: Will he affirm that "even in the earlier and hitherto undifferentiated sentence-word, we have that faculty of predication on which is founded the distinction between man and brute?" Again we reply, most certainly we do. The use or need of gesture-language does not make that language any less truly conceptual and abstract in nature. There is no psychological distinction between speaking and pointing, or we could have no expression of abstract ideas by pantomime. Mr. Romanes himself supplies us with an example of what we mean. An infant of his, still unable to articulate a sound, having knocked its head, ran to his father. On being asked where he was hurt, "he immediately touched the part of his head in question. Now, will it be said," Mr. Romanes asks, "that in doing this the child was predicating the seat of the injury?" We reply, most unquestionably it was. The predication was of a rudimentary kind; but our knowledge of the nature of infants from their growth and development makes us perfectly clear that it really was a predication. On the other hand, our knowledge of the growth and development of mere animals makes us no less clear that apparently significant movements made by them (as when a cat has a bone fixed between its back teeth) are not really a predication. No gestures of brutes need be taken as being assertions of fact, since they are all otherwise explicable; could they make gestures of the kind at all, they would soon make us quite certain of their power in this respect. If they could do it at all, they would do it repeatedly and whenever they had need to make their meanings known to other conscious intelligences. Thus intellectual language remains "the Rubicon of mind." Between the mere language of emotion and the

sensuous cognition of brutes on the one hand, and intellectual language and perception on the other, there remains an essential distinction of kind, and therefore of origin. Whether we look to the individual or the race, we alike recognize in harmony therewith, the entire absence of any evidence of transition from the emotional sign-making power of the brutes to the faculty of conceptual expression possessed by man.

Mr. Romanes naturally endeavours to show that language was at first essentially sensuous, not intellectual. Now, inasmuch as man is an animal, though a rational one, and possesses a body with its nerves, &c., he must make use of some bodily signs to express his thoughts, and requires to have his conceptions called forth by means of the incidence of sense-impressions on his various bodily organs. Every highest conception we possess depends upon our recognition of previous acts of conception, and these on the imagination of the sense-impressions which called them forth. Thus there is, and must be, a sensuous element accompanying every concept. But that element is not itself the concept, since it exists beside it, or rather underlies it. Our earliest perceptions, though, of course, truly conceptual, contain concepts of a lowly order called forth by our sense cognitions. Nevertheless, the very highest universals, even that of "being," are latent in every one of them. Now, Mr. Romanes, believing, as he does, that the lower concepts are but sense cognitions with names to them, naturally declares (p. 343) that the evolutionist would "clearly expect to find more or less well-marked traces in the fundamental constitution of all languages, of what has been called 'fundamental metaphor,' by which is meant an intellectual extension of terms which originally seem of no more than sensuous signification. And this," he adds, "is precisely what we do find." But "what we do find" is exactly what our combined intellectual and corporeal nature would lead us to expect, and is *absolutely fatal* to the doctrine of the common nature of man and brute. The very existence of "metaphor" is proof positive of the intellectual nature and activity of the human mind. Had not the intellect the power of apprehending through sense and expressing by sensible signs, things which are beyond sense, metaphor could not exist. Neither



could it exist if thought arose from language and followed it, instead of the opposite.

It is precisely because speech is too narrow for thought, and because words are too few to convey the ideas of the mind, that metaphor exists. It is interesting to note that figurative metaphorical language is natural to, and especially abundant amongst, various uncultured tribes. We may conceive of primitive man labouring with mental conception for which he had not adequate expression. He would have been spontaneously impelled into metaphor to a much greater extent and more universally than are the races of our own day which are most given to metaphor. Indeed, many primitive terms had, no doubt, double meanings from the first, and the mental and moral applications of terms equivalent to our "hard," "sharp," "low," "high," &c., were applied accordingly. Nothing could be more foolish than to take the plainest and most material meanings of primitive words as their only meanings. Mr. Romanes says (pp. 343-344): "The whole history of language, down to our own day, is full of examples of the reduction of physical terms and phrases to the expression of non-physical conceptions and relations." He quotes Carlyle as making the just remark: "An unmetaphorical style you shall seek in vain, for is not your very *attention a stretching to?*" The sensuous element in language does not show that the earliest ideas were themselves sensuous, but rather the wonderful spontaneity of the human intellect, whence, by the help of the "beggarly elements" supplied by the senses, the loftiest concepts spring forth, Minerva-like, armed with the sharp spear of intellectual perception and swathed in the ample mantle of signs, woven of the web of matter and the woof of thought.

It is this power of metaphor-making which most plainly displays to us the intellect actually at work, evolving ever new external expressions for freshly arising internal perceptions. Metaphor belongs to man alone. It is the especial privilege and sign of his nature. Not the highest brute—no elephant, no chimpanzee—could ever evolve a metaphor.

That a higher meaning must be latent in terms which Mr. Romanes would regard as exclusively sensuous, is made espe-



cially evident by ethical propositions. He tells us that such propositions are made up of terms no one of which is itself ethical. We would ask him then: What do you understand by the ethical proposition itself when fully evolved? Do you deny that you can understand by it any ethical conception at all? If so, you deny that there is any distinction between right and wrong, and if you deny that you have any such perception now, no wonder you deny that early man had any perception of the kind. If, on the other hand, you affirm that you can understand such a fully evolved ethical proposition, whence did its meaning come? It must have been put into it by some irrational agency or by man himself. If the former, then we have a positive deification of unreason. If the latter, then clearly man must be different in nature and essence from any and every brute whatever.

Mr. Romanes concludes this chapter with some observations concerning the real or supposed deficiency of language-structure amongst savages. Dr. Latham is quoted (p. 352) as telling us that "a Kurd of the Zara tribe, who presented Dr. Sandwith with a list of native words, was not 'able to conceive a hand or father except so far as they were related to himself or something else.'" Now, it is very likely that we have here some misunderstanding on the part either of Dr. Latham, Dr. Sandwith, or the Kurd. It is simply incredible that the Kurd could not think of a hand (or a father), not *his*, nor that of *Dr. Sandwith*, nor that of *some other given man*. It is, however, very likely that the Kurd understood his questioner as asking him whether he could conceive of a father or a hand not related to him or any one else. The natural and proper reply to that would be that he could not, nor could either Dr. Latham, or Dr. Sandwith, or Mr. Romanes, unless it was a merely ideal hand or father. As to any further questions about savages we are content to refer our readers to Mr. Romanes' selected opponent, who has sufficiently disposed \* of all the arguments which have been drawn from that source.

But our space is at an end and we must conclude. To say much more would be superfluous, since Mr. Romanes has

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\* See *On Truth*, chap. xix

himself confessed in so many words the real hopelessness of his situation. For how can any one ever profess to have investigated the distinction or non-distinction of mind between conscious and unconscious creatures, if he does not even pretend to understand the nature of what he investigates? Yet, as we have seen, he tells us (p. 194) that "the problem of self-consciousness, on the side of philosophy, does not admit of solution." Surely this is to give up the whole matter. A writer who declines to consider the philosophy of a subject while professing to treat of it fundamentally, thereby declares his own utter and hopeless incapacity to really deal with it.

In addition to this profound failure there is, at the root of the whole treatise, another fundamental error—namely, his nominalist philosophy, which vitiates every one of his conclusions. His notion that a child which can talk but does not speak of itself as "I" cannot be self-conscious, is another root-error, and his failure to distinguish between direct and reflex self-consciousness is another. When to these mistakes we add his belief that "concepts" are but sense-perceptions named, and that "percepts" are not truly intellectual states at all, we see how impossible it has been for him to arrive at the truth on the subject of his investigation, even if he had not been so credulous and uncritical with respect to anecdotes of animals, and had not shown himself so prompt to read into the so-called "sign-making" actions of animals, an intelligence not necessarily present therein, and against the existence of which other facts afford us overwhelming proof. We take leave of Mr. Romanes with thanks and sympathy: thanks for his honest work and clear writing, and sympathy for well-meant effort sadly wasted. If he would but for a time abandon physical science altogether and devote his very considerable energies to the study of philosophy, we feel a strong conviction that unmixed good to himself and others would be the by no means distant result.

## ART. II.—STOWEY AND COLERIDGE.

*Thomas Poole and his Friends.* By MRS. HENRY SANDFORD.  
London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

DURING the years made memorable in European history by the outbursting of the great French Revolution, there was to be found in and near Nether Stowey, a little Somersetshire town buried among the lovely Quantock Hills, a group of middle-class people, members of a family called Poole, who were greatly given to journalizing and letter-writing, and to the careful preserving of journals and correspondence—no uncommon practice in those leisurely old days of the heavy postage. These diarists and correspondents were brought into connection with a more famous coterie—with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and several of their chosen intimates—and therefore it has been thought worth while to publish many extracts from the unpretending archives of the Pooles in the two agreeable little volumes styled by their author, Mrs. Sandford, *Thomas Poole and his Friends*. The result is something more than an interesting chapter of literary history; it is also, quite incidentally, a charming picture of English provincial life under the two last Georges—a picture very much in the manner of Jane Austen, Thomas Poole's contemporary, having just the same soft colouring, the same lightly hinted details, almost the same humour. It is Miss Austen's England, too, that is set before us—yet with a difference—rural England, as it was seventy years ago, kindly, bigoted, hospitable, and intolerant, shaken by an obscure consciousness of national awakening, and agitated by large impersonal interests that have no place in the purely domestic drama of *Mansfield Park* and *Pride and Prejudice*. For the scene is laid not in the "elegant modern mansion" of some county magnate, but in a homely little town, half trading, half agricultural; the chief interest centres in the "commonplace comfortable brown house" of a thriving tanner: tanyards and a strictly useful garden adjoining

instead of carefully planned parterre and park; and the personages are chiefly tradesmen and yeomen, members in fact of that great middle-class, so often reproached for sordid materialistic tendencies, which has yet given the earliest response of faith and sympathy to every valuable new movement, outstripping in the moral and intellectual race the country gentry, its social superiors.

Two very opposite middle-class types are set before us in the two Thomas Pooles, father and son, of whom the elder is altogether after the fashion of the antique world. There is something quaintly incongruous between the background of those Quantock Hills beloved of poets, and the solid figure that we first see painted against it—Thomas Poole the elder: the proudly honest, narrow-thoughted man of business, head of the great tannery which he and his brother have inherited from their father, and which *his* eldest-born son of course will carry on. Nothing can persuade old Poole into the keeping of accounts. Does he not pay his way as he goes? Are not the pits full, and is there not "money in the stocking"? He will not believe that the perfectest book-keeping could improve a business conducted on such sound principles. This obstinate old John Bull scorns modern ways, and sneers down every effort of the younger Thomas to cultivate himself. What has an honest English tanner to do with Greek and Latin, poetry and French? Let Tom leave such rubbish to his brother Richard, who is to be a doctor, and must learn the dead languages: more's the pity. But Tom Poole is quite as obstinate as his father; and, upheld by the sympathy of mother and brother, he follows the tabooed pursuits with such dogged tenacity that it is he, and not his highly educated brother—not his cousin John, the Fellow of Oriel—who comes before us as the congenial associate and helpful friend of Coleridge.

This Tom Poole, eager and inquiring and adventurous, "hungry for ideas" and for usefulness, represents for us the progressive element in that vanished society. He has drunk in deeply of the new ideas that are shaking Europe. Coming back from London, where important trade interests have taken him, he scandalizes Stowey by walking its streets with un-

powdered hair, cut short, in classic fashion—an act that stamps him as a revolutionary; no loyal subject was then seen in such guise. He admires and talks Rousseau; he is credited with “wild notions of liberty and equality”; he really does think highly of the dignity of labour, and brings to the developing and perfecting of the tannery business a romantic enthusiasm which impels him to mingle among the common workmen of his craft as one of themselves, disguised under a feigned name and a working tanner’s habit, in some great tanyard at a safe distance from Stowey, that, as a master, he may be able to help them and work with them more intelligently.

In later years, when, his father being dead, he had full control of the business, and had realized his own ideal of a noble tradesman and a useful citizen, Stowey understood his value, appreciated his aggressive benevolence, and scented no danger in his Book Society, his Benefit Club, his Female Friendly Society, and other such enterprises, far in advance of the times, by which he tried to promote education, develop thrift, and check pauperism. But in his ardent youth he seems to have been regarded with the oddest mixture of respect and suspicion. Stowey was not progressive; how should it be? Compared to it, Bridgewater was in the full stream of the world; and we are shown the Bridgewater of that day all astir on the market-day with excitement because the mail-coach has driven in, garlanded and glorious with laurels in token that there is news of a victory; and, presently, the *one* inhabitant of the town who takes a newspaper, is seen exalted on a barrel that he may read out aloud to the applauding crowd the details of the battle of the Nile. Little, secluded Stowey has not even such privileges; it stands, therefore, fast on the old ways; it still keeps up the savage custom of “throwing at cocks” on Shrove Tuesday; it has a gutter running merrily down the middle of its chief street. Very naturally it is also ultra-loyal, rampant in its devotion to Church and King, quite ready to burn in effigy offensive demagogues such as Tom Paine, to stop the circulation of doubtful books by tearing them piecemeal, and to testify to its sound principles by oath-takings in the market-place. And it

cannot comprehend how a pious Churchman and true subject, such as Tom Poole appeared to be, can "palliate the enormities of French demagogues" by alleging them to be merely the fruits of by-past oppressions on the part of French monarchs.

This sort of resentful perplexity as to Tom Poole and his supposed "democratick sentiments" is shared to the full by his cousins, the Pooles of Marshmill, who yet exemplify the best kind of English life that was then lived, refined and simple and kindly. Nothing can be prettier than the glimpses we get of sweet homely family doings in the "plain but pleasant house of Marshmill" at Over Stowey. Of the father, too soon snatched away, the man of "incomparable sense and extensive information," we see but little; the mother, a quiet matronly figure, is just visible to us, compounding, at Tom Poole's desire, a cheap bread for the hunger-bitten poor, of wheat, barley, bean, and potato flour; three of the seven sons and daughters stand out vividly enough; John Poole, the pride of the family, the successful Oxonian and future clergyman, serious and stately, with powdered locks and exact attire, a temperate, conscientious reformer of abuses, a lover of the classics and of botany, diarizing in Latin, and ruling family opinion—are not his own the correctest of opinions? To his sisters, at least, he is the model man—a victorious young hero, sober and modest amid the blaze of University triumphs. Next in importance for us is Charlotte, the lively diarist, the keen-eyed young paintress of men and manners; but the family romance centres in the lovely dark-eyed songstress, Penelope, whose sweet rich notes in the grand airs of Handel thrill Tom Poole's very heart—sweet little Lady Disdain, for whose sake Cousin Tom will live and die a bachelor—whom we see stiffly refusing to sing for him and his friends, Coleridge and Wordsworth, "Come, ever-smiling Liberty," because "she knew what they meant with *their* Liberty." These Marshmill girls, excellent practical housewives of the good old English sort, add to that accomplishment quite unusual intelligence and cultivation; advantages, which they fondly ascribe to the influence of the wives of the Stowey vicars, women, it would seem, of rare distinction and refinement, who proved a real "civilizing element" in remote, obscure Stowey.



Marshmill vehemently objected to Tom Poole's "politicks," as both Charlotte and John inform us; yet for a long time it was a dear second home to him; and we catch a sight sometimes of the pleasantest tea-drinkings in its unpretending parlours, when Tom has come in to read Cicero and Horace under John's tuition, or has brought some new delightful friend to brighten the evening's conversation and admire Penelope's singing; there is unconscious humour too in Charlotte's notes of those talks on "French politicks" which the heretical Tom *would* introduce—a subject so interesting that nobody could discuss it with temper—not even Mr. Lewis, the curate of Over Stowey, who would be at daggers drawn with Tom.

Some other figures moving in that cheerful, easy-going country society are lightly painted in for us, heightening the old-world air of the picture. The dignified Vicar of Stowey, a canon of Windsor, is only dimly perceptible as a majestically condescending clerical presence, appealed to by Tom Poole in deferential letters and rounded Johnsonian periods about the newly commenced Sunday-school, or the "bassoon and music" needed for the church choir—strange suggestions of a wind-and-string band solemnly performing divine service are called up. There is a characteristic foreign element too; there are the Coulsons, American loyalists, who have shaken off their feet the dust of rebellious Massachusetts, choosing to live and die under the rule of good King George at Bristol; there is their beautiful daughter, Mrs. Marchant—object to some of sentimental adoration, to others of respectful pity, since her unsympathizing husband somehow remains among the disloyal colonists; there is also their equally beautiful niece, Mrs. Darby, from whom or from her cousin—tradition is not certain—Tom Poole has derived his "sacred treasure," a lock of Washington's hair, kept casketed like a precious jewel, so that one at least of the lovely strangers must have been as unsound on "politicks" as he was.

Equally significant is the presence of some French exiles, fled from the September massacres to England, where, finding themselves penniless, they gladly give French lessons to the pitying "lesser gentry" of Stowey. One of these foreigners,



the courtly Abbé Barbey, is soon a favourite with all the principal families, and his harmless pathetic presence softens quite surprisingly their Tory and Protestant aversion for all his co-religionists—a change of feeling wrought everywhere in England by the advent of the proscribed French clergy, now evidently the oppressed, the oppressors no longer. But pity for these poor priests only heightened the loathing inspired by the “enormities” of French republicans. We find the Marshmill Pooles presently “chilled with horror” by the execution of Louis XVI., and using “democrat” as a kind of synonym for “criminal.”

It went ill at Marshmill with the “Democratick” cousin Tom in those days, and not very well in Stowey. He grew gloomy amid the suspicion that involved him, extending even to his management of the Book Society, which in those dark days, that knew not Mudie, was a precious “civilizing element” in Stowey, almost equal to the Vicarage. John Poole keeps a sharp look-out on Tom’s book-lists, lest pernicious works creep in. Was not Mary Wolstonecraft’s *Rights of Women* ominously conspicuous in the very first list?

But now a new figure appears—a helpful ally, a source of perennial delightful interest for the ill-judged Tom—Coleridge comes on the scene; and the narrow rustic stage expands, the graceful prose-comedy transforms itself into a grand heart-moving drama, Shakesperean in its mingling of wild humour and infinite sadness. It is not the too well-known Coleridge of later years—disappointed and disappointing, the slave of a vile habit, the wreck and phantom of greatness—it is not this melancholy figure that most impresses us, as we study his voluminous correspondence with Tom Poole, whom he fascinated at first sight and who loved him always; it is the less familiar youthful Coleridge in all the glowing promise of his dawn, full of high thought, and hope, and keen healthy interest in human progress; who, dreamy and unpractical himself, has the most surprising power of awakening in others “that sense of responsibility to God and brotherhood with man which is the master-impulse of activity and service,” from whose inspired utterances the enchanted listener drank in “fresh hope and fresh energy.” To the depressed and discouraged Tom Poole,

the result of this stimulating contact with a sovereign genius was increased happiness, increased vigour, and renewed confidence in himself and in his purposes, since these commanded the ardent approval of his wonderful friend. There is real value and some novelty in Mrs. Sandford's comment on the title of "*The Bard*," bestowed on Coleridge by his Stowey friends, that his was indeed the antique Bardic nature, not that of the modern man of letters. The pen was never a congenial instrument to him. He only used it easily in those extravagantly long letters which are mere written monologue, utterly unmethodical, conveying "the impressions of the moment with the most prodigal waste of material." Like an ancient bard, he composed his poems without recourse to the scribe's tools, and many a time would chant them to admiring listeners before he could bring himself to the drudgery of transcription. Printers' ink and printers' devils frightened his inspiration away by their dire aspect.

"A gifted and inspired nature, with an inborn power of awakening responsive chords in the hearts of those whom he addressed, pouring himself forth in winged words—his true position would have been the position of a philosopher of old, *speaking* by word of mouth to a group of trained disciples."

And some of "his unsuccess" may have been "due to the want of correspondence of the bardic nature with the conditions of modern life." But the records before us show a more efficient cause, in that fatal infirmity of character, that more than womanly impulsiveness and excitability, which even then were patent to every eye. In those fresh and glorious morning hours these defects, however, were not without their charm, adding a human loveliness to the fascination of his intellectual grandeur, especially for the clear-headed, resolute Tom Poole. The bond between the two has an odd resemblance to that between an unreasonable, delightful wife and a firm, tender husband, whose affection is heightened by compassion.

"The little rift within the lute" was always there, and is plainly revealed in the very earliest records of Coleridge's visits to Stowey. Charlotte Poole's epigrammatic pen shows true insight, however unfriendly, when she writes him down as a young man "of brilliant understanding and great eloquence,

entirely led away by the feeling of the moment." To that defect all the evil of his life can be traced. It appears in trivial fashion on his very first appearance in Stowey, when in company with Southey he came seeking Tom Poole's support for his "dazzling impracticable scheme" of Pantisocracy. The day was the 18th of August 1795, and every true subject and Jacobin-hater in Stowey was rejoicing over the fall of Robespierre. The two strangers from Bristol, heedless of their own interest, which was surely to conciliate, not to offend, must needs out of mere boyish mischief identify themselves with the defeated Terrorists, describe Maximilian Robespierre as "a ministering angel of mercy," and deplore him as a murdered saviour of society—all for the dear delight of horrifying John Poole and other serious and literal-minded persons—the philosophic visionary Coleridge enjoying the speechless disgust of his hearers no less than did the undergraduate Southey, with his schoolboy love of mad fun. Stowey never quite could be disabused of that day's mystification, and continued long to regard the humane and spiritual Coleridge as a bloodthirsty atheist and Jacobin—to his much discomfort. A likeness has often been traced between the irresolute reflective Hamlet of the drama and the deep-thinking irresolute Coleridge of real life. Mrs. Sandford has indicated yet another point of resemblance, vividly illustrated in these records—the love of grotesque jokes, the *elvish* pleasure in shocking and scandalizing, not only by freaks like that just recorded, but by "seemingly incongruous outbreaks of irrelevant and superficial coarseness." Coleridge often, in true Hamlet fashion, jars on the sensitive taste by "unsavoury metaphor, outrageous pun, or over-homely simile," peculiarly ill-fitting on the lips of a man of "deep refinement of nature, whose spirit is most at home on the rarest intellectual heights." The singularity is very probably in both cases a symptom of some latent moral infirmity or incapacity, such as the fictitious and the real character alike exemplify in action; and the coincidence may well be accepted as another proof of the deep-divining insight of our mighty dramatist. It is special to Coleridge, however, that only when he is happy and at ease does he indulge in these uncouth

gambols; they occur oftenest in the cheerful Stowey period of almost cloudless activity and gladness.

The headlong impulsiveness, fatal twin in Coleridge as in others of procrastinating impotency for well-considered work, never showed himself more disastrously than in his marriage, noble in motive but deplorable in result, since owing to its imprudence "all the voyage of his life was bound in shallows and in miseries." On this event, also, we have some new light. A Stowey tradition asserts that it was precipitated by the malicious gossip which was fastening on the two pretty Bristol girls, Sara and Edith Fricker, because of their open unconventional companionship with young University men so strangely reported of as Coleridge and Southey.

The two poets, resolute to shield their fair innocent friends at all hazards, rushed at once into matrimony. Neither had the means to maintain a wife. Therefore, Southey parted from his Edith at the church door, carefully providing for her comfort until he could prudently claim her; but the impetuous Coleridge carried off his bride to the true poetic "love in a cottage" at Clevedon, where they were thoughtlessly happy till, their slender purse being empty, they sought the shelter of Sara's maternal home. There we find poor Coleridge, to whom the free unfettered play of his mental faculties was now all-important, since on it depended Sara's bread and his own, half paralyzed and suffocated "in this family of the narrowest means and the lower middle-class, amid the continual jar of the commonplace, the sordid limitations, the little anxieties" so alien and distracting to him whose "native region of thought was, as it were, the mountain air of the soul."

There is truth and probability in this picture of Mrs. Sandford's. Inevitably, under the mosquito-stings of these daily irritations, added to the constant strain of anxiety, the fluctuations of extravagant hope and heart-sickening disappointment that marked his uneasy literary career, the exceptionally sensitive nervous system broke down. Neuralgia, "giant fiend of a hundred hands," attacked him. "With a shower of arrowy death-pangs he transpierced me, and then became a

wolf, and lay gnawing my bones; I have suffered more bodily pain than I had any conception of," wrote the poor victim. Anything for relief, was the imperious cry of his tortured nerves; and obedient as ever to the "feeling of the moment," Coleridge "sopped the Cerberus" with laudanum, not once, but often, rejoicing in the "ease and spirits" resulting. It is his first recorded use of the fatal drug, long prior to the supposed date of his enslavement by it. His doom is already on him, and can be guessed in the evidences that soon follow of a great exaggeration in his natural excitability.

A certain letter, now first published, and extraordinary both as to its length and its character, justifies Mrs. Sandford's remark that

"the vivid picture, undesignedly given here, of a man of genius endowed with high and singular gifts, and intended to be a leader of national thought, face to face with the narrowest penury, while inexperienced as a child in the ordinary concerns of life, may go some way to explain, if it cannot excuse, the inconsistencies and shortcomings which wrecked his later career."

It was written on a really trivial occasion, yet had life-and-death issues been involved it could not have been more vehement; Coleridge fancied that a matter equally important was at stake. With his Sara he had often been a cherished guest in Tom Poole's Stowey home, and had looked wistfully at his friend's well-ordered useful life, longing to emulate it. It realized his own dearest ideal—a life in which contemplation, reading, study or meditation—should rest on a basis of *manual* industry. "To sell the highest intellectual gifts for bread was repugnant to him," even if there were the ready market which he never found.

There was in Stowey, he ascertained, a little inconvenient cottage that he could have for a £7 rent; it had attached an acre and a half of garden ground, easily accessible from Tom Poole's own domain. Coleridge proposed to settle himself with his wife, his infant child, and Charles Lloyd, his friendly pupil, in this tiny dwelling; they would keep no servant; and aided by the instructions of Mr. Poole, himself a successful farmer, the poet would "raise with his own hands vegetables and grain enough" to feed his family, and a pig or two into the bargain. His evenings he would devote to literature. "I would rather be an expert self-maintaining gardener than a Milton," he wrote,

but he hoped to "unite both," and escape the misery of "leaning all the weight of his necessities on the press."

On the gay, exalted mood in which he was expecting shortly to realize this scheme, a too-prudent letter from Tom Poole, suggesting another place of residence as advisable, fell like ice. Coleridge repaid the unwelcome counsel with a flood of reproach, entreaty, indignation, and anxious pathetic reiteration of arguments and figures.

What was he to do if Poole failed him, was unwilling to train him into a practical horticulturist? Was he to keep a school, write for a newspaper? Hard was the heart that would advise it! Office in State or Church, even among Dissenters, was forbidden by his conscience. Was he to rely on literature alone? Miserable alternative!

"Ghosts indeed! I should be haunted by ghosts enough! Ghosts of Otway and Chatterton, and phantasms of a wife broken-hearted and of a hunger-bitten baby! Oh, Thomas Poole! Thomas Poole! if you did but know what a father and a husband must feel, who toils with his brain for uncertain bread!" "The goodness, power, and wisdom of God" are pledged to reward the useful toil of the husbandman; but what has the author for his harvest? "Printers' bills, and the debtor's side of Newgate."

No extracts can do more than imperfect justice to the impassioned, half-insane eloquence of this, surely the longest and most astonishing letter ever written. It had its natural effect on the manly tender heart of Thomas Poole, who after all was too well pleased to have his wonderful inspiring friend settled at his own door, and the scheme was carried out, though by no means with the result Coleridge had so confidently expected. There was not in him the stuff to make either farmer or gardener of, and doubtless Tom Poole knew it from the first. But the life in the "miserable cottage," the "hovel," as in later years Coleridge and Sara called it, has a quite ideal charm upon it in spite of outward discomfort. Poole's garden, Poole's "jasmine arbour," Poole's large well-supplied book-room, were havens of peaceful refuge to the poet; the pressing needs of the Coleridges were met by delicate generous aid from various friends, among whom first Thomas Poole and afterwards the Wedgwood brothers were



most conspicuous, so that care relaxed its grasp from this household of simplest wants and ways. With the advent of Wordsworth and his sister, and their settlement in Alfoxden House, the ideal brotherhood of Coleridge's fanciful Pantisocracy seemed almost realized. One year of happy intercourse and glad active productiveness ensued, while the friends wandered among the oaken glades and airy heights of Quantock, where the *Lyrical Ballads* were planned and produced. It was the happiest season of Coleridge's life, the blossoming time of his poetic genius. Afterwards came dispersion and change, and, for Coleridge, the saddest slow degeneration. We will not now dwell on those later days, whether bright or dark; our chief care having been to bring into relief what in this last contribution to Coleridge's story is least familiar and most suggestive, not what is already well-known, and only freshly illustrated or more clearly defined.

"People of genius," said Tom Poole very truly, "should imperiously command themselves to think *without* genius of the common concerns of life;" it was Coleridge's misfortune that he could not do this, and would always invest those common concerns with rich imaginative colours of glory or of gloom, entirely delusive. "Good sense, a quality distinct from genius," had to be supplied for him by his friends; and by no one was it so liberally or so cheerfully supplied as by Thomas Poole himself, who, for many years, proved himself "an Anchor" to the poet-soul that was so ready to drift whithersoever the winds and waves would carry it. There came a day when at last the cable snapped, and the stately ship that was built for such high emprise drifted away indeed into the quicksands of shame and failure, its weak incompetent pilot letting go the helm in despair. But the old friendship survived even that disastrous disappointment, survived silence and apparent forgetfulness. At the end of life, we find the much respected, successful, philanthropic "Justice Poole" unable to tolerate one slight on Coleridge's memory, and tenderly guarding the fame of the genius whom he never ceased to revere. The man who was so much and so long loved had, after all, a true title to that love; and we who knew him not, who never suffered by his errors, must learn to grant his own prayer for "forgiveness."



## ART. III.—SOCIALISM AND SELF-HELP.

1. *English Associations of Working Men.* By J. M. BAERNREITHER, Doctor of Law, Member of the House of Deputies in Austria, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Vienna. English Edition. Translated by ALICE TAYLOR, with a Preface by J. M. LUDLOW, Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.
2. *The Co-operative Commonwealth: an Exposition of Modern Socialism.* By LAWRENCE GRONLUND. Authorized English Edition, with a new Preface by the Author. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.
3. *Socialism: a Reply to Lawrence Gronlund.* By the Rev. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., Professor of Ethics and Natural Law at Stonyhurst College. Third Edition, enlarged and revised. London. 1887.
4. *The Mutual, Friendly, and Provident Institutions of the Working Classes.* By the Rev. J. FROME WILKINSON, M.A. London: Diprose, Bateman & Co. 1888.
5. *Statistical Tables and Reports on Trades Unions.* By the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade. 1887 and 1888.
6. *Reports on the Sweating System at the East End of London, and on the Sweating System in Leeds.* By the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade. 1887 and 1888.
7. *Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies.* 1887.

ALL who realize the importance of its subject will welcome the issue of an English edition of the first volume of Dr. Baernreither's *English Associations of Working Men*, which has found a most competent translator in Miss Taylor, and is commended to English readers in a preface by the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, which supplies a striking testimony to its value as the fullest and clearest

history yet published of "the great associative movement of the English nineteenth century working class."\* This "movement" is especially worthy of attention at the present time, not only in this country, but in all others where the growing power of labour is beginning to influence the development of social institutions, on account of the relation it bears to Socialism, a creed which of late years has everywhere been increasing the number of its adherents; and we propose, with the aid of Dr. Baernreither's volume, and of the other works referred to at the head of this article, to examine the nature of this relation.

Dr. Baernreither enumerates three great facts as the conditions on which the social progress of Great Britain depends :—

"Firstly, there is the gigantic process of production, which, after centuries of preparation, now imports from foreign countries, in colossal dimensions, cheap food as well as raw stuffs, and exports for sale throughout the world the manufactured products increased by the treasure found in English soil. Secondly, there is the great social movement, which directs and governs the march of English thought, science, and legislation. Lastly, there are the great characteristics of the English people, the power of self-help and of self-government. On these pillars rests the social development of England" (p. 24).

Both Socialism and the associative movement owe their origin to, and depend for existence upon, the united action of these three important conditions of progress, each of which is the result of a process of development extending through centuries.

1. The history of industrial production in Great Britain is inseparably bound up with that of the expansion of her maritime power, the foundations of which were finally laid by the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1558. During the seventeenth century, at the close of which she found herself for the first time in a position of equality with the great naval Powers of Europe, we find it influenced by the theory of the balance of trade, and the repressive policy of the Navigation Acts; and in the eighteenth century again developing in new directions, on

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\* Preface p. ix.

the one hand through the long series of victories which made Britain mistress of the seas and ruler of the greatest colonial empire in the world ; and, on the other, through the effects of new discoveries and mechanical inventions at home. The present century finds Britain the workshop of the world, but dependent on the world for her food supply and the maintenance of her commercial prosperity, while her industrial production is now subject to a host of new modifying influences—the effects of the Free Trade movement, the development of the railway system, the importation of foreign food, foreign competition, over-production, and over-population. The development of her productive energy has made her the wealthiest and most prosperous of the nations, but has also made all her industries dependent on the social, political, and industrial development of foreign countries, and thus infused into them that element of instability which produces the long periods of depression of trade, the fluctuations in wages, and the uncertainty of obtaining permanent employment, which embitter the lives of our working class. It has thus led, on the one hand, to the gradual self-organization of labour in the form of the associative movement ; and, on the other, to that despair of obtaining redress from existing institutions which is the root of Socialism.\* Hence, as the ebb and flow of trade is measured by the transactions of the money market and the amount of our exports and imports, so the effect for good or evil of these phenomena on the working class may be estimated, partly by the returns of trades unions, and friendly and other kindred societies,† and partly by the increase or decrease in the spread of Socialistic doctrines.

2. The social movement of to-day is connected with the past by a similar historical chain.

Modern Socialists‡ agree with Carlyle in considering the Middle Age of Western Europe, “with its feudal body and Catholic soul”—the highest ideal of society yet attained by

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\* *English Associations of Working Men*, pp. 18, 23-33, 48, and chap. ii. ; *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, chaps. i. and ii. ; *Socialism*, pp. 1, 2 ; and *Statistical Tables and Reports on Trades Unions*, 1887, p. 5 *et seq.*

† *Statistical Tables and Reports on Trades Unions*, 1888, p. 30 ; 1887, p. 17.

‡ *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, p. 58.

man. They are content to forget that it was also an age when the labour class was tied to the soil, and when a growing dislike of ecclesiastical power, a deep sense of political servitude, and an intolerance of political subjection prevailed throughout Europe; and base their admiration on the fact that "individualism" was strictly controlled by the State and the Church as representatives of society. In the fourteenth century we find the Legislature, by such measures as the Statute of Labourers of Edward III., compelling the labourer to work because the labour of the lower classes was necessary for the preservation of public order, but at the same time enacting that "reasonable wages" should be paid for labour, and "reasonable prices" for food;\* and in the guilds which sprung from mediæval ecclesiasticism we meet the forerunners of modern associations for self-help, which provided for the sickness, old age, and burial of their members, but strictly limited the powers of the individual by social and religious ordinances, and endeavoured, by their rules, to fix the hours of labour and regulate competition.† When, after the Reformation—which, by confiscating their landed property, entirely destroyed the guilds—the element of ecclesiastical control gradually passed out of the social system, and the State endeavoured single-handed to regulate trade, commerce, and manufactures, "private enterprise" gradually cast off the trammels of State control, and during the eighteenth century acquired such a monopoly of power as almost entirely to suppress the element of association. But the sufferings of the working class through the selfish pursuit of individual gain towards the close of this period of the domination of private enterprise, led in turn to an inevitable moral reaction early in the present century, which effected a complete change in the views of the nation, as to the relation between the various classes composing it,‡ and has yielded two important results. The first is the great chain of legislation inaugurated by the Reform Act of 1832,

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\* 1349. The labourer, however, was forbidden to quit the parish in which he lived.

† See an article by Mr. J. M. Ludlow in the *Contemporary Review*, March 1873, p. 564.

‡ Cf. *English Associations of Working Men*, p. 64 et seq.

which, on the one hand, has given the working class a share in the government of the country, by establishing both parliamentary and local government on a thoroughly democratic basis; and, on the other, has established the principle of State intervention for the protection of their interests by measures such as the Factory Acts and the Employers' Liability Act, while, by the repeal of the Combination Laws, and by numerous Acts relating to friendly societies, trades unions, and other kindred bodies, it has given a legal status to their associations for self-help, and renders State aid to such as wish to accept it.

The other is the great philanthropic movement originated and carried on by private benevolence, the promoters of which have for more than half a century devoted themselves to relieving the sufferings and improving the condition of the poor, and the effects of which were described by Kingsley, in the preface to *Alton Locke*, addressed to the undergraduates of Cambridge, in words which apply as fully at the present time as they did in 1861:—

"For thirty years past gentlemen and ladies of all shades of opinion have been labouring for and among the working classes as no aristocracy on earth ever laboured before; and do you suppose that all that labour has been in vain? that it has bred in the working classes no increased reverence for law, no increased content with existing institutions, no increased confidence in the classes socially above them? If so, you must have as poor an opinion of the capabilities of the upper classes as you have of those of the lower."

Great, however, as are the benefits we owe to what may be termed "private enterprise in benevolence," it has been attended by two extremely unsatisfactory results.

In the first place, it has led to a competition for public favour amongst a vast number of independent charitable organizations, many of which, though working for similar objects, practically conflict with each other, and thus is producing a waste of time, energy, and funds, which can only be checked by subjecting these bodies to the system of centralization and limited State supervision, which has proved so beneficial in the case of local authorities and associations of self-help.

In the next place, the deep sympathy with and earnest

desire to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, which is one of the most admirable features of the modern social movement is, through the varied nature and bewildering number of appeals made upon it, and the superficial knowledge prevailing with regard to those whom it is intended to aid, itself engendering the false idea that the working class is practically powerless to help itself, and thus fostering a belief in those doctrines of State Socialism which were successfully controverted by Aristotle two thousand years ago.\* A large majority of those who subscribe most generously to charities, relief funds, penny dinners, and refuges, and most strongly advocate State-aided emigration, State insurance, and State relief works, are ignorant of or ignore the existence of the organizations by means of which the working classes are carrying out these objects for themselves—providing, through friendly societies, for the workman in trouble, sickness and old age, and for his family at his death; striving to obtain reasonable wages for him, and maintaining him when unemployed by trades unions; providing him with cheap food through co-operative societies, and with a freehold house and land through building societies; helping him to procure advances for the payment of his rent, the outfit of his children, or for small ventures in trading by means of loan societies. Still less are they, probably, aware that trades unions help the working man to emigrate, and that co-operative societies contribute towards his education. And yet in forty years the London Society of Compositors has spent £4851 on emigration, the Alliance Cabinet Makers' Association £698 in twenty-two years, the Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners £1791 in nine years, the Northumberland Miners' Mutual Confident Association £1293 in twenty-two years, the Kent and Sussex Labourers' Union £2077 in sixteen years, and the Cigar Makers' Mutual Association £1129 in seven years; while during 1887 these six societies spent between them £550 on this object.† And in 1873 the total spent by co-operative societies for educational purposes was £7107, in 1883 £16,788, and in 1886

\* *Politics*, ii. 5; cf. *Socialism*, p. 7.

† *Statistical Tables and Reports on Trades Unions*, 1888, pp. 49, 55, 67, 68, 70, 71, 99.



£24,254; and the Central Co-operative Board, the executive of the Co-operative Union, states in its latest report that "it is making special efforts to extend the University Extension scheme to co-operative societies."\*

Owing to this ignorance of the associative movement many excellent philanthropists are wont to assume that the terms "the poor" and the "working class" are synonymous, and that the nation consists of only two sections—the "classes" and the "masses"—a classification which, however useful for electioneering purposes, is based on an entirely false assumption as to the composition of society. The portion of the community styled the "*masses*" is not a single class, but an aggregation of several distinct classes, united only by the fact that all are dependent upon labour as a means of subsistence. It comprises an aristocracy, a middle and a lower class, corresponding to those found in the portion of the community styled the "*classes*," and distinguished by the same subtle social gradations; while its highest grade is separated from the lowest grade of the so-called "*classes*" by a line which is equally hard to define. The pay of the skilled workmen who form the aristocracy of the working class—machinists, shipbuilders, ironworkers, and miners, &c. &c.—averages from 30s. to 50s. a week, an income, though it is unfortunately far from being a fixed one, of £78 to £130 a year, the maximum of which exceeds the pay of curates, and even of some vicars of the Church, of lieutenants in the Line, and of junior clerks in the Civil Service and in mercantile houses. But for the middle class of labour 30s. is the maximum of wages, and those of the agricultural labourer average from 12s. to 15s., while among the lower orders of workmen employed by the London sweaters the maximum wage appears to be from 2s. to 3s. a day, and for apprentices only from 4s. to 6s. a week.† The gradation of ranks is still more clearly manifested if we compare the rates of wages earned by the different classes of workmen engaged in any one trade. The Northumberland

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\* *The Co-operative Wholesale Societies (Limited) Annual for 1888*, pp. 309–10.

† Cf. Baernreither, pp. 17, 18; *Report on Trades Unions*, 1888, *passim*; *Report of the Labour Correspondent on the Sweating System in London*, 1887, *passim*.



miners, for instance, are divided into *nineteen* different grades, and the rates of wages paid to each in 1873, when wages were at their highest, ranged from 57*s.* per week to "foreover-men," 50*s.* to "backover-men," and 47*s.* to "master-shifters" and "master-wastemen," to 26*s.* a week to "horsekeepers," and 9*s.* to "hewers" or "coal-getters";\* while the Leeds sweaters in the tailoring trade employ *nine* classes of workers, whose wages range from 7*s.* 6*d.* a day earned by "fixers" and "machinists," to 5*s.* a day paid to "button-holers," and 3*s.* a day to button-sewers-on.† In short, the division of classes among workmen has, as is pointed out by Dr. Baernreither (pp. 16, 17), been determined in every economic epoch by the technical means of production, which exercise the same influence on the constitution of modern associations of self-help as they did on that of the mediæval guilds, and the substitution of machinery for handicraft in industrial production has made the number of these gradations in every trade, with their countless differences of education, talent, technical skill, work, and wages, ranging from the highly trained manager to the unskilled day labourer, far greater now than ever. It is important to bear this fact in mind in considering the relation between the working-class associative movement and Socialism; first, because Socialists practically assume society to consist of only two classes, "*capitalists*" and "*labourers*;" and secondly, because the two chief propositions on which their creed is based—Karl Marx's *Theory of Value*, and Lassalle's *Iron Law of Wages*—are both exaggerations of certain results of industrial production.

According to Marx, the *value in exchange*, or *market value*, of a thing—as distinguished from its *worth*, or the value set on its *utility* by its possessor—is the amount of human labour that has been put into it, and the value of that labour is the time it has taken an average workman to perform it. Hence, if a firm of military tailors have turned out a consignment of 5000 regimental coats, the value of these coats has been created by the workmen, whose labour and time has been

\* *Report on Trades Unions*, 1888, p. 68.

† *Report of the Labour Correspondent on the Sweating System at Leeds*, 1888, p. 5.

spent in producing, and is, so to speak, "*jellified*" in them. Yet, owing to the unjust laws by which society is governed, we find that the capitalists or partners composing the firm, who have never taken any part in their manufacture, receive the whole price of this value, and, after paying one-third to the workmen as wages, and another third for the raw material and machinery, put the remaining third or surplus value, which Mr. Lawrence Gronlund terms their "*fleecings*," into their own pockets instead of distributing it among the workmen to whom it justly belongs.\*

It will be found on examination, however, that this theory of value disregards two of its most important elements.

In the first place, the coats above mentioned, in spite of the jellified labour they represent, would have *no value*, even in a Socialistic republic, if they were of no *social utility*—if, for instance, they were made, at a still greater expenditure of labour, out of india-rubber or spun glass; and as it was the firm and not the workmen who foresaw the *social want* they are designed to meet and set up the requisite machinery, bought the raw material, and organized the labour necessary for their manufacture, the labour of the firm, though of a different kind, is as much "*jellified*" in them as that of the workmen.†

In the next place, though Marx is careful to define the value of labour as the time which an *average* workman would take to do it—because it might otherwise be argued that the slower the workman the more valuable the work—he ignores the fact that this necessarily presupposes a *superior* workman, who would do it in a shorter, and an *inferior* workman, who would do it in a longer, time; or, in other words, that even manual labour is valued by *quality* as well as by quantity, while intellectual labour—in politics, war, medicine, commerce, art, &c. &c.—is valued almost entirely by *quality*. The engine-driver is justly considered to be entitled to higher wages than the stoker, and the partners of our imaginary tailoring firm are on the same grounds entitled to higher profits than their

\* Cf. *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, chap. i., *passim*; and *Socialism*, pp. 15, 16.

† Cf. *Socialism*, pp. 15, 17, 18.

workmen on the sale of the coats they have co-operated with them in producing.

In Lassalle's *Iron Law of Wages* we find the same manipulation of facts to prove a plausible theory. Lassalle maintained that there is a certain level of wages, which is the lowest on which a workman can live, work, and leave children behind him; that if wages sink below this point, numbers of workmen die, and the scarcity of labour brings wages up to their original level; that if that level is exceeded population increases, till the labour market is glutted and wages sink; and that therefore the working class and their children are bound by an *iron law*, which gives them no hope of ever earning more than a *bare subsistence*.\*

If, however, we try to test this law, which purports to state an incontrovertible fact, by existing conditions,† we find that workmen are constantly passing from lower to higher grades; that their children, so far from always occupying the same position as their fathers, very frequently rise to the higher ranks of society, and sometimes become capitalists; and that workmen in and above the middle class of labour earn wages undeniably far above the level implied by the term "bare subsistence." We have it on the authority of Mr. Giffen that the working classes are twice as well off as they were fifty years ago;‡ but we need not go back so far in search of proofs of the steady increase of their material prosperity. During the ten years between 1875-86, the returns of the national Exchequer show that, while the number of incomes over £1000 and upwards had decreased, and those between £500 and £1000 had remained stationary, those between £150 and £500 had increased 21.4 per cent.; that the number of dwelling-houses of £20 and upwards had increased 33 per cent.; and that, while houses under £10 had increased 5.8 per cent., the increase in those between £10 and £15 had been 58 per cent., and that in those between £15 and £20 56.3 per cent.§ During the same period the number] of

\* *Socialism*, p. 12.

† *Ibid.* pp. 12-15.

‡ In his Inaugural Address as President of the Statistical Society, 1884.

§ See a paper read by Mr. Goschen before the Statistical Society in December

depositors in trustee and post-office savings banks increased from 3,256,295, with deposits amounting to £20 15s. per head, to 5,322,225, with deposits equal to £18 7s. per head; \* and, while the number of bodies registered at the Friendly Societies Office in 1878 was 17,953, with 5,677,081 members, and £46,716,614 funds—showing an increase over the returns of 1876 of £1,545,707 members, and £18,053,726 funds—the last report of the Chief Registrar shows the number of bodies registered to be more than 30,000, with over 6,000,000 members, and over £75,000,000 funds. The largest group of these bodies, the friendly societies, comprised, in 1880, 12,867 societies, with 4,802,249 members and £13,000,000 funds, and in the two years 1885–87 the membership of the principal subdivision of this group, the Affiliated Orders, increased from 1,921,249 to 2,003,996, and the funds from £11,821,125 to £13,170,419.† Statistics such as these, which might be multiplied *ad libitum*, go far to show that the condition of the working class is not that of permanent toil and misery depicted by Lassalle, and they become more significant when it is remembered that the working man does not need one in ten of the articles he helps to produce, which, though luxuries to him, are many of them necessities to the social grades above him.

The most conclusive evidence against the iron law is, however, the existence and growth of the associative movement, and in no respect is this more clearly shown than in the method adopted by the trades unions to fix the rates of wages, and the success which has attended it. The unions do not, as is frequently assumed, demand one uniform rate of wages to be paid alike to good and to indifferent workmen, but simply lay down a minimum of wages—above which there is

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1887, on certain returns of the National Exchequer, showing the increase during the decade 1875–86 of moderate and the decrease of large fortunes.

\* *Ibid.*

† Cf. *Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1876–79–87*, and a paper by Mr. Brabrook in the *Statistical Journal*, March 1885, on “Two Years Statistics of Friendly Societies.” Cf., too, *Mutual and Provident Institutions of the Working Classes*, p. 12. The figures of the total number of bodies are approximate only, and probably well under the mark, for owing to the process of the conversion of societies into branches during the last few years, no exact data have been forthcoming as to the numbers, funds, and membership of friendly societies.

a *wide range of values*—below which their members shall not work, and in fixing which the employer has an important share. Through its rules the union refuses admission to all who are *not* in receipt of the *ordinary* wages of their shop or district, but admits those who *are*, and whose value is thus really fixed by their employers.\* *The Report on Trades Unions for 1888*† gives a series of tables relating to *nine* of the unions which have thus succeeded in fixing the rates of wages and hours of labour for their respective trades in various districts throughout the United Kingdom, the average wages, which of course differ in different trades, apparently ranging from 18s. to 37s., and the hours from 48 to 57. One society—the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners—have not only fixed such standards in some 300 odd towns of the United Kingdom, but also in 22 towns in the United States, 4 in Canada, 7 in New Zealand, 19 in Australia, and 3 in South Africa, their lowest rate of weekly wages being £1 1s. at Falmouth and Penryn in Cornwall, and their highest (£4) at Charters Towers in Australia. It is evident that it is as easy in Great Britain to drive the proverbial coach-and-six through the iron law as through an Act of Parliament.

But it is to the supposed universal operation of the iron law that Socialists attribute the evils from which the working classes suffer, and it is by the reconstruction of society in accordance with the theory of value that they propose to reform them.

"Socialism," said Mr. Lowell, in an address at the Birmingham Midland Institute,‡ "means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." But this practical Socialism, which, thanks to Christianity, has already exercised such a powerful influence

\* *Report on Trades Unions*, 1887, p. 14.

† P. 134 *et seq.*

‡ Inaugural Address as President, October 6, 1884. Cf. Bearnreither, pp. 21, 74.

in this country, is absolutely distinct from the theoretical State Socialism based on the doctrines of Marx and Lassalle. Mr. Lawrence Gronlund, one of the most temperate and lucid exponents of this system, tells us that "the State is a living organism, differing from other organizations in no essential sense. . . . It follows that the relations of the State, the body politic, to us its citizens, is *actually* that of a tree to its cells."\* This, as he justly observes, is a conception of far-reaching consequence, for the conclusion he deduces from it is that the rights, which, in our ignorance, we are wont to term "natural"—the rights to life, liberty, property, and the like—are "the rights of the muscular, the cunning, and the unscrupulous." The individual, as such, has no rights, since, being merely a social "cell," he owes everything to the "organism" of the State. "Individualism," as shown in private enterprise, is thus found to be the root of all social suffering and misery, and as the existing social order is based upon it, it must be destroyed, and a new one must be constructed in which the State shall be supreme, and the accumulation of capital a penal offence.†

As Socialists, as Mr. Gronlund is careful to tell us, prefer to be regarded as *naturalists* and not as *architects*, and therefore decline to furnish us with any detailed plan regarding it,‡ it is difficult to ascertain with any exactness what this "new social order" will be; but its main features may be gathered from the following summary by Father Rickaby of such general indications of its probable form as they are willing to give to the world.§

"The Government would be purely democratic. The people having manhood suffrage would make their own laws by direct vote, without Parliament or Senate, and would hold the sovereign power in their own hands in such a way that all Government offices should be the people's creation, and all Government officials would be their nominees and bailiffs, removable at the will of the people any day they chose. The people collectively would be the sole proprietor, not of all the wealth of the country, but of all the wealth that may

\* *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, p. 81.

† *Ibid.* p. 81.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 130.

§ *Socialism*, pp. 2, 3; and cf. Gronlund, *passim*.



lawfully be employed for producing other wealth by means of buying or selling, or other contracts. A man might thus own the house he lived in, the coat upon his back, the wine in his cellar, even the garden that grows cabbages for his table; but he might not hire hands to cultivate the garden and then sell the produce; he might not build houses and rent them; he might not import wine for the market. The State would be the sole landlord, sole manufacturer, sole owner of shipping and railways, and all branches of the carrying trade, sole exploiter of mines, sole practitioner of medicine (taking fees), sole educator, sole keeper of wine and spirit vaults, sole merchant, and sole retail dealer—in a word, sole capitalist. The only way to wealth for the individual will be his own personal labour; he will get nothing but the wages of his work. The utmost vigilance will be exercised to prevent his capitalizing his wages; they are given him to consume, not to produce with. He may produce for himself if he can, but not for the market. . . . It will be seen that there is no compulsion put on any man to work; but he must either work himself, or have worked, or beg, borrow, or steal from some one who has worked, if he means to live. Under this system mental labour will be rewarded as well as bodily. . . . Every one will receive pay who does work useful to the community, and no one else will receive anything. Skilled labour will be better paid than unskilled, not in proportion to the excellence of the work, but in proportion to the time that the workman, manual or intellectual, may be supposed to take in acquiring his skill; the apprenticeship will be counted into the value of the labour. Thus the value of labour will always be reckoned by time, the unit of value being the day of a labourer of average skill and diligence."

We may leave the reader to form his own judgment as to this Utopia of the more moderate section of Socialists, only adding that the most "advanced" section desires to get rid of the State itself as barring the free action of the individual, and aims at "*self-governing social organization*"—a term we will not attempt to define.\* As Father Rickaby remarks, Socialism to be successful must embrace the civilized world, or the capitalists whom it threatens would promptly transfer their wealth to countries where it did not exist, and some States might possibly elect to stand aloof from the movement in order to grow rich at their neighbours' expense.† It must also eradicate from human nature that inborn force of individualism, which has hitherto been the motive power in all human progress, which, when uncontrolled, degenerates into the selfish and unscrupulous love of greed justly denounced

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\* *Socialism*, p. 6.

† *Ibid.*



by Socialists, but, when developed into its highest form, is, as has been well said, "self-purged from selfishness; individuals working for their own benefit, and combining when necessary for the protection and benefit of all."\*

3. That we are able to reckon the power of self-help and of self-government, on which Dr. Baernreither lays such stress among our national characteristics, is due to the free scope allowed for the development of this higher individualism by the institutions, political, judicial, and social, of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, which survived the Norman Conquest and the attempts of the Tudor and Stuart dynasties to establish an autocratic government, and, modified to meet the needs of successive generations, remain essentially unchanged at the present day.

When Socialists declare that the central legislative and executive power of the State is the sole embodiment of social order, they ignore the fact that the inherent energies of a nation must also always seek expression in organizations among different classes of the community for various objects embracing common interests and obligations—trade, commerce, and the requirements of daily life—which, from their nature, only come *indirectly* under the control of this central power. Where State action has been restrained within the narrowest limits possible, such organizations are practically self-governing, but where the spontaneous forces of national life have become too feeble to be of any value, State control has, of necessity, expanded into an absolutism which renders any form of self-government an impossibility.† "It is only," said Mr. Lowell, in the address already referred to,‡ "when the reasonable and practicable are denied, that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy." It is because the power of self-help and of self-government have developed in our working classes the capacity for judging between the practicable and impracticable, and at the same

\* See an article by Lord Dunraven on "The Future of Toryism," in the *Nineteenth Century*, February 1889, p. 200.

† Cf. *English Associations of Working Men*, p. 96.

‡ *Ante*, p. 26.

time so shaped our constitution and social organization as to make the reasonable and possible easy of attainment, that they have striven to improve their condition by means of the associative movement instead of by the impracticable methods of Socialism, Communism, or Nihilism, all of which are natural reactions caused by the repression of individualism under a system of paternal autocracy. The power acquired by the workmen through their associations procured for them the recognition of their just rights, and the judgment and moderation with which they have used it have won the confidence and sympathy of the nation. Guided by the growth of public opinion, the Legislature has gradually been taught to regard their claims in their social and ethical as well as purely economical aspect, and has learnt to appreciate so thoroughly the utility of organizations formerly prohibited by the most stringent regulations, that it now entrusts the duty of reporting to it, as Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade, on all questions connected with the welfare of the working classes to a former secretary of one of the most important of these organizations.\* Lastly, the success thus obtained has been utilized with such tact and skill that it has essentially mitigated the old deep-rooted distrust between capital and labour, and the employers who thirty years ago selfishly resisted every demand of their workmen, now meet them on conciliation and arbitration boards appointed to settle the questions from time to time arising between them.†

The ideal Socialist commonwealth, if it ever exists, will be a *creation* of law constructed in accordance with a philosophical theory. The associative movement is a *natural growth*—the spontaneous development, in a politically and economically free society, of some five distinct groups of organizations, founded at different periods to meet various needs of the working classes, each of which has had to contend with special difficulties calling forth special qualities in its members. Friendly societies, owing to their purely provident purposes,

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\* Mr. Burnett, the present Labour Correspondent, was formerly secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

† Cf. *English Associations of Working Men*, pp. 6-8, 21-23, 95-97.

never encountered any public opposition, and obtained legal recognition nearly a century ago, but being founded before the system of insurance in any form was understood, had to grapple with scientific problems which, at the time of their formation, would have taxed the ability of great financiers. Trade unions, which deal with the most important of the questions affecting the working class—that of wages—had, at the outset of their career, to face the determined hostility of employers, backed, till 1824, by the Legislature, and, having had a harder struggle for existence than any other class of society, have diffused among their members a higher skill in the arts of organization and government. The objects of building, of loan, and of co-operative societies, have, like those of friendly societies, secured for them from the first the approbation of the nation; but the men of the operative class who originated them had in each case to master, after many disastrous blunders and failures, all the complex details of business life.

But, though each form of association has had a distinct origin and history, all alike exhibit the same tendencies towards centralization, division of labour, and subordination to State supervision.\*

The Affiliated Orders—the most important class of the friendly societies—consist of numerous branches united under a central governing body, and a similar movement towards larger association and concentration is going on in all the other classes. In the same way trades unions of the same trade are found to amalgamate into large central bodies with branches, while the trades unions of different trades in important manufacturing localities are kept in contact by trade councils, and the protection of all common interests of trade societies throughout the Empire is entrusted to the Parliamentary Committee of Trades Unions elected by the Annual Trades Union Congress. Co-operative societies also have to a large extent combined, and have common establishments for importation and mercantile purposes at Glasgow and at Manchester.†

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\* Cf. Baernreither, pp. 146-8.

† *English Associations of Working Men*, pp. 146-7.

Again, the formation of an official organism which results necessarily from the division of labour is constantly increasing among all the classes of working men's associations, and must continue to increase in proportion as they grow more powerful, and are therefore obliged more and more to entrust the management of their business to permanent employés.\*

Lastly, all the Acts regulating the legal status of these associations are based on the same principle—namely, that the State, while abstaining from any interference in their internal management, except where it is expressly asked for by individual societies, offers to each class of association State aid in the form of certain privileges and exemptions, provided that it submits in return to a limited amount of State supervision, and embodies in its rules certain provisions prescribed by statute. All the societies which accept these conditions are required to deposit their rules at the Friendly Societies Office in Abingdon Street, in London, which thus constitutes a centre in which all the threads connecting the working men's self-supporting associations with State supervision are united, and enables the State to exercise a direct influence over the registered, and, through them, an indirect influence over the unregistered, societies.†

It has already been stated that the 30,000 registered societies comprise some six millions of members, and possess funds amounting to over seventy-five millions sterling,‡ and it is estimated that the unregistered societies, as to which no reliable data exist, are equally, and perhaps more, numerous. But the value of these associations cannot be estimated merely by figures. Their members constitute, as Dr. Baernreither says, "an aristocracy of workmen," the organizing force of the working classes, representing their interests as superiors, while aiding their brethren whom they strive to raise from the lower ranks.§ It is true that only a portion of the working class belong to them, but it is equally certain that these associations have become the governing centres for the various branches of social administration which they manage, and

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\* *English Associations of Working Men*, p. 146.

† Baernreither, pp. 147, 148.

‡ *Ante*, p. 30.

§ Baernreither, p. 30.

exercise an influence on the relations of wages, the system of insurance, the food supply, and the intellectual training of the whole working class, which extends far beyond their own limits, and they thus possess a power of attraction which is drawing to them a constantly increasing number, and which those who still hold aloof from them will find it ever harder to resist.\*

Socialists regard the associative movement as useless, though well-intentioned, in some of its aspects, and as positively antagonistic to their schemes in others. While professing sympathy with trades unions and commending their efforts, they anticipate no real benefit from them to the working class, since they affect to believe that even if through them all the workers of all the trades in Great Britain were united in one body, the result would be that the employers and capitalists would be compelled to follow suit, and, when similarly united, would crush the working men at the first trial of strength.† For co-operative societies and associations for accumulating and investing the savings of the working classes, they have a decided antipathy. Successful organizations of this kind are, in their opinion, not co-operative, but virtually joint-stock companies, "which compete among themselves just as ordinary concerns do," and in which the interest of the members becomes identified with capital. They consider therefore that their tendency is to create a *labour caste*, and also—though the two conclusions seem hard to reconcile—that in a dispute between capital and labour these associations would go over to the side of capital. "The sons of Rochdale pioneers," says Lawrence Gronlund, "living in luxury, and imitating the airs and fashions of the wealthy of all times, point the moral," and he contends that workmen, instead of investing their savings in "*such risky enterprises*," should put them "*into their own flesh and bone, where they of right belong on account of their more efficient labour.*"‡

On the other hand, the opinions even of the most extreme section of the promoters of the associative movement are per-

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\* *English Associations of Working Men*, p. 146.

† *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, pp. 67-78.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 65-67.

meated by a spirit of individualism diametrically opposed to Socialism. Ample proof of this will be found in the Report of the Proceedings of the Industrial Remuneration Conference, held in London in January 1885, under the presidency of Sir Charles Dilke, in which the delegates of numerous trades unions, friendly, co-operative, and other kindred societies, besides several members of Parliament, representatives of social science, manufacturers, and shipbuilders, took part.\* We must content ourselves here, however, with quoting in support of our statement some extracts from the latest annual reports of trade unions given by the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade in his report for 1888,† which, it must be borne in mind, are prepared solely for the information of the members.

With regard to the reduction of the hours of labour, the report of the Steam Engine Makers' Society states that ‡:—

"At the last Trades Congress the eight hours' question was debated at great length, the preponderance of opinion being in favour of its adoption on a favourable opportunity presenting itself. The advocates of *State intervention* to attain the object met with *little support*, the general opinion being that the trade unions of this country are *powerful enough to look after their own interests* in this direction, and shrewd enough not to attempt it until a time arises when it can be secured and maintained, as was the case with the nine hours' movement in 1871."

The same views are repeated in the reports of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the United Pattern Makers' Association, the Amalgamated Society of House Decorators and Painters, and other societies.§

The report of the Boiler Makers and Iron Ship Builders' Society deplores the gulf still existing between employers and employed, but, instead of attributing it to the Socialist "iron law," says that "it is *useless to blame either party* for this social estrangement; it is not a wilful fault on either side, it is *the result largely of circumstances which neither side can control*;" and, instead of prescribing social revolution or State intervention as a remedy, inculcates the necessity of developing

\* Cf. Baernreither, pp. 83-88.

† Appendix, p. 157 *et seq.*

‡ *Ibid.* p. 163. The italics are our own.

§ *Ibid.* pp. 157, 166, 199, and *passim*.



trade unionism to resist the monopoly of the large capitalists, who are ousting small employers from the field.\*

When treating of apprentices and technical education, the report of the Associated Shipwrights' Society† questions the utility of the Technical Schools Act, 1887, empowering school boards in Scotland to assess for and create "toy workshops," and contends that "the proper technical school is the actual *workshop or shipyard*," and that firms should take more interest in their apprentices, and make provision for teaching them their trades by arrangements with their journeymen for the purpose, and giving them facilities for attending evening classes to learn the theoretical part of their craft.

As respects the Labour Laws, the report of the Amalgamated Association of Cotton Spinners, after noticing the improved administration of the Factory Acts under the present Home Secretary, points out that inspectors are in some cases complaining of *want of assistance* from the *operatives*, who, it is alleged, sometimes allow themselves to be tempted into suppressions of truth *on behalf* of their masters, and urges that they should give no cause for such complaints to be made, since

"there is no sense of the word in which the Factory Acts are not an advantage to the operatives, and we should make it a *point of honour* under all circumstances to assist in enforcing them."‡

Lastly, the same report contains the following passage,§ which supplies a useful commentary on Mr. Gronlund's statement that "there is a chronic warfare between capitalists and labourers," and that their relation to each other is that of "the horse-leech and its victim":—||

"The course of trade, so far as cotton-spinning is concerned, has, during the past year, developed no particular features, if we except the attempt to corner cotton during the summer and the successful efforts of spinners to foil it. The operatives ungrudgingly took their share of the loss in doing this,

\* Appendix, pp. 180, 181. It is interesting to note that Lord Salisbury, in one of his speeches, at Bristol, on April 23, used much the same language :—"I do not think the separation of classes that has undoubtedly grown up in this country has been the fault of any man or set of men; it has been the result of unavoidable circumstances." And he went on to urge that the "different classes of our country should close up" and consult over the remedies for the evils due to this separation.

† *Ibid.* p. 185.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 209, 210.

§ *Ibid.* p. 208.

|| *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, p. 35.



and were quite prepared to have done more had it been required. The success of the efforts made on that occasion go far to prove that if employers only would unite on trade as they do on wage questions, they could much improve the general conditions under which they conduct their business. The result of the united action taken during the attempted cornering of cotton has led to a considerable accession of strength to the Cotton Spinners (Employers) Association, and we may reasonably hope to see that body show increased vitality in attending to questions affecting their interests. There is ample room for improvement in the system of cotton buying, and in a less degree in the selling of yarn. We are as anxious as employers themselves that they should do well, and if we can assist them at any time to cut down expenses anywhere, except in operatives' wages, they may rely upon our help being cheerfully rendered. We claim no particular credit for our goodwill on this matter. Prosperous employers can pay good wages. We may occasionally quarrel with them as to what may be considered good wages, but when it comes to facing the outside world we are shoulder to shoulder."

With these few and imperfect indications of the spirit animating the associative movement, we must conclude the examination we have attempted to make of its relations to Socialism. Though both are professedly based on the principles of individual self-denial and co-operation for a common object, Socialism, as has been well said, is inspired by an altogether exaggerated estimate of the force of co-operation,\* and, through its desire to annihilate altogether the vitality of individualism, is directly antagonistic to the principle of self-help, which constitutes the essence of the associative movement. Both, as has been shown, are the outcome of processes of social development, modified by the growth of industrial production and by national institutions and characteristics, and it would be idle to attempt to forecast the forms they may ultimately assume. Whatever these forms may be, however, we have deep cause for thankfulness, in the fact that the history of Great Britain furnishes a full confirmation of the truth of the words with which Dr. Baernreither ends the first volume of his work:—"At any rate, it is a fortunate thing for a country, when the development of reform proceeds principally from the moral and orderly strength of that very class whose condition of life it is the main object of this reform to organize and improve" (p. 430).

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\* *Socialism*, p. 8.

## ART. IV.—FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND HIS MUSIC.

THE Mendelssohn family first acquired a European reputation through its founder Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, who has embalmed his memory in *Nathan der Weise*. The life of that Jewish philosopher forms a faithful miniature of those troubled times, when the bigotry of the Gentile community was only surpassed by the intolerance with which the Synagogue crushed every aspiration towards freedom of thought or intellectual progress among its members. Moses Mendelssohn was born on September 6, 1729, at Dessau, a small duchy of central Germany, where his father, whose name was Mendel, was employed as schoolmaster and clerk to the Jewish community. The boy thus became known in the village as Mendel's sohn, the son of Mendel. Hence the family name.

So rapid was the lad's progress in learning, that his father determined to place him under the care of Rabbi Frankel, at the superior school. One winter's morning the little fellow, then only five years old, was carefully wrapped in a threadbare cloak to protect him from the biting cold, and carried, before daybreak, in his father's arms to his new master. A warm friendship soon sprang up between teacher and pupil, so that when Frankel became Chief Rabbi at Berlin, Moses determined to follow him.

It proved to be the turning of the ways. On one hand was the life of a Jewish pedlar, making his weary round through the villages with his pack on his shoulders; on the other, the path of scholarship, beset with innumerable hardships, but brightened with hope of future honours. The boy of fourteen chose the road to Berlin. His garret lodging witnessed a long fight with poverty. Every Sunday he marked out his daily portion on the loaf which had to serve him all the week. Sabbaths and festivals owed not a little of their joy to a dinner with his good friend the Rabbi. The Christians of Berlin, in those days, looked with contempt upon the Jews; the starving scholar could find no friend among them.

He was equally unfortunate with his own countrymen. His studies were kept secret, or he would have been ignominiously expelled from Berlin. When he began to learn German, notwithstanding all his precautions, a friendly Jew was detected purchasing a German book for him, and was expelled from Berlin. Moses Mendelssohn struggled with such difficulties for six years, till he became tutor in the family of Mr. Bernhardt, a silk manufacturer. He was afterwards appointed book-keeper in Bernhardt's factory. His leisure was devoted to that literary work which gained him the friendship of Lessing, and led all Europe to recognize his gifts as a thinker.

Moses Mendelssohn was a little man, with a hump back and an awkward stammer. His clever, intellectual head marked him as a man of no small ability. The courtship of the shy scholar forms a pretty romance. At the baths of Pyrmont he met a merchant from Hamburg, called Gugenheim. One day Gugenheim became confidential. "Rabbi Moses," said he, "we all admire you, but my daughter most of all. It would be the greatest happiness to me to have you for a son-in-law. Come and see us at Hamburg." The shy philosopher found courage to go, but the young lady shrank from a marriage when she saw his deformity. Mendelssohn conquered her reluctance by an apologue. Marriages, he told her, were made in heaven, and on the birth of a child the name of the future husband or wife was proclaimed. When Mendelssohn's wife was named, it was said, "Alas! she will have a dreadful hump back." "'O God,' I said then, 'a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the hump back, and let the maiden be well-made and agreeable.'" He had scarcely finished his fable, when the girl, completely won, threw herself upon Mendelssohn's neck.

A laughable incident is associated with the marriage. The father of Frederick the Great, whose eccentric and despotic character is familiar to all readers of Carlyle, had laid a strange burden upon the Jews of Berlin. They were compelled to buy the wild boars killed by the royal hunting parties. Frederick the Great added to their sorrows. He required every son of the Synagogue to spend three hundred thalers at

the royal china factory when he married. The manager of the factory, who was allowed to choose what the Jews should buy, naturally took care to palm off his most unsaleable articles. Moses Mendelssohn thus found himself the happy possessor of twenty life-sized china apes, some of which are still preserved in his family.

With these strange household gods around him, he began life in Berlin. His children tasted the sorrows of persecution. They wrung his heart by their innocent questions. "Why do they throw stones at us? What have we done to them?" "Yes, dear papa," said another, "they always run after us in the streets, and shout, 'Jew boy, Jew boy.'" The father was at last able to hire a garden in Spandau Strasse, where his children could enjoy themselves without annoyance. Comfort and reputation came in due course to Moses Mendelssohn. He became a partner in the Bernhardt factory, and was recognized as one of the chief scholars in Germany.

His second son, Abraham, the father of the musician, was accustomed to say, "Formerly I was the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son." But if Abraham Mendelssohn's gifts were not showy, he was a man of sterling character and sound judgment. He became partner with his brother in a banking firm at Berlin and Hamburg. His wife, Leah Salomon, was a woman of rare gifts. She played with taste, drew exquisitely, spoke and read French, English, and Italian, and even enjoyed her Homer in the original. Her modesty, vivacity, and wit were not less striking. Frau Salomon wisely insisted that her daughter's dowry should be employed to purchase a share in his brother's banking business for Abraham. The young pair settled at Hamburg, in a house (14 Grosse Michael Strasse), which is still standing behind St. Michael's Church. Fanny Mendelssohn was born here on November 14, 1805; her brother, "Jacob Ludwig Felix," on February 3, 1809. In 1811 the town fell into the hands of the French. The Mendelssohns, who had incurred the displeasure of the invaders, were compelled to escape by night. This led them to Berlin—the future home of the family.

Moses Mendelssohn continued in the Jewish community to the close of his life, though he was publicly anathematized by

his co-religionists. Two of his daughters became Roman Catholics. His son Abraham brought up his children as Lutherans. At first this was done secretly, lest it should grieve their maternal grandmother, who was stoutly orthodox. When her son Bartholdy became a Protestant, the old lady cursed him, and cast him off. Fanny Mendelssohn was a great favourite with her. One day, delighted with her music, the grandmother asked her what she would have as a reward. Fanny replied, "Forgive Uncle Bartholdy." Thus the little girl won the blessing of the peacemaker. The family took the name of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy after this uncle, to distinguish themselves from those members of the family who still remained in the Jewish faith.

Abraham Mendelssohn's letter to his daughter on her confirmation shows that, though he had broken loose from his moorings in Judaism, he had not yet found solid hope in Christianity. It is a strange letter to send a girl of fourteen or fifteen on such an occasion.

"Does God exist? What is God? Is He a part of ourselves? and does He continue to live after the other part has ceased to be? And where? And how? All this I do not know, and therefore I have never taught you anything about it. But I know that there exists in me and in you, and in all human beings an everlasting inclination towards all that is good, true, and right, and a conscience which warns and guides us when we go astray. I know it, I believe it, I live in this faith, and this is my religion."

Happily the Mendelssohn children entered into fuller light than this.

Leah Mendelssohn was the first music teacher of her famous son and daughter. She began with five minutes' practice at a time. As the children's power of work increased their lessons were lengthened. Then masters were engaged, under whom the young musicians made rapid progress. Felix Mendelssohn's chief tutor was Herr Zelter, who had been forced by his father to become a mason, but had never ceased to study music till he perfected himself, and was able to make it his profession.

"Nonsense, a genius can curl the hairs of a pig," was one of his characteristic sayings. Heyse had the charge of the general education of the young Mendelssohns. Berger

taught them the piano, Zelter thorough-bass and composition, Henning the violin, Rosel drawing. The father and mother superintended the work. They took care that the children were at their studies by five o'clock every morning.

In his eighth year Mendelssohn played the piano with remarkable skill, and even discovered six consecutive fifths in a piece of Sebastian Bach's which had escaped the notice of Zelter himself. He wore a tight-fitting jacket, cut very low at the neck, with full trousers buttoned over it. Into the slanting pockets of these he liked to thrust his hands, rocking his head, with its "long brown curls, from side to side, and shifting restlessly from one foot to another."

It was Zelter who introduced Mendelssohn to Goethe. Zelter, who was a correspondent of the poet, wrote that he wished to show him his best pupil. This was Mendelssohn, then twelve years old. The boy had already written two operas, and nearly finished a third, besides composing symphonies, sonatas, and songs. When the visit drew near the parents were overjoyed at their boy's good fortune. "Mind you snap up every word that Goethe says; I want to know all about him," was his mother's counsel. In November 1821 Zelter and the boy arrived at Weimar. Mendelssohn quickly became a hero-worshipper. "Every morning," he writes, "I get a kiss from the author of *Faust* and *Werther*, and every afternoon two kisses from my friend and father Goethe." Nor was Goethe less delighted with his bright little visitor. He set him to improvise on a theme furnished by Zelter, and was amazed as he "worked away at the great chords, mastering the most difficult combinations, and evolving the most surprising contrapuntal passages out of a stream of harmonies." Then the old man gave him a piece of music in Mozart's minute writing to decipher. To this he added a sheet of ruled paper bespattered and smudged with notes. Zelter looked over the boy's shoulder, and called out, "Why, it's Beethoven's writing; one can see that a mile off. He always writes as if he used a broomstick, and then wiped his sleeve over the wet ink." The second time Felix played through this complicated scrawl without an error.

When he had run off to enjoy a romp in the garden,



Goethe pronounced judgment. "Musical prodigies, as far as mere technical execution goes, are probably no longer so rare; but what this little man can do in extemporizing and playing at sight borders on the miraculous, and I could not have believed it possible at so early an age." "And yet you heard Mozart in his seventh year at Frankfort," said Zelter. "Yes," replied Goethe, "at that time I myself had only just reached my twelfth year, and was certainly, like all the rest of the world, immensely astonished at his extraordinary execution; but what your pupil already accomplishes bears the same relation to the Mozart of that time that the cultivated talk of a grown-up person does to the prattle of a child."

The boy's letters preserve many a pleasant glimpse of those happy days. He had already learned to keep his eyes open. When he dined with Goethe's friend Riemer, the Greek lexicographer, he says it gave him "quite a Greek feeling." He adds, "He seems to thrive on the making of lexicons. He is stout and fat, and as shiny as a priest or a full moon." When his aunt in Paris read the child's letters, she said, "He is an artist in the highest sense—rare talents combined with the noblest, tenderest heart. If God spare him, his letters will in long, long years to come create the deepest interest."

The sixteen days spent in Goethe's house laid the foundation of a happy friendship. Next autumn the Mendelssohns and their two eldest children went to Weimar. Goethe once said to the boy, "You are my David, and if I am ever ill and sad, you must banish my bad dreams by your playing; I shall never throw my spear at you as Saul did." Zelter took great pleasure in chronicling his clever pupil's doings to Goethe. When Felix entered his fifteenth year the master writes, "He grows under my very eyes. His wonderful pianoforte playing I may consider as quite a thing apart. He might also become a great violin player." Visits, correspondence, and presents kept up the friendship between Goethe and Mendelssohn, until the old man's death in 1832.

In May 1821, Sir Julius Benedict, then a young musical student, was first introduced to Mendelssohn. Benedict was walking in the streets of Berlin with his friend and master,



Von Weber, the author of *Der Freischütz*, when a beautiful boy with brilliant eyes, auburn locks clustering round his shoulders, and a pleasant smile on his lips, ran up to them. Weber introduced the young people, and then left them, as he had to attend a rehearsal. Benedict had already heard of Mendelssohn at Dresden. The boy caught hold of his hand, and made him run a race to his own home. There Benedict had to play all that he could remember of his master's opera. Mendelssohn in return gave from memory such of Bach's fugues or Cramer's exercises as the visitor could name. When they next met, Mendelssohn was seated on a footstool writing music. Benedict inquired what it was. Mendelssohn answered gravely, "I am finishing my new quartet for piano and stringed instruments." Looking over his shoulder Benedict saw "as beautiful a score as if it had been written by the most skilful copyist." It was the quartet in C minor, published afterwards as Opus I. Whilst he was wondering, Mendelssohn ran to the piano, where he went over all the music which Benedict had played for him three or four days before. "Then," says Benedict, "forgetting quartets and Weber, down we went into the garden; he clearing high hedges with a leap, running, singing, or climbing up trees like a squirrel—the very image of health and happiness."

A series of weekly concerts was now arranged in their father's house. Here the young people, assisted by various friendly artists, rendered Felix's compositions. The boy himself, standing on a stool that he might be the better seen, was the conductor of the little orchestra. On his fifteenth birthday, February 3, 1824, his opera in three acts, *Die beiden Neffen; oder der Onkel aus Boston*, was performed. At the supper which followed Zelter took him by the hand. "From this day, dear boy, thou art no longer an apprentice, but an independent member of the brotherhood of musicians. I proclaim thine independence, in the names of Haydn, of Mozart, and of old Father Bach."

The same year Moscheles, then an artist of established reputation, was in Berlin. His finished pianoforte playing so charmed the Mendelssohns that they begged him to give Felix

some lessons. At first he refused. "He has no need of lessons," he wrote in his diary; "if he sees anything noteworthy in my style of playing, he catches it from me at once." When at last he yielded to the parents' wishes, he said, "Not a moment could I conceal from myself the fact that I was with my master, not with my pupil." The boy caught at the slightest hint, and guessed his meaning before it was expressed.

In 1825 Abraham Mendelssohn purchased a beautiful house, No. 3, Leipziger Strasse, which henceforth became the headquarters of the family. It is now the Upper House of the Prussian Parliament, but its street front has not been altered since the Mendelssohns' time. The mother's sitting-room opened by means of three arches into an adjoining apartment. It thus formed a hall, which would comfortably hold several hundred people. Here many brilliant musical gatherings were held. On the garden side was a moveable glass wall, so that in summer the room could easily be changed into an open portico. The gardens, which had formed part of the Thiergarten of Frederick the Great's day, were seven acres in extent, and rich in fine old trees. The house was situated on the extreme edge of Berlin, and its large court and high front building kept off every sound of traffic, so that it was really a delightful country home. Its rooms were cold and damp in winter, but in summer the place was a paradise.

But whatever might be the charms of the house, they were small compared with those of the brilliant circle of friends that gathered around the family here. Musicians and artists, whose names have gained European fame, streamed in and out of that home during these happy years. The place and its art life seemed to spur Felix to new activities. His beautiful "Ottetto for stringed instruments" was an attempt to set to music some lines from the Walpurgis-night Dream in *Faust*—

"Floating cloud and bracing mist

Bright'ning o'er us hover;

Airs stir the brake, the rushes shake,

And all their pomp is over."

Competent critics allow that the adaptation of the music to the poetic imagery is perfect. "In freshness of conception,

symmetrical proportion, and masterly treatment of a series of bold and well-considered subjects, this fine composition yields to few, if any, even of the most successful efforts of the master's later period; in poetical feeling, and the higher qualities of the imaginative school, it quite certainly yields to none." This is Mr. Rokstro's verdict.

Next year, when only seventeen, Mendelssohn produced another of his masterpieces—the Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. After Jean Paul, the leader of the "Romantic School" so dear to young German readers, Shakespeare stood next in the hearts of the Mendelssohn children. The happy life which they lived in their own fairy-like domain seemed to lend new meaning to Shakespeare's comedy. This was the inspiration of that lovely overture, of which Professor Macfarren said "that no one piece of music contains so many points of harmony and orchestration that had never been written before; and yet none of them have the air of experiment, but seem all to have been written with certainty of their success." The strength of construction and solidity of workmanship are not less remarkable than its "airy, fairy lightness." Moscheles heard it first as a pianoforte piece à quatre mains. The young composer was not afraid to allow his chief friend and critic to form his opinion of it from its performance on a single instrument. This was characteristic of his method. With Mendelssohn, the faultless proportion of symmetrical form was the first consideration. Then, and not till then, the ornaments were added. When the overture was given at Potsdam, in 1843, an old *habitué* of the Court sat next to Mendelssohn at the supper which followed the performance, and astonished him by saying, "What a pity that you wasted your beautiful music on so stupid a play." Mendelssohn had formed a truer estimate of Shakespeare.

In 1829 Mendelssohn introduced Bach's Passion music to Berlin. He had organized a little choir of sixteen voices to practise the *Passion according to St. Matthew*. He himself knew it by heart, and conducted it without the score. It was then arranged that the work should be performed by the Berlin Academy of Music. On March 11 it was publicly produced for the first time since the death of the composer.

So great was the success that, despite the opposition of jealous musicians, it had to be repeated on Bach's birthday, ten days later. The young musician thus helped to bring about that great revival of the Passion music which has made the name of Bach a household word in Germany and in England.

On May 25, 1829, Mendelssohn first appeared before an English audience. He had seen no such city as London. "It is fearful! It is maddening! I am quite giddy and confused. London is the grandest and most complicated monster on the face of the earth." *Fêtes* and sight-seeing filled his days with undreamed-of delights. At the same time, the more serious business of his visit proved an unqualified success. His first symphony in C minor, which was the piece chosen for his *début*, was received with immense applause. The orchestra and the audience were alike enthusiastic. He appeared again at the Argyle Rooms five days later, when his brilliant execution of Weber's *Concertstück* was received with equal favour. The hearty reception took away the sting of his sufferings from the jealousies of musical circles at Berlin. A month later the Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* first delighted English ears. An incident in connection with this concert illustrates the enormous power of Mendelssohn's memory. Mr. Attwood, then organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, unfortunately left the Overture in a hackney coach. It was never recovered, but Mendelssohn wrote out another from memory, without the variation of a single note.

The day after this concert Mendelssohn drove over to Richmond with a friend. "The way goes over the suspension bridge, through villages with houses covered with roses instead of vines, so that the fresh flowers on the smoky walls have a strange effect. In Richmond, on a hill which commands a view of the immeasurable green plain, studded with trees, close at hand, bright, warm, green, and (not a thousand yards off) blue, hazy, and fading away; and where you see Windsor on one side, and London on the other in a misty cloud, there we laid ourselves down, and spent our Sunday very quietly and solemnly." Mendelssohn's correspondence, from which this is an extract, is justly celebrated for its high

literary style, and its artistic perception. We may add another passage.

When his work in London was finished, he made a pleasant tour in Scotland with his friend Klingemann. "It is Sunday when we arrive in Edinburgh; then we cross the meadows, going towards two desperately steep rocks, which are called Arthur's Seat, and climb up. Below, on the green, are walking the most variegated people, women, children, and cows; the city stretches far and wide; in the midst is the castle, like a bird's nest on a cliff; beyond the castle come meadows, then hills, then a broad river; beyond the river, again hills; then a mountain rather more stern, on which towers Stirling Castle; then blue distance begins; further on you perceive a faint shadow, which they call Ben Lomond. All this is but one half of Arthur's Seat; the other is simple enough—it is the great blue sea, immeasurably wide, studded with white sails, black funnels, little insects of skiffs, boats, rocky islands, and such-like. Why need I describe it? When God Himself takes to landscape painting, it turns out strangely beautiful. . . . What further shall I tell you? Time and space are coming to an end and everything must terminate in the refrain, 'How kind the people are in Edinburgh, and how generous is the good God!'"

Mendelssohn was much moved by his strange surroundings in the Hebrides. He wrote to Berlin: "In order to make you understand how extraordinarily the Hebrides affected me, the following came into my mind there." The two staves of music which accompany the note give clear indications of the intended instrumentation of his concert overture, *Fingal's Cave*.

On his return to London, Mendelssohn was thrown out of a carriage, and was a prisoner in the house for nearly two months. This accident kept him from sharing the festivities connected with his sister's marriage to Hensel, the painter, but by November he was home again in Berlin. A busy winter followed. He composed his *Reformation Symphony* for the tercentenary of the Augsburg Confession, and he and his friend Klingemann prepared the *Heimkehr aus der Fremde* for his parents' silver wedding. Mendelssohn declined

a professorship of music in Berlin University, and on May 13, 1830, he turned his face toward Italy. He settled at Rome, where his mornings were given to study and composition, his afternoons spent among the marvels of art in the Eternal City. After twelve months' travel he returned to Berlin.

His second English visit, in May 1832, was not less gratifying to the young composer than the first. When he played the organ at St. Paul's Cathedral, on June 10, his treatment of the pedal-board introduced a complete revolution in English organ playing. But the visit is chiefly noteworthy because Messrs. Novello now published his first book of *Lieder ohne Worte*. These "Songs without Words" are "exquisite little musical poems," which have endeared themselves to all lovers of the pianoforte. "At that period," says Sir Julius Benedict, "mechanical dexterity, musical claptraps, skips from one part of the piano to another, endless shakes and arpeggios, were the order of the day: everything was sacrificed to display. Passages were written for the sole purpose of puzzling and perplexing the musical dilettanti, causing amazement by the immense quantity of notes compressed into one page." Mendelssohn's Songs without Words were a protest against this vicious art, and contributed in no small degree to bring about a reformation in the pianoforte compositions of his day.

Mendelssohn had as yet found no settled post. In May 1833 he conducted the Lower Rhine Festival at Düsseldorf with such distinguished ability that he was at once pressed to become director of the public and private musical establishments of the town. The salary was only £90, but he was not dependent on his profession. He accepted the post without hesitation, and on the 27th of September, after a fourth visit to England, settled down to his new duties.

There was not much comfort in his work. The director of the church services had utterly neglected his duties. No good music could be found. The crabbed old organist, who appeared in threadbare coat before Mendelssohn, declared that he neither could nor would have better music. Mendelssohn had himself to ransack the libraries of other cities. He brought home a large selection from the works of the best composers. But his troubles were not ended. His difficulties may be under-



stood from the fact that when he produced Mozart's *Don Juan*, the term classical, which he used, gave great offence. This was aggravated by a rise in the price of tickets, rendered necessary by the increased expense of the new management. So great was the uproar that the curtain had to be lowered and raised again four times before the middle of the first act. Mendelssohn was about to lay down his *bâton* when the disturbance suddenly ceased. The rioters had grown hoarse, and the well-conducted people brightened up. The second act was played in profound silence, with much applause at the close. Mendelssohn and his friend Immermann consulted together amid "a shower of fiery rain and gunpowder smoke—among the black demons." Mendelssohn declared with becoming spirit that he would not again conduct the opera till he had received some apology. The incident made no little sensation, but the young director conquered. On his next appearance he was greeted with loud applause. The audience called for a flourish of trumpets in his honour, which had to be repeated three times. He had won the day at Düsseldorf.

Mendelssohn's residence there was fruitful in compositions. The most important was his oratorio, *St. Paul*. His father was not a musician, but his excellent taste and sound judgment were often of the highest service to his son. He urged him to concentrate his strength on some great work. We thus owe the *St. Paul* to Abraham Mendelssohn. The enthusiasm with which the earlier finished parts of it were greeted at Düsseldorf greatly cheered the composer. It was only, however, when his own family had pronounced their judgment upon it at Cologne, where they were assembled for the musical festival, that he confidently looked forward to its success.

The *St. Paul* was first performed at Düsseldorf on May 22, 1836. His father—to whom Mendelssohn had written, "One word of praise from you is more truly precious to me and makes me happier than all the publics in the world applauding me in concert"—did not witness the triumph. The previous November he had died in Berlin. No one supposed that he was seriously ill till the night before his death; even on the following morning the medical attendant apprehended no danger,



and the patient turned round saying he would sleep a little. Half an hour later he was dead. His daughter wrote: "It was the end of the righteous, a beautiful, enviable end, and I pray to God for a similar death, and will strive through all my days to deserve it, as he deserved it. It was death in its most peaceful, beautiful aspect." Eleven years later her desire was granted.

This great sorrow clouded over the representation of the oratorio. But Mendelssohn was inspired by the interest his father had taken in the work to throw his whole strength into its completion. It is thus almost a musical *In Memoriam*. His sister Fanny gives her first impressions of the work in a letter to Berlin. "The overture is very beautiful, the idea of introducing *St. Paul* by means of the chorale 'Wachet auf ruft uns die Stimme' (Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling) is almost a stroke of wit, and exquisitely carried out. He has completely hit the organ sound in the orchestra. The apparition-scene sounds quite different from what I had expected, but it is so beautiful, so surprising, so touching, that I know little in music to equal it. It is God coming in the storm." Many alterations and revisions were made after the first performance at Düsseldorf. It was first given in England on October 3, 1836, under the direction of Sir George Smart, at Liverpool, but its English popularity dates from the time of its performance under Mendelssohn's direction at the Birmingham Musical Festival on September 20, 1837.

The year which saw the completion of his first oratorio witnessed another happy event—Mendelssohn's engagement to Cécile Jeanrenaud. The young lady's mother was the widow of the pastor of the French Reformed Church at Frankfort-am-Main. It is said that the musician was so bashful a wooer, that the whole family at first thought he was in love with the widow herself. This impression was, however, soon corrected, and in the graceful young lady Mendelssohn found a wife whose gentleness and gaiety of spirit formed a happy sedative for his nervous and excitable temperament. He was married on March 28, 1837.

Mr. Rokstro describes a visit he paid to Mendelssohn at Frankfort nine years later. After showing him Thorwaldsen's

statue of Goethe and the poet's birthplace, Mendelssohn proposed they should go to an "open-air concert." He led the way to a lonely corner of the public gardens, where a nightingale was pouring out its soul. "He sings here every evening, and I often come to hear him. I sit here, sometimes, when I want to compose. Not that I am writing much, now; but, sometimes, I have a feeling like this"—and he twisted his hands rapidly and nervously in front of his breast—"and when that comes I know that I must write." Next day at dinner he was full of fun, making them cover up the lower part of their face that he might see what animal they resembled. "I am an eagle," he said, holding his hand in a way which made the likeness absurdly striking. His wife was a hare; his boy Karl a roebuck; Paul, a bullfinch; Mr. Rokstro, a setter.

He sent his friend on to Leipzig with Ferdinand David. He himself was at the coach with a little basket of early fruit, a packet of cigars for David, and "a quite paternal scolding" for the young stranger who was not sufficiently wrapped up. During the bustle of departure Mendelssohn was missing, but just when they had given him up for lost, he reappeared with a thick woollen scarf. "Let me wrap this round your throat," he gasped, quite out of breath with his run; "it will keep you warm in the night; and when you get to Leipzig, you can leave it in the coach." The scarf, it is scarcely necessary to add, is still preserved as a precious relic.

He had left Düsseldorf for Leipzig in August 1835, before the death of his father. He was conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts. Here he found himself amid congenial spirits. The jealousies which had embittered his work at Berlin and at Düsseldorf were unknown at Leipzig. "When I first came to Leipzig," he said, "I thought I was in Paradise." The people were willing to learn, Mendelssohn was eager to teach. The citizens became Mendelssohn's friends and advisers. His name was on all lips. After his engagement the audience seized upon the words in *Fidelio*, "Wer ein holdes Weib errungen" (he who has won a gentle wife), and by their cheering induced him to extemporize on the melody.

Mendelssohn's position at Leipzig introduced him to the

best singers and musicians of his day. With Sterndale Bennett, Clara Novello, Jenny Lind, Joachim, the Schumanns, and many other distinguished artists he enjoyed much pleasant intercourse. So great was his popularity, that, when he arranged to give a concert consisting entirely of Bach's organ music, in order to raise funds for a monument to that composer, Mendelssohn's mother said, "If he were to announce that he would stand in the market-place in his night-cap, I believe the people of Leipzig would pay for admission." The statue was erected in 1840, opposite to the Thomas Schule at Leipzig, where John Sebastian Bach was cantor, and where he died, on July 28, 1750.

Frederick William IV. of Prussia, now made tempting offers to induce Mendelssohn to settle in Berlin, where he was to have control of the musical department in a National Academy of Arts, with a stipend of £450. He could not refuse to accept the post, but he clearly saw that the scheme would not work. The appointment had, however, one great advantage. It brought him and his family back to Leipziger Strasse, greatly to the rejoicing of Mendelssohn's mother. But she was not long spared to them. She died on December 12, 1842, a sudden, painless death—like her husband's.

The cords that bound her son to Berlin had already been loosened by the opposition and jealousy he met with in musical circles. They were now completely severed. He had wished to retire before, but withdrew his request. "You think that in my official position I could do nothing else. It was not that, it was my mother." Now the way was open. Berlin never heartily sympathized with Mendelssohn, while at Leipzig he always had an enthusiastic auditory. There he was able, in April 1843, to rejoice in the establishment of a Conservatory of Music. Mendelssohn and Schumann were professors of the pianoforte and composition; harmony and counterpoint, the violin and management of the orchestra, the organ, singing, Italian, and the history of music were also added to the curriculum.

Mendelssohn's visit to England in 1842 was memorable for his introduction to Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. He laughingly endorses Grahl's verdict that the Palace was

"the one really pleasant, comfortable English house in which one feels" at his ease. Prince Albert had asked him to go and try his organ before he left England. Whilst they were talking the Queen entered, in simple morning dress. She told Mendelssohn that she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, then, suddenly interrupting herself, she exclaimed, "But, goodness! what a confusion!" The wind had littered the room with sheets of music from an open portfolio. She knelt down and began to pick up the music—the Prince and Mendelssohn helping busily. Prince Albert then played a chorale from memory, and Mendelssohn began his chorus, "How lovely are the messengers." Before he reached the end of the first verse the Queen and Prince joined in the chorus. Prince Albert cleverly managed the stops. The Queen then sang Fanny Mendelssohn's "Schöner und schöner schmückt sich," and Mendelssohn's Pilgerspruch, "Lass dich nur." During her Majesty's absence from the room Prince Albert presented to the visitor a beautiful ring, with "V.R. 1842" upon it. "She begs," he said, "you will accept this as a remembrance." The delightful morning closed with a happy improvisation of Mendelssohn's on the organ.

His *Forty-Second Psalm*, of which Lampadius says, "Never has the soul's inmost yearning after God been spoken out in tones more searching and tender," and many of his best works were written for a Leipzig audience. The festival held in that city, in June 1840, on the fourth centenary of the invention of printing, is memorable for the birth of the *Lobgesang*—one of Mendelssohn's masterpieces, "in which his genius shines out in its truest originality, and most characteristic as well as most beautiful features." It celebrated the triumph of light over darkness at the Creation. It was given with profound and well-earned applause at the Birmingham Musical Festival on September 23, 1840. The composer's struggle after perfection may be understood from the fact that he made so many alterations in the score that the plates engraved for the Birmingham Festival had to be destroyed and the whole reproduced. The striking solo and chorus, "Watchman! will the night soon pass?" suggested by a sleepless night at Leipzig, were now first added.

We now reach the crowning triumph of Mendelssohn's

musical career. On Wednesday, August 26, 1846, his oratorio *Elijah* was first performed in public. The enthusiasm with which it was received surpassed all he had yet witnessed. "Artists and audience vied with each other in their endeavour to increase the roar of applause, which, at the close of the first and second parts, was simply deafening." Mendelssohn was not satisfied. Scarcely a movement passed unchanged. It was not till the following July that the work was published. Before that date it was given in its revised form at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The Queen and the Prince Consort were present. Prince Albert wrote on his copy of the oratorio a flattering comparison of Mendelssohn to Elijah, because he had preserved the homage due to true art amid the Baal worship of corrupted art. This he sent to Mendelssohn in token of grateful remembrance. "So far as I permit myself to speak," says Lampadius, "I will say that the choruses are far grander, more energetic, and more dramatic than in *St. Paul*; and there is not wanting that inimitable warmth of piety, peculiar to Mendelssohn alone among the later composers. The wonderful chorus, 'Blessed are the men that fear Him,' the 'Baal Chorus,' the chorus that renders thanks for rain, and that which recounts the Ascension to heaven, are truly great and thrillingly effective."

The religious character of Mendelssohn's work is sufficiently seen in his choice of subjects. The criticism of one journalist will here be accepted as his highest honour. "He occupies the pious, weakly, soft-hearted Christian standpoint, which demands that all sorrow be accepted humbly, as a dispensation and a trial from God's own hand, and which would prompt to break into songs of praise to Him for all deliverance, and for all light granted in darkness. From this idea, that God does all things for us and that thanks are due to Him for all things, Mendelssohn never frees himself; it runs through his *St. Paul* and all his church music."

"He knew and loved his Bible," says one of his friends (Lampadius) "as few men of his time. His unshaken faith, his profound spiritual-mindedness, and his love to others sprang from this root. His work is one of the finest commentaries ever written on the history of Elijah the Tishbite."

Mendelssohn followed the lines laid down by Haydn, tempering the severity of those rules with the freedom which Beethoven introduced into them. Bach's part-writing guided his own work. "Rich and varied instrumentation" brought out all the resources of the orchestra. His method of phrasing is considered to be the chief distinctive feature of his style. Great thoughts found fitting expression. Like Mozart, he had every piece of music, with its instrumentation, in his mind before he committed it to writing. If an idea occurred to him at the piano he noted it down, and afterwards worked it out in his mind. Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven were his "spiritual property"—the masters whom he best loved.

Sir Julius Benedict says, "that, as a pianoforte player, the complete mastery he possessed over all mechanical difficulties, joined to the spirit, delicacy, and certainty of his execution, left him confessedly without a rival." He was also one of the finest organ players of his time. It was said that he could do everything on the organ except play the people out of church. The vergers at St. Paul's once found the spell of the musician so mighty, that they could only clear the cathedral by beating the people on the head.

The *Elijah* has a melancholy interest, because it is the last of Mendelssohn's great works. His health suffered seriously from the strain of its production. He returned to Frankfort from the Exeter Hall performance of this oratorio weary and ill. He had twice visited her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, had witnessed the first triumph of his friend Jenny Lind in England, and had himself been honoured and fêted on all hands. His nerves seemed shattered by the incessant toils of the past. He had only been at home two days when he was told, somewhat suddenly, that his sister Fanny had died after a few hours' illness. The brother and sister had been as one soul. Fanny Mendelssohn's gifts as a musician were only second to his own. The shock unnerved him. "With a terrible cry he fell fainting to the ground." For weeks he was utterly prostrated. By degrees Mendelssohn's artistic tastes revived. He began some water-colour drawings, which soothed him and helped to pass the weary summer. A long holiday in Switzerland also did much to renew his strength.



He was able to write some music, and consider plans of future work, but he felt that his vigour was gone. "I shall not live," was his verdict. Still he worked. "Let me work while it is yet day; who can tell how soon the bell may toll?" He was too feeble to take an active part in the Leipzig concerts of that winter. The end was near. On October 9, 1847, he called to see his friend Madame Frege. He accompanied her in his last set of songs (Op. 71). She left the room to order lights, as he wished to hear something from the *Elijah*. When she returned, Mendelssohn was shivering, and complained that he was suffering from a violent pain in the head. He was able to walk home, and rallied for a time, but on Thursday evening, November 4, 1847, he breathed his last, surrounded by his sorrowing friends. It is said that he had ruptured a blood-vessel when he heard of his sister's loss, and the effusion of blood on the brain caused his death.

The following Sunday the coffin was borne to St. Paul's Church. A band of wind instruments played the *Lied ohne Worte*, in E minor (Book V., No. 3), scored for the occasion by Moscheles. The senior student of the Conservatorium bore a cushion with his Order of Merit and a silver wreath sent by the students. The pall was hidden under palm branches and flowers. All Leipzig was there to do honour to its adopted son. When they reached the church the whole congregation sang "Errett mich, O mein lieber." The chorale, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," and "Happy and blest are they" were given from his *St. Paul*. After the sermon pealed forth the chorus which follows the burial of Stephen, "Behold, we count them happy which endure." After the benediction, came John Sebastian Bach's chorus from the Passion music, "We sit down in tears, and cry unto thee in thy grave, Sweetly rest, sweetly rest."

Scarcely had the crowd of mourners retired when the weeping widow entered the church and kneeled beside the coffin to take her last farewell. That night the funeral train started for Berlin. Choirs of singers awaited it at various points on the road. At Berlin the Cathedral choir received the coffin with the chorale, "Jesu, meine Frende." As the sun was rising it was borne into the Church of the Holy



Trinity, outside the Halle Gate, where, after a second service, it was laid by the side of his sister in front of the tombs of their parents. Six years later Madame Mendelssohn, whose health had caused serious apprehension during her husband's life-time, died of consumption.

Mendelssohn was not quite five feet six inches in height, slight, and mercurial in temperament. His features were distinctly Jewish. He had a high forehead with thick black hair and a fresh complexion. His delicately expressive mouth generally had a pleasant smile lurking at the corners. He had beautiful teeth and large brown eyes. When he was animated they "were as expressive a pair of eyes as ever were set in a human being's head." Sometimes, when he was playing extempore, they dilated and became nearly twice their ordinary size, "the brown pupil changing to vivid black." His hearty laugh and his trick of doubling up with laughter showed how he enjoyed all fun. His body is said to have been as expressive as an ordinary face. His small hands with tapering fingers seemed almost living things when they were on the keys. Those whom he loved found him almost feminine and childlike in his fondness, but he had a way of firing up when meanness or unworthy conduct roused his spirit. "There was a great deal of manliness packed into his little body," said an English friend. His sketches, his delightful letters, and his entertaining and animated conversation on literary topics show that he was a man of true culture as well as a great musician. Few lives have been more humbly devoted to art. His infinite painstaking and his unwearying diligence are beyond all praise. He died early—in his thirty-ninth year—but he had shown what gifts were in him and left all generations richer by his work.

## ART. V.—LIVES AND TEACHING OF THE FATHERS.

*Lives of the Fathers: Sketches of Church History and Biography.* By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster. Two vols. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1889.

THE Acts of the Apostles is the "Gospel of the Holy Spirit." With that book begins the history of the Christian Church; to it Christians still recur in all generations for guidance, encouragement and inspiration; in it they learn once more what is the true significance of ecclesiastical organization, the one secret of ecclesiastical success. When we pass to the next chapter in Church history, the scene is changed indeed. The transition from the Scriptures of the New Testament to the earliest patristic literature has been compared to the abrupt passage from a typical Oriental city, with its walls and gates, to the solitude of the desert without. "The traveller passes by a single step into a barren waste." The change is indeed startling, as we pass from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians to that of Clement, and from St. John's Gospel to the *Shepherd* of Hermas, and it teaches its own lessons to the student of the inspired volume. But the comparison will hold in a sense not originally intended. As the traveller quits the busy streets of a densely populated Eastern town, and, suddenly leaving the crowd behind him, paces quickly along the scantily frequented country ways, so does the student who exchanges Biblical for ecclesiastical history leave suddenly behind him the multitude of interested and eager companions who have hitherto journeyed with him, and pass into a region where only the few care to follow. Macaulay's Italian prisoner was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys, and having begun with the history, on maturer consideration preferred to take to the oar. If he speedily gave up Guicciardini, he would never have ventured on Baronius or the Magdeburg centuriators. To those who find national history dry, ecclesiastical history is intolerable.

There are several reasons for this. The subject presupposes an interest in religion which comparatively few possess. Of these, many are unable to appreciate those finer dogmatic distinctions which in Church history become of such first-rate importance; while many who are perfectly able to discriminate between Homoousios and Homoioousios have little sympathy with the feeling which would prompt a man to endure martyrdom for the sake of an iota. In some very interesting periods of ecclesiastical history materials are lacking; in others, where these are abundant, they are not of the kind desired by the popular historian, who would gladly exchange whole folios of theological dissertations for a few pages of personal sketches and vivid descriptions of daily life and worship. Then the dignity and gravity of the subject forbids the use of some of those arts by which the modern historian at all events seeks to enliven his pages. To which it must be added that many Church historians have by no means laid themselves out to attract and interest readers; and thus it comes to pass that while ecclesiastical historians are many, their readers are few. Even Dean Stanley found it hard work to keep around him while he told the story of the Council of Nicæa those who had listened with eager attention while he sketched the desert of Sinai, and recounted once more the history of "the Church in the wilderness." And we fear that still, in spite of Mosheim and Milman, Neander and Gieseler, Robertson and Schaff, a large proportion of ministers and educated laymen, who would be ashamed not to be familiar with the Acts of the Apostles, know hardly anything of the subsequent history of the Christian Church. Here and there, in the blank spaces of the centuries, a few familiar names stand out like isolated peaks amidst a waste of waters, but information about them is of the scantiest, and, in too many cases, may be summed up in a few brief sentences, such as that Polycarp was martyred when a very old man, Athanasius stood against the world, Jerome translated the Vulgate, and Augustine wrote the *Confessions*.

This ignorance is greatly to be regretted. It is naturally more prevalent among Nonconformists than among Churchmen.

The universities require a certain acquaintance with Church history from those who graduate in theology; a large proportion of clergymen are thoroughly versed in the subject, while Churchmen in general are more likely to be compelled by their ecclesiastical theories to study at least some portion of that history than Nonconformists. Outside the Anglican Church, there are too many who are quite satisfied to pass from St. Paul to Luther, and from Luther to Whitefield and Wesley, as if the centuries between might with advantage be skipped. The excessive regard manifested by Romanists and Anglicans for "the Fathers" has provoked a not unnatural reaction, the effect of which, however, combined with a general distaste for ecclesiastical history, has been distinctly injurious to intelligent faith and piety.

In view of this, the publication of Archdeacon Farrar's *Lives of the Fathers* is exceedingly welcome. Hardly any one has a keener eye for what will attract and interest the many than the popular archdeacon, while few indeed combine his power of drawing a graphic picture which will arrest attention and his thorough acquaintance with original authorities and the voluminous literature of his subject. Several writers have attempted a life of Christ, followed by a life of St. Paul or Apostolic history, and then passed on to early ecclesiastical history. Amongst these we may mention—widely different as is their purpose and ecclesiastical standpoint—Neander, Renan, Pressensé, and Archdeacon Farrar. It is to the advantage of the last named, however, so far as popular appreciation is concerned, that he has fastened upon the biographical element in the early history of Christianity, and secured the attraction which personal narrative always possesses.

It is true, moreover, as Bishop Wordsworth expresses it, that "the history of the Church is represented in certain respects"—and these, we venture to add, the most important—"by the history of her great men." Who can write about Polycarp and Ignatius without picturing her early persecutions and describing her relation to the Roman Empire? Who can write of Irenæus and Cyprian without describing her ecclesiastical organization and development? Who can recount the lives of Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and Tertullian, of

Athanasius and Augustine, without dealing with the heresies which harassed the Church of the early centuries, together with the corruptions which sapped her energies and threatened her very existence? He who writes of these men must perforce write also of Gnostics and Arians, Montanists, Donatists, and Pelagians, he must take his readers to the councils of Nicæa and Carthage, and cannot avoid at least introducing them to celebrated theological treatises, and teaching them something of doctrines which were dear to these ecclesiastical heroes as their very lives. It is by no forced or unnatural connection of ideas that the reader of such biographies is brought into contact with the most various characters and diversified scenes, with emperors and slaves, the intrigues of Courts and the silent catacombs, the alarms of war and the changes of dynasties, the amusements of the arena and the gossip of the frivolous society of Rome and Byzantium.

As Archdeacon Farrar says :

"In the course of our reading we shall be introduced into the precincts of many cities—to *ROME*, dominated by the ever-growing power of its Popes, yet still endeavouring to keep alive the dying embers of its Paganism, even when Alaric began to thunder at its gates; to *ANTIOCH*, with its wit, its cynicism, its terrors, its tumults; to *CONSTANTINOPLE*, its voluptuous splendours, its incessant plots, its seething excitement, its abysmal corruption, its subtle discussions of the most recondite mysteries; to *ATHENS*, with its sophists and rhetoricians, and the fierce envies and boyish pranks of its university students; to *ALEXANDRIA*, with its catechetical school, its monks, its martyrs, its Neo-Platonists; to *CARTHAGE* and its luxuries and temptations in those last days before it was inevitably ruined by its Vandal conquerors; to *CESAREA IN PALESTINE*, with its memories of the learned Eusebius and the saintly Origen; to *CESAREA IN CAPPADOCIA*, with its bold Firmilian and lordly Basil; to *JERUSALEM*, with its disorderly pilgrims and its debased and greedy population. And not to these capitals only, but also to little obscure places, like *NYSSA* and *NAZIANZUS*, illuminated by the fame of the two great Gregories; to *BETHLEHEM*, with its thronged and harassed monasteries; to *HIPPO*, with its sailors and fishermen taught, reprovèd, comforted for forty years by the sermons and example of the last and greatest of its humble bishops" (pp. xv., xvi.).

There was clearly room for a work which should treat ecclesiastical history thus. For the history of thought the student will consult Neander; for a well-sustained narrative,

written in flowing style and liberal spirit, he will turn to Milman; the Anglican student will prefer Canon Robertson or Bishop Wordsworth, the Nonconformist M. de Pressensé; both will find Dr. Schaff's volumes an admirable compendium of information, and neither, if wise, will fail to have by him for constant reference the translation of the latest edition of Kurtz. The *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, edited by Dr. Wace, is invaluable, and the monographs it contains, such as that on Eusebius by Bishop Lightfoot and on Origen by Canon Westcott, are models of complete and exhaustive study. But such a work as that of Archdeacon Farrar will reach and greatly benefit a class of readers as important in their place as professed students. For those who need to be beguiled to enter upon Church history at all, and who naturally prefer personal and biographical details, little provision has hitherto been made. True, we have Mr. Stephens' interesting life of Chrysostom, and a very useful little series of handbooks on the Fathers has been published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. But this comprises twelve or fourteen separate volumes by various authors and presents no connected picture of events, while the sketches of necessity are slight, and the writers make no claim to independent research. We venture therefore to predict that Archdeacon Farrar's book will be found both useful and popular; not, indeed, with a popularity such as attended his *Lives of Christ and St. Paul*, but with a wide and general acceptance suitable to its subject. The style, while still sufficiently ornate to attract, is somewhat chastened. We still find Dr. Farrar coining words such as "digressive" and "exaggerative," still read of "monarchs in their refulgent state," and "the brain swimming with the vertigo of autocracy," and in many parts of the book the colouring is somewhat too gaudy for an ecclesiastical building. But this is matter of taste, and Archdeacon Farrar has other persons to think of besides a few sober and fastidious critics. In subsequent editions doubtless many inaccuracies will be removed. Mistakes are inevitable in two large volumes of more than 700 pages each, crowded with details. But there are many which a very little more care would have detected. These range from simple mis-



prints, as in the names of Monnica, Melancthon, and Canon Westcott, to errors in dates, omissions of some important facts, and books from the lists of authorities. But Archdeacon Farrar writes rapidly, and we have no desire to dwell on the few cracks in the canvas of his great picture, for these only offend the accurate and critical eye. He has given us a valuable and much needed addition to our ecclesiastical library, and when the book has been perfected by revision, it may be made a complete and trustworthy, as it is already a most interesting and valuable, guide and introduction to the study of Church history.

Having said so much about Dr. Farrar's book, it is not our intention to follow its outline or review it in detail. We certainly shall not be unwise enough to attempt to tell over again any of the stories which are here told so well; and we have not long ago drawn the attention of our readers to salient features in the lives of Ambrose, Athanasius, and Jerome. We prefer in the space remaining to us to dwell on one or two topics of importance suggested by the perusal of this interesting book. There are lessons of perennial value contained in the narratives of the lives of these great, but fallible and imperfect, men; the problems they had to face, the foes without against whom they fought and the corruptions within against which they had to be on their guard are perpetually coming into view, and if we may often learn from their wisdom, we may not seldom learn from their mistakes. The contrast between the Latin and the Greek Fathers, as regards the spirit and temper, and to some extent the substance, of their theology is very marked in these pages, and it demands special attention in days when we are told that the Augustinian theology of the Reformation period is fast giving way before the broader, more firmly based creed of the Greek Fathers. An inquiry inevitably arises from our author's method of handling his subject, as to what is in these days the "right use of the Fathers." Daillé answered that question in his own way two centuries ago; Blunt answered it in his own way when some of us were young; one main result of reading this book is to make us ask the question afresh. Here is far more than enough matter for a single short article,

but as our object is to suggest lines of thought, not work them out, and send our readers to Archdeacon Farrar's volumes for themselves, we may be able at least to whet some readers' appetites for what they will find to be most instructive and pleasant reading.

We are not suffered to read long in any volume of Church history without discovering that the ideal age of the Church has not come yet.

"Old writers pushed the happy season back,  
The more fools they; we forward: dreamers both."

But there are modern writers in abundance who seem disposed to find the "Golden Year" of the Church in her primitive days, a sufficient archetype of doctrine, organization and government in the Church of the early Fathers. The New Testament ought to have taught them otherwise. The inspired Apostles, like our Lord and Master Himself, beheld and directed an infant Church, not one in its vigour and maturity. The lessons of the Epistles to the Corinthians and the Galatians are writ large, so that he who runs may read them. And when we pass to the Church of Clement and Tertullian, of Hilary and Athanasius, we ought not to stumble or lose our faith in the divine mission of Christianity, though we find many pages of history full of strifes and jealousies, open discords and secret intrigues, men wearing the Christian name who seem entirely devoid of the Christian spirit—the old, old story of a high calling, and those who should have illustrated and adorned it found unworthy of a place in its lowest rank and order. *Corruptio optimi pessima*; an honest pagan is better than a rotten Christian, and in no generation of the Church's history has the vine been free from branches fit only to be cut off and burned, from fruit in which the "little pitted speck, rotting slowly inward," has mouldered all.

Let one illustration, taken from among many, suffice. Which of us does not even at this day rejoice in the splendid courage of the early Christian confessors and martyrs, and quote their unflinching fidelity and constancy, even unto death, as a proof of the power of the faith to which they so nobly testified? The stories of Polycarp, at eighty-six years of

age, heroically witnessing for the honour of the "King who never did him wrong;" of Ignatius, treading the way that led to an ignominious death like one on a triumphal march; of the slave Blandina and the young mother Perpetua enduring shame and torture as if already free from the power of pain and death; of the boy Ponticus, one of the noble army of martyrs at Lyons—these are amongst the household words of the great Christian family. And the few names that are familiar to modern readers stand for a great host of men and women "of whom the world was not worthy." Cardinal Newman, in a striking passage which we are not surprised to find Archdeacon Farrar quoting at length, has touched upon this well-worn theme with the hand of a master.

"The very young and the very old, the child, the youth in the heyday of his passions, the sober man of middle age, maidens and mothers of families, boors and slaves as well as philosophers and nobles, solitary confessors and companies of men and women—all these were seen equally to defy the powers of darkness to do their worst. . . . No intensity of torture had any means of affecting what was a mental conviction; and the sovereign thought in which they had lived was their sovereign support and consolation in their death. . . . They faced the implements of torture as the soldier takes his post before the enemy's battery. They cheered and ran forward to meet his attack, and, as it were, dared him, if he would, to destroy the numbers who were ready to close up the foremost rank, as their comrades who had filled it fell. And when Rome at last found she had to deal with a host of Scævolas, then the proudest of earthly sovereignties, arrayed in the completeness of her material resources, humbled herself before a power which was founded on a mere sense of the Unseen."\*

Here lay the might of the new religion, and, as its Founder had predicted, against it the gates of hell could not prevail, so long as its representatives were faithful to their calling and their Saviour. But the very glory of the triumph gained over Rome, the mistress of the world, at the zenith of her power, makes more sad and dark the contrast of the picture which was presented in the very next century. The well-deserved renown accorded to these faithful witnesses for the truth became a snare. The panegyrics pronounced upon those who had sealed the truth with their blood stirred up a

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\* *Grammar of Assent*, p. 476.

false enthusiasm. The *lavacrum sanguinis*, the "baptism of blood," was supposed to wash away all sins, and men became more anxious to wear the crown of a death which brought earthly fame and heavenly salvation than to live a life of lowly and patient continuance in well-doing. An entrance into heaven by a chariot of fire seemed open to all, and sham-confessors and mock-martyrs began to disgrace names hitherto sacred.

"I grieve," says Cyprian, "when I hear that some of the confessors run to and fro in an immoral and overbearing manner; that they give themselves up to fooleries and quarrels; that the members of Christ and which have already confessed Christ are stained by illicit connections, and that they cannot be ruled by deacons and presbyters, but act in such a way that, owing to the corrupt and evil morals of a few, the honourable glory of many is tarnished. For he is in the end a true and glorious confessor for whom the Church does not afterwards blush, but boast." \*

But more than this. To the martyrs had been granted the special privilege of giving "letters of peace" to those who had, under stress of persecution or in other ways, lapsed from the faith, thus bestowing upon them a kind of absolution, which was very highly prized. Such a privilege was in any case most perilous, and it is not surprising to find that it was grossly abused. Cyprian points out the monstrous evil that "thousands of certificates should daily be granted, contrary to the law of the Gospel, without any distinction or inquiry into individual cases," and contemporary letters show that the offenders too often succeeded in corrupting the martyrs by fawning and flattery. The mischief thus wrought was immense, the scandal was terrible. Tertullian indignantly exclaims, "Let it suffice a martyr to have purged his own sins. Can the light of one man's puny lamp suffice for another man too?" But the evil was deeper than this, and Archdeacon Farrar touches the pith and kernel of the whole matter when he says, "So perilous is it at all times to place any form or degree of outward service on a higher level of holiness than that which can alone be attained by holy living!" †

If we turn from North Africa to Rome and Cónstanti-

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\* Ep. xiv.

† Vol. i. p. 280.

nople, and from the third to the fourth century, we are still as far as ever from finding a perfect Church. The character of Julian, known as *The Apostate*, is a sad, but deeply interesting, study. How could a man of his ability and knowledge, not only of the world, but of spiritual truth, hate Christianity as he did, and prefer a futile attempt to revive a hopelessly defunct superstition? Archdeacon Farrar probably gives the right answer to this question; but if so, it contains a sad reflection upon the Christianity of the Church's early prime, so soon after it had obtained outward victory over the world. Julian hated Christianity—like many before and after him—because he had never thoroughly known it.

"The character of Christ had never been rightly presented to him. . . . The Christianity which he despised, the only Christianity which he knew, was mainly associated with a superstitious martyrolatry and a grovelling relic-worship. . . . The Christianity which he witnessed around him was already degenerate. Its demoralization had kept pace with its prosperity. Heathen influences had tainted its purity. It was infected with worldliness and corrupted by superstition. The clergy, by the confession of its greatest teachers, had lost in purity as they had grown in power. The celibacy which was enforced by ill-guided public opinion was already prolific of scandals. . . . What specially disgusted him—the sin which then weakened and disgraced the Church, as it has weakened and disgraced it ever since—was the furious partizanship, the unscrupulous animosity, the savage hatred kindled among Christians by theological and frequently by unimportant differences. In vain he exhorted Christians to tolerance and the mutually respected exercise of their religious freedom. He left it as his experience that 'the deadliest wild beasts are hardly so savage against human beings as most Christians are against each other'" (vol. i. pp. 702-704).

Alas! alas! How short a time has elapsed since pagans exclaimed, "See how these Christians love one another!" If we have here the testimony of a virulent enemy, that enemy would hardly have proved himself the foe of Christianity if Christians had not proved themselves the worst foes of their own holy religion, by presenting to the world a gross caricature of its features, a mere travesty of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, the loving and lowly Saviour of men.

The subject of the corruptions of Christianity is not a pleasing one, and it may easily be so presented as to convey a very false impression. It is difficult to preserve a just sense

of proportion in this matter. No historian can adequately depict the brightness and beauty, the steadfastness and devotion, the nobility and self-sacrifice of the *ordinary* Christian life. Even in the case of contemporary history it is difficult for us to realize how small and insignificant a place in the whole actual life of the Christian Church is occupied by some flagrant examples of inconsistency upon which general attention is fixed, and which draw upon the Church rebuke which, whether just or unjust in its inferences, is natural and inevitable. We have no desire to incur George Herbert's contemptuous condemnation of those who love to dwell and feed upon abuses. We have simply illustrated the fact that the Church of the early Fathers was composed of men of like passions with ourselves, not preserved by the undoubted ardour and devotion of their primitive faith from precisely those dangers, without and within, which beset us in these later days, when "the world is growing old." The analogy drawn between the youth and age of the Church on the one hand, and of the individual on the other, is in many respects deceptive. But it is nearer the truth than the representation, so dear to the heart of "Catholics" of all types, which looks back to the primitive Church as a pattern upon which every succeeding generation of Christians should model themselves, as if "heaven lay around it in its infancy," and "shades of the prison-house" had been darkly gathering around its pathway ever since. The actual life of the nursery is a prosaic but practical comment upon the poet's dream of childhood, and the best refutation of the theory of the ideal primitive Church is a faithful record of its history.

In such a noble, devoted, but far from perfect, community lived the noble, devoted, but far from perfect, men whom we gladly honour as "the Fathers." We are thankful to Arch-deacon Farrar for drawing their portraits once again, and in so generously admiring, yet so faithful, a spirit. He is no fit biographer of an Origen, a Basil, a Chrysostom, who has not in him a good deal of the hero-worshipper, and who will not allow a spirit of loyal admiration to animate his heart and guide his pen while he writes. A large proportion of those whose lives are here narrated were *great* men, great in their



moral, mental, and spiritual proportions, whatever their special weaknesses or faults. Athanasius and Augustine were epoch-making men; the fire of Tertullian glows even now on every page of his writings; Ambrose was a born leader; and John Chrysostom poured from his "golden mouth" streams of eloquence which run and sparkle and brighten the landscape even yet. The undefinable quality which we call genius distinguishes not a few of these men; some of them were endowed with practical sagacity and indomitable energy which would have raised them to high rank in any sphere, but their true claim to honour is a certain *greatness of character* which is common to men differing as widely in their personal qualities as the gentle, scholarly, mystical Origen and the bitter, fiery Tertullian, the shy and sensitive Gregory Nazianzen and the impetuous and irrepressible Jerome. Any portraits which miss this characteristic note of moral and spiritual distinction, as unmistakable, though as difficult to describe, as the corresponding quality of distinction in literary style, will fail adequately to represent these Fathers of the Church.

Archdeacon Farrar possesses many of the qualities of a good literary portrait-painter. He possesses first of all a full and various knowledge of the men he undertakes to describe and the times in which they lived. He has a ready eye for the picturesque, and seldom misses those slight touches of external description which aid the imagination. He possesses free and various sympathies which enable him to appreciate various types of character and excellence. And further, as all know, his facile pen enables him to select from a copious vocabulary a variety of epithets which, so far as words will go, represent the diversified aspects of many-sided characters. If it be understood that the character-drawing is that of very clever rapid sketching rather than of close loving miniature-painting, we have perhaps said all that is necessary. Our readers will probably thank us more for a specimen or two of the portraits in question. Let us select first a description of the character of Tertullian as reflected in his writings. We abbreviate considerably in quoting.

"But Tertullian's works were valued also from the intense personality of the man himself. He was certainly the most powerful writer who had

appeared since the days of the Apostles. Narrow, rigid, realistic as is his system, it is yet traversed by splendid gleams of genius and of eloquence. His style is unique. . . . If he is so often difficult and obscure, it is because he had to express the thoughts of a bold, rugged and turbulent intellect, embittered by antagonism, darkened by self-maceration and passion, and struggling with the perplexity engendered by endless controversies. He puts no restraint either on his feelings or his language, but pours forth his rage and scorn and sarcasm, or develops his forensic sophisms in dealing with the most solemn and sacred subjects. His style has been compared by Balzac to ebony, at once dark and resplendent. . . . The style is of the man; it is incandescent as the heart from which it is poured forth; it burns with the sombre flame visible through the smoke of a volcano. Austere, fiery, passionate, satirical, dictatorial, perverse, learned, hyperbolic, he reminds us of no writer so much as of Carlyle. But much as Carlyle resembled Tertullian in vehemence and exaggeration, he never sunk so low into subtle special pleadings, quaint conceits, small retorts. Few will deny that he deserves the eulogy of Vincent of Lerins, who speaks of his unrivalled learning, his overwhelming force of reasoning, his penetrating intellect, his pregnant and victorious style, and who places him first among the Latins of that day, as he places Origen first among the Greeks" (i. 243-246).

Sometimes Dr. Farrar gives us a graphic "thumb-nail" sketch of one of the less prominent personages in his story. Take, for example, these few lines on the arch-heretic Arius:—

"The other event which threw its shadow over his [Athanasius'] young life was the arrival of Arius at Alexandria from his Libyan home. The 'melancholy, moon-struck giant' had been some time at Alexandria before his doctrines attracted attention. Had he not become a heresiarch, he had all the views, gifts and habits which would have marked him out as a saint. His countenance was pale, his expression sad, his locks dishevelled, his dress squalid, his manners gracious and sympathetic."

Perhaps the most "human" of the portraits, the one which most touches us with its natural lights and shadows, the expression of human hopes and fears, sympathies and disappointments, is that of Gregory of Nazianzus, known as "The Theologian." We regret that we cannot transfer it to our pages. Archdeacon Farrar has used very skilfully the somewhat abundant materials extant for a description of Gregory, his person, character, and work. No external advantages helped him as an orator. The audiences that crowded to hear him saw a man

"who was short, meagre, sickly, prematurely aged. He was very pale, with a low nose, straight eyebrows, and dense but short beard. He was but fifty

years old, but the fringe of his hair, which surrounded his bald head, was already white, and even the upper parts of his beard were 'sable-silvered.'\* His careworn countenance, which had been so often stained with tears, wore an aspect of habitual melancholy; he had lost his right eye, and a scar was visible on his face. His shoulders were stooping, his look downcast, and his poor dress more like a mendicant than the bishop of the capital."

But what a power was this delicately organized, sensitive, physically feeble man of God. How nobly did he stand up in Constantinople against the worldliness of the courtiers, the errors of popular heretics, against violent partizanship and angry strifes of words, whether proceeding from heretical or orthodox disputants. Firm as a rock in defence of truth, Gregory was no metaphysical hair-splitter. "Wouldst thou become a theologian?" asks the man whom the Church has honoured with the name of *The Theologian par excellence*;—"Keep the commandments. Conduct is the step to contemplation."† This counsel he himself practised, and it was by the uprightness, modesty, and firm kindliness of his own devoted life that he vanquished the bitter and virulent persecution which beset him in the worldly and dissolute capital. His oratory helped him, but alone it would not have sufficed to silence his open adversaries and secret foes. The following description of his sermons we must quote:

"He has himself drawn for us, under the disguise of a dream, the aspect presented by an evening congregation in the brilliantly lighted Church of Anastasia.‡ He describes himself seated on the bishop's throne, but seated there in all humility; the elders and chief members of the congregation ranged a little below him; the deacons and other church helpers looking like angels in their white robes; the people, like a swarm of bees, struggling with each other to get the places nearest to the chancel, and even clinging to its holy gates; others thronging to hear him from the streets and markets; the holy virgins and noble women listening with deep attention in their seats in the gallery; the eyes of all fixed upon him in expectation that he would preach now a simple and practical, now a profound and theological sermon; and how,

\* The hyphen in this case is surely one of the many marks of haste in correcting the proofs with which these volumes abound. Surely Dr. Farrar meant to write "a sable, silvered" (*Hamlet*, i. 2, 242).

† Orat. xx. 12. *πρᾶξις ἐνίψασις θεωπίας*.

‡ In his poems, see Carm. xvi. For it must not be forgotten that Gregory was a poet, and, in his own kind, no mean one. His poems were, for the most part, sweetly mournful religious meditations.

with powerful voice and fiery soul, he kept preaching to them nothing but the doctrine of the Trinity, while some stormed, and some fretted, and some openly opposed, and some were sunk in deep meditation, and the whole congregation resembled a tumultuous sea, until his words began to work upon them, and 'he called across the tumult, and the tumult fell'" (i. 742, 743).

It is impossible for us to give more than brief specimens of Archdeacon Farrar's style and method, else we should be open to criticism for not dwelling upon the characters of the greatest of the Fathers, those whom the author sketches most at length and most lovingly. Origen and Jerome, Chrysostom and Augustine are, however, more familiar figures in history than Gregory of Nazianzus, and perhaps for this very reason we have been more struck with the artist's skill in this instance, particularly as his picture is thrown well into relief by contrast with that other great Cappadocian, Gregory's friend—at the same time greater and smaller than himself—Basil, the prince-bishop. We have already remarked that Dr. Farrar is not afraid to paint his heroes "with their warts and pimples." Herein, as we think, he does them real honour. This feature of his work, moreover, is likely to lead to real interest in ecclesiastical history and genuine study of it. Nothing is more sickly and repellent than the undiluted, indiscriminating eulogium which marks some kinds of religious biography, and it will by no means interfere with the healthy and honourable canonization of these "saints" of God in the memories of all faithful Christians for the story of their lives to be told honestly. There is but one just rule—"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." This is true, not only of any defects of personal character such as mar the ardour of a Tertullian and the scholarly ability of a Jerome, but of errors in doctrine, mistakes in controversy, and blunders in exegesis. Our debt to these great doctrinal teachers is incalculable. "There were giants on the earth in those days." It is easy for puny modern theologians to indulge in a little pleasantry about "ponderous tomes" and "cumbrous folios;" they cannot even lift the shield of Ajax, much less wear and use the armour of Achilles. It is not a question of mere profundity of learning or extent and variety of theological disquisitions. We do not dwell upon the enormous amount of work compressed into a few

short years by Origen, Jerome, or Augustine, the research implied in the arrangement of the Hexapla, the indefatigable labour necessary to produce the Vulgate under the conditions of the fourth century, the fertility, vigour, and eloquence of Augustine's homilies and controversial writings, his incomparable notes on Scripture, the breadth and dignity of his great apology, *The City of God*. We only urge for the moment the greatness of the foundation-work in doctrine accomplished by these great men. The rocks on which the great breakwater of the Christian harbour rests must be Cyclopean. But massive as they are, they are undervalued by many, because they are out of sight. A single treatise of Athanasius—the *De Principiis*—one work of Origen, a few pages of Augustine—say from his *De Trinitate*—would be enough to prove our point. Pigmies must not despise giants because they stand on their shoulders.

But those who most truly honour these wise and great and reverend men can best afford to point out that they were neither flawless nor infallible. For us, at least, they are not even authorities to be quoted in the interpretation and application of Scripture, except so far as their judgment will bear the fuller light of later experience and more complete knowledge. The pioneers who clear the way through the primeval forest are usually stout and stalwart men far beyond the measure of their descendants, but it does not follow that those who dwell in the lands cleared by their labours should return to their habits or imitate their methods. Archdeacon Farrar has earned our gratitude for his frankness and fidelity in dealing with this subject, the more so because his honesty and outspokenness in criticizing the errors of these saints and Fathers will certainly not win him the applause of a large section of his fellow-Anglicans. By no means the least of the uses of this book is the healthy antidote it affords to the poison which is slowly, but steadily, filtering through the veins of the modern Church of England. Under pretext of making it "primitive" and "Catholic" there is a large and united body of clergymen who are doing their best to make it unspiritual and sectarian. The germs of mediæval errors and superstitions are to be found in the first six centuries as well as the

seeds of much that has since produced blessed and abundant fruit. It is to the credit of Archdeacon Farrar as an ecclesiastical historian that he has been able to distinguish between wheat and tares in the early stages of their growth.

Many of these errors are closely akin. The lofty and unwarrantable claims of the clergy, the high ecclesiastical doctrine which is at the same time the root and the fruit of such claims, the enthusiastic praise of virginity, and the artificial sanctity of the monastic life, the extravagant honour paid to saints and martyrs which was already passing into worship, the superstitious regard for the mere rite of baptism, and the supposed special danger of post-baptismal sin, these are only so many proofs how dear to the heart of man is formalism, how foreign to the soil of human nature is the pure and delicate plant of spiritual religion. Even in Ignatius we find the beginnings of the later hierarchic system of the Church of Rome, but Archdeacon Farrar very wisely points out that his eulogy of episcopacy is too often misunderstood, and that the language of the original letters of Ignatius really emphasizes the importance of unity rather than of episcopal authority, the congregational bishop being conceived of only as one with his council of presbyters, whose claim to obedience is also urged. Of Irenæus Archdeacon Farrar is not afraid to say that he relies upon very weak supports in his endeavours to establish the rule of faith.

"He asserts that the Apostles established 'bishops' in all the churches which they founded: endowed them with authority to teach what was to be handed down in unbroken succession, and bestowed on them pre-eminently the gift of discerning and knowing the truth. We will not go so far as to call this 'an historic fiction;' but if it be true, it is strange that, on the one hand, all the data which we possess should point to a different conclusion, and that, on the other hand, we should hear nothing definite about this fact till it was required to strengthen the hands of the combatants against Gnosticism in the last third of the second century. But it is impossible to read Irenæus without seeing that he endows the visible church with an infallibility in all things which was never promised by Christ, and loads it with attributes and eulogies which are scarcely derived from the language of Scripture" (i. 103).

We regret that considerations of space prevent our dwelling upon Archdeacon Farrar's characterization of Cyprian, the



idol and darling of modern High Churchmen, and Jerome, the fanatical eulogist of celibacy as intrinsically precious to God. We should have been glad further, as a set-off against the Manichæan views of matter and unworthy depreciation of woman characteristic of the superstitious and un-Christian teaching earnestly condemned by Archdeacon Farrar, to place in contrast one or two pictures of noble Christian matrons of these early centuries. The names of Nonna, mother of Gregory Nazianzen; Anthusa, mother of Chrysostom; and especially Monnica, mother of Augustine, are fairly familiar. In the last case, especially, the recollections of the mother left on record by her distinguished son are exceedingly tender and beautiful. Ary Scheffer's picture of Monnica and Augustine on a certain evening at Ostia, described by the latter,\* has interested many in a narrative they would never otherwise have read.

"Together, 'neath the Italian heaven,  
They sit, the mother and her son;  
He late from her by errors riven,  
Now both in Jesus one,  
The dear consenting hands are knit,  
And either face, as there they sit,  
Is lifted as to something seen  
Beyond the blue serene.

"My son," said Monnica in that last memorable conversion a few days before her death, "as far as I am concerned, nothing in this life delights me any longer. What I am to do here, or why I am here, I know not, since for me the hope of this world is spent. There was but one reason why I desired to linger in this life a little longer. It was that I might see you a Catholic Christian before I died. My God has granted me this in more abundant measure, so that I even see you His servant, despising all earthly felicity. What do I here?"†

Compare this picture of a pure mother's love, rewarded in the bringing to God of an erring son, afterwards to become one of the brightest stars in the constellation of Christian thinkers and teachers, with the futile, selfish, miserable strainings after artificial purity which constituted the life of the

\* Confess. ix. 10, 11.

† De Civ. Dei, xxii. 24.

"saints," falsely so called, fasting and dreaming in the Nitrian deserts or among the caves of Bethlehem. But we need not stay to point so obvious a moral.

We have said that Archdeacon Farrar leaves us in no doubt where his own sympathies lie and whither his own opinions tend. One marked feature in these *Lives* is the preference displayed for the Greek over the Latin Fathers. As regards their theology, their spirit, their life and aims, Clement and Origen, Athanasius, and Chrysostom are rated far higher than Tertullian and Cyprian, Jerome and Augustine. In one place two leading representatives of the churches of the East and West are expressly contrasted. Pressensé has contrasted the style of Origen and Tertullian, Archdeacon Farrar contrasts the men :

"Origen was a mystic, Tertullian a puritan. Origen was profound and speculative, Tertullian narrow and logical. Origen was gentle and tolerant, Tertullian bitter and exclusive. . . . In Origen we see all that was best in Gnosticism, in Tertullian all that is best in Montanism, which was emphatically anti-Gnostic. The large hopefulness, the spiritual profundity, the allegorizing exegesis, the philosophic method of the great Alexandrian are at the opposite pole to the gloomy ruthlessness, the dogmatic rigidity, the materialistic extravagances of the Carthaginian teacher who held philosophy in profound contempt, flouted a 'Stoic, Platonic, and dialectic Christianity,' and cared for nothing which was not practical" (vol. i. p. 246).

It is not very difficult to understand why Archdeacon Farrar sketches with sympathy and insight the Alexandrian Fathers, whilst he cannot refrain from inveighing against the predominant ecclesiasticism of the great leaders of the Western church. Yet he is not blind to the defects of the Eastern, nor the greatness of the Latin Fathers; it is only that possessing himself very decided sympathies and opinions, the biographer does not scruple to express them, and this we, at least, as we have already said, are not disposed to regret.

It becomes necessary, however, to look a little more closely at the exact meaning of the contrast between Greek and Latin theology, when we are told that the latter, having dominated the Christian Church for considerably more than a thousand years is now rapidly losing its influence, and that the wisest of our teachers are returning to an earlier and

broader type of doctrine, such as is found in the Greek Fathers. Archdeacon Farrar does not say this, whether he believes it or not. But it is being freely said by some, and a similar thought is in the minds of many who are by no means familiar with patristic theology, and who would be puzzled to express the difference between the teaching of Athanasius and Augustine. That the powerful mind of Augustine did leave its impress upon the theology of succeeding centuries, shaping both Catholic and Reformation doctrine, is certain. It is said that now the views concerning God and man, sin and grace, Divine purpose and human free-will, the Church and the world, salvation here and hereafter, which have prevailed in Christendom ever since the sixth century, are rapidly dissolving and their hold upon the minds of Christians is being loosened. The immanence of God in creation rather than His transcendence needs, we are told, to be emphasized; the Incarnation rather than the Atonement is to be made the centre and pivot of Christian truth; the dark and rigid outlines of Augustinian teaching concerning total depravity, the guilt of infants, predestination and reprobation must be softened or entirely removed and brighter hopes for the race illumine our views of the future. Neander and Dorner, Ritschl and Bunsen, Maurice and Canon Westcott are understood to represent this modern return to a broader and simpler theology. The attitude of the Greek theologians, Clement and Origen, towards Hellenic philosophy and culture is favourably contrasted with the stern and narrow dogmatism of the great North African Fathers, Tertullian and Augustine, and we are bidden to learn the lesson which the Church in the nineteenth century needs to have impressed upon her—the duty of intelligent sympathy with all developments of modern knowledge and of setting forth Christianity as the one sufficient fulfilment of the needs and aspirations of mankind.\*

The subject is full of suggestiveness, and many of its suggestions are plausible and attractive. It appears to us, however, that there is a great deal that is misleading in all

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\* See, amongst other books, *The Continuity of Christian Thought*, by an American author—A. V. Allen, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge (Mass.), containing the substance of a series of "Bohlen Lectures."

this, in addition, perhaps, to a small modicum of truth. We are not leaving Augustinian theology nor going back to the Greek Fathers. Religious thought does not thus ebb and flow, advance and retrograde. We are the heirs of all the ages, and cannot but be our fathers' children. The whole teaching of the Christian Church is our heritage, and those are most likely to get wrong who bind themselves to one name or one type of theological teaching, however honoured the name of the master, whether he be Athanasius or Augustine, Aquinas or Calvin. That some elements in the teaching of Augustine are losing their hold upon certain sections of the Christian Church—the system known as "Calvinism," for example, handed down to modern Non-conformists through the Puritans and "Reformed" teachers, but bearing Augustine's sign-manual on every page—is, we think, indubitable. That some elements in the teaching of the great Greek theologians were insufficiently appreciated by their more practical brethren in the West, and that we in these later days more truly understand and estimate the wide sympathies and breadth of truly Christian philosophy characteristic of that noble band of thinkers, we are free to admit. We are debtors to the Greeks, indeed.

"Thine, O inexhaustive race!  
Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace,  
And royal-hearted Athanasius  
With Paul's own mantle blest."\*

But there are doctrines of which Greek Fathers like Origen and Athanasius have little to say and Augustine much, the doctrines of sin and grace, the imperative need of salvation from sin and the only true method of obtaining it, of justification by faith and the impartation of a new life by the power of the indwelling Spirit, and that these are failing or are likely to fail in their power over men, there is no proof whatever. Nearly the whole soteriology of the Church comes to us from Western sources, and it is quite certain that men are not likely to give up asking for a full and satisfactory

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\* *Lyra Apostolica*, No. xci., *The Greek Fathers*. Acknowledged by Cardinal Newman. See *Verses on Various Occasions*, p. 98.

answer to the urgent question, "What must I do to be saved?" True, in current thought there is a disposition to underestimate the evil of sin, but surely Christian teachers are not to foster and promote such a tendency. Whenever for a time the heinousness of sin has been minimized, its true significance obscured, and the imperative need of deliverance from it ignored, the mischief of such errors has been speedily made manifest. Again and again an "evangelical revival" has once more demonstrated what is the deep, abiding need of our erring and suffering race, and Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley have been the teachers towards whom men, conscious of sin and anxious to flee from the wrath to come, have turned again and again for help and comfort.

In closing this article, we shall not find it necessary to enlarge upon the answer to the question, What is the right use of the Fathers? The Church of England has always appealed to the *early* Fathers as authorities for primitive doctrine and worship. In the Preface to the Prayer-Book, to go no further, she bids her followers search out "the first original and ground" of Common Prayers in the ancient Fathers, and complains that "this godly and decent order of the ancient Fathers hath been altered, broken, and neglected" in later days, which order it is the purpose of the Prayer-Book to redress. In the Canons of 1571 preachers are bidden to teach nothing "save what is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old and New Testament, and what the Catholic Fathers and ancient bishops have gathered from that doctrine." And the attitude expressed by these brief extracts is that consistently maintained by the main body of sound Anglican divines. But such doctrine the Puritans could not away with. Milton's extreme language on the subject has often been quoted:—

"As if the divine Scripture wanted a supplement and were to be eked out, they cannot think any doubt resolved and any doctrine confirmed, unless they run to that undigested heap and fry of authors which they call antiquity. Whatsoever time, or the heedless hand of blind chance, hath drawn down from of old to this present, in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shells or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen, those are *the Fathers*." \*

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\* *Treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy: Works*, i. pp. 23, 33 Ed. Birch.

Again, in his dissertation *Of Reformation in England* he asks, "Who is ignorant of the foul errors, the ridiculous wresting of Scripture, the heresies, the vanities thick-sown through the volumes of Justin Martyr, Clemens, Origen, Tertullian, and others of eldest time?" It should be understood, however, that Milton is protesting against an appeal to the *authority* of the Fathers as furnishing a rule of faith or worship. Like a good Protestant, he will recognize no authority but that of Scripture alone. It is not to be denied, however, that many Puritans, in the strong reaction against Romanist and High Anglican reliance upon the authority of tradition, undervalued the ability, learning, and the value for purposes of instruction and edification, of the writings of the Fathers. Wesley, owing doubtless to his early training, did not fall into this mistake, and in the Preface to the extracts from the "Apostolical Fathers," in his *Christian Library*, he enlarges upon the claims of these early Christian writings upon the attention of all ages. "Bred up under such mighty advantages, and so thoroughly instructed in the knowledge of the Gospel, they were also persons of consummate piety." To this general piety of their lives and care for the purity of religion, we may add their courage and constancy in the maintaining of it. Whether Wesley in his later days—the Preface is dated 1749—would have used such strong language as is here found concerning "the extraordinary assistance of the Holy Spirit" with which these writers were endued, is very doubtful. But he could hardly have approved of the one-sided presentation of the case made by such writers as Daillé, whose treatise *De Vero Usu Patrum* exercised such a wide influence down to the time of the last generation. The unfairness of much of Daillé's criticism has been very ably and temperately shown in the late Professor J. J. Blunt's treatise on *The Right Use of the Early Fathers*. The book is written from what we may call the moderate Anglican point of view, and is a useful companion in patristic study.

Archdeacon Farrar has given us a series of pictures of noble men, exhibiting lofty traits of personal character, ardour of Christian devotion, in many cases great erudition, in many more intellectual ability of the highest order, brave defenders



of the Christian faith, but at the same time by no means free from infirmities, often misunderstanding and misrepresenting the teaching of Scripture, infected to some extent by current errors, ignorant of much which in these days every child knows, men worthy of all honour, at whose feet we may gladly sit to learn some lessons of Christian doctrine and many more of Christian life, but far from being infallible teachers or perfect guides. Their writings deserve more attention than to-day, amongst Nonconformists at least, they receive. A knowledge of them is simply essential for the student of Christian doctrine and the fully furnished Christian teacher. But they are not authorities in doctrine, worship or discipline. We must go to the fountain-head of Scripture, not to the stream, defiled, alas! very near its source. As Fathers we honour these noble and saintly men, who with a task so much more difficult than ours, were so faithful according to their light in discharging it, and have bequeathed to us so precious a heritage. But not as Fathers do we obey them. They with us acknowledge but one God and Father of all, one Master, Jesus Christ our Lord, one Spirit of truth, one canon of Holy Scripture, our one authority for the revealed will of God, our one safe and sufficient guide to the true service of God here and His immediate presence hereafter. If we closely follow its plain and blessed teaching in our day, a place will not be denied us in that great gathering of prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, teachers and disciples of Christ, who through all generations, by many paths, have found their way to the common home of all the faithful.

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## ART. VI.—MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

1. *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., Author of The History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, &c.* Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Two vols. London: Murray. 1889.
2. *John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. London: Trübner. 1878.

NO department of literature presents more delightful reading than the one occupied by the letter-writers. The good letter-writer, like the poet, *nascitur, non fit*. He begins to write smart epistles while in short jackets, or before; and he becomes more brilliant and more amusing as he advances in years and stature. Should his friends appreciate his talent, preserve his letters, and publish them when he has achieved the bright career which they prognosticated, the reading public hails the savoury collection with all the eagerness of an epicure, and sups to its heart's content on lively description or biting satire of the men and manners of the past.

In John Lothrop Motley met all the qualities essential to a good letter-writer. Gifted with a talent for description and a sense of humour almost equal to that of Dickens, he was also endowed with an intensity of affection which led him to pour out of his best to the absent objects of his love, repressing his constitutional melancholy, and dressing his page with such art as to bring smiles into the longing eyes for which it was penned; and in time he attained as an author the proud position that sheds lustre on every point of letters which of themselves were worthy of publication, by whomsoever written. The man who could revive forgotten history and make it as fascinating as any masterpiece of fiction, who could interest the whole English-speaking world in the annals of the Dutch—heretofore held to be “dull as ditch water”—was the man to brighten even the common-places of correspondence, and portray the passing panorama of life with accurate touch and vivid colouring.

His parents in their prime were accounted the handsomest couple in Boston, and from them Motley derived a special endowment of manly beauty and grace. After a brilliant career at school and college, he passed two years of study and travel in Germany, 1832-3, years remarkable for the beginning of a friendship with a jovial fellow-student at Göttingen and Berlin, who developed into the renowned statesman, Prince Bismarck; and who, after Motley's death, furnished his biographer, Dr. O. W. Holmes, with the following interesting account of their first intimacy:—

"I met Motley at Göttingen in 1832, I am not sure if at the beginning of Easter Term or Michaelmas Term. He kept company with German students, though more addicted to study than we members of the fighting clubs (corps). Although not having mastered yet the German language, he exercised a marked attraction by a conversation sparkling with wit, humour, and originality. In autumn of 1833, having both of us migrated from Göttingen to Berlin for the prosecution of our studies, we became fellow-lodgers in the house No. 161 Friedrich Strasse. There we lived in the closest intimacy, sharing meals and outdoor exercise. Motley by that time had arrived at talking German fluently: he occupied himself, not only in translating Goethe's poem *Faust*, but tried his hand even in composing German verses. Enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, he used to spice his conversation abundantly with quotations from these his favourite authors. A pertinacious arguer, so much so that sometimes he watched my awakening, in order to continue a discussion on some topic of science, poetry, or practical life, cut short by the chime of the small hours, he never lost his mild and amiable temper. Our faithful companion was Count Alexander *Keyserling*, a native of Courland, who has since achieved distinction as a botanist. . . .

"The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies."

We shall come presently to the renewal of the friendship of these distinguished and very dissimilar men.

In 1841, when Motley had been married four years, and had published his first novel, *Morton's Hope*, he was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Russian Mission; and, leaving his wife and family at home, he proceeded to St. Petersburg, and commenced his diplomatic career. His letters thence to his wife and mother are very interesting in their details of Court life with all its vanities, which were little to the taste of the young husband, far away from the wife and children

whom he loved. Writing on December 25, 1841, he says :—

"This is Christmas Day, my dearest Mary, according to our style of reckoning, which is twelve days ahead of the Russian calendar, and I hope to-morrow will prove a merrier Christmas to you than to me. I feel that I have no right to communicate any portion of the depression under which I am constantly labouring to you, and so I will say no more about it. . . . Staying at home here by myself is bad enough, but it depresses me still more to go into society and see other people dancing about and enjoying themselves. 'They have dancing shoes with nimble souls; I have a soul of lead;' and if it were not for the fear of being snubbed too much by you, when I see you, for neglecting what you will call my advantages, I would go nowhere. As it is, I go quite enough to see the general structure of society, which is very showy and gay, but entirely hollow and anything but intellectual."

Then he goes on to give a long and lively description, from which we can quote but a few lines :—

"The Czar [Nicholas] is deserving of all the praise I have heard of him. He is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, six feet three inches at least in height, and 'every inch a king.' His figure is robust, erect and stately, and his features are of great symmetry, and his forehead and eye are singularly fine—

'The front of Jove himself,  
An eye like Mars to threaten and command.'

In short he is a regular-built Jupiter."

His residence at St. Petersburg was an experiment which soon came to an end. The climate depressed him; the expense of living was great, and out of proportion to his income; he soon realized the fact that his wife and children must not be exposed to the tedious rigours of a Russian winter, and he could not bear the prospect of long separation from them. So he resigned a position in which "he had nothing to do, and little to enjoy," and returned to America. From 1842 to 1851, being at home with his family, he had scarcely any occasion to write letters. Consequently there is a gap of some years in the Correspondence. He was living a quiet domestic life, taking for a time an active interest in political matters, and serving for one term as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. Literature, of course, he did not wholly neglect. In 1845-7 he contributed some able papers to the *North American Review*, and began to collect materials

for the great work of his life—the History of the Netherlands. In 1849 he published his second novel—*Merry Mount ; a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony*. It was a great advance upon his former one, though it lacked its autobiographical interest.

Motley had now become well aware that his powers lay in the direction of historical narration ; and, after working for some time on his History, he found that, in order to do justice to it, he must betake himself to Europe, to peruse the documents to be found in the great libraries and State archives. Throwing aside all that he had written, he sailed with his family across the Atlantic, to begin his task over again, and to pursue a new course of investigation at Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels. From this time his letters become of increasing interest. They are chiefly written to his mother, who must have been a woman of especial brightness to have had such letters addressed to her. During his early visits to Holland it is interesting to mark how his spirit became imbued with the genius of the place.

“ It is strange,” he writes, “ that these two amphibious, half-submerged republics, Venice and Holland, should have instructed the world in colour. Nothing certainly can exceed the brilliancy and profound mastery of colour possessed by Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van der Helst. You see these masters nowhere in such profusion as in their native land. The landscapes, too, the Ruysdaels and Berghems, you would be delighted with. After your eyes have been put out by the effulgence of their great historical pieces and dazzling portraits, such as Rembrandt and Van der Helst and Rubens only could paint, they are refreshed by those cool, calm, rural scenes, with shady groves and gurgling brooks, such as only their landscape painters could produce. They seem to have had a deeper sentiment for landscape, and a greater power in reproducing natural beauties, than any other people.

“ How strange that this genius should have risen out of the very bottom of the sea, that a people should have so faithfully and poetically represented on canvas those charming pastoral scenes, of which they could have only dreamed among their native dykes and ditches, without ever seeing them in their own land ! The Dutch have certainly done many great things. They have had to contend with two of the mightiest powers in the world, the ocean and Spanish tyranny, and they conquered both. Neither the Inquisition nor the Zuyder Zee was able to engulf them ; and yet it is very funny to see a people, after having achieved such triumphs, seat themselves so contentedly in their summer-houses over their very ill-savoured canals. Every

country house has its garden, every garden its canal, and every canal is always creaming and mantling like no other standing pool in the world out of Holland. Nobody knows how stagnant water can be till he has visited this country. The canals smell of anything but Araby the Blest, and every summer-house is always planted directly over it. There sit the placid burghers, pipe in mouth, and inhale the odours, hanging over them as if increase of appetite did grow by what it feeds on."

Of the advantages of a residence at Dresden, he writes to his father:—

"And now, add to the advantages here enumerated a magnificent library of 450,000 volumes, and very excellent opportunities for education, besides a very beautiful and picturesque country surrounding the city in all directions, and you will understand why Dresden is so often selected as a residence. It is a dull little place, no doubt, but I like it the better for that. It is better for dull little people like ourselves. . . . There is so little active existence, and so little interest felt, or allowed to be felt, in what is going on in the world around, that one soon finds the old-fashioned, drowsy Rip Van Winkle feeling coming over him, and begins to think on the whole that it is better to be governed than to govern, to accept a paternal government as ordained from heaven, and to behave as good boys should, go to bed at ten, shut the door after you, smoke a pipe, drink a pot of beer, listen every day to a groschen-worth of instrumental music, never allude to politics, nor to anything which interests grown-up men, but leave all that to your betters, and rely for your personal and political rights on the Emperor of Russia, and Austria, and the police, and so 'easy live and quiet die,' as comfortable burghers should."

Brussels he thus depicts, in a letter to his friend and biographer, Dr. Holmes:—

"It is a striking, picturesque town, built up a steep promontory, the old part at the bottom, very dingy and mouldy, the new part at the top, very showy and elegant. Nothing can be more exquisite in its way than the Grande Place in the very heart of the city, surrounded with those toppling, zig-zag, ten-storied buildings, bedizened all over with ornaments and emblems so peculiar to the Netherlands, with the brocaded Hôtel de Ville on one side, with its impossible spire, rising some 370 feet into the air, and embroidered on the top with the delicacy of needlework, sugarwork, spiderwork, or what you will. I haunt this place because it is my scene, my theatre. Here were enacted so many deep tragedies, so many stately dramas, and even so many farces, which have been so familiar to me so long, that I have got to imagine myself invested with a kind of property in the place, and look at it as if it were merely the theatre with the *coulisses*, machinery, drapery, &c., for representing scenes which have long since vanished, and which no



more enter the minds of men and women who are actually moving across its pavements than if they had occurred in the moon. When I say that I know no soul in Brussels, I am perhaps wrong. With the present generation I am not familiar. *En revanche* the dead men of the place are my intimate friends. I am at home in any cemetery. With the fellows of the sixteenth century I am on the most familiar terms. Any ghost that ever flits by night across the moonlight square is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother. I call him by his Christian name at once.

"When you come out of this place, however, which, as I said, is exactly in the heart of the town, the antique town in the modern setting, you may go either up or down. If you go down you will find yourself in the very nastiest and most dismal complications of gin-shops, beer-houses, and hovels, through which charming valley dribbles the river Senne (whence, I suppose, is derived senna), the most nauseous little river in the world, which receives all the outpourings of all the drains and houses, and is then converted into beer for the inhabitants—all the way, breweries being directly upon its edge. If you go up the hill instead of down, you come to an arrangement of squares, palaces, and gardens, as trim and fashionable as you will find in Europe. Thus you see that our Cybele sits with her head crowned with very stately towers, and her feet in a tub of very dirty water."

In 1854 the labour of ten long years came to an end, and Motley went over to England to dispose of his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. He was advised to try Mr. Murray first, and was received "most civilly" by that potentate of the book world, who, however, courteously declined the first, heavy-looking historical venture of the handsome but obscure author.

"The time came," says Dr. Holmes, "when the positions of the celebrated publisher and the unknown writer were reversed. Mr. Murray wrote to Mr. Motley, asking to be allowed to publish his second great work, the *History of the United Netherlands*, expressing at the same time his regret at what he candidly called his mistake in the first instance; and thus they were at length brought into business connection as well as the most agreeable and friendly relations."

Spite of this temporary discouragement, we cannot but see that an intense love for England and Englishmen was already taking possession of the brilliant American. Calling on an English friend, he tells his wife, "He is just like them all—frank, agreeable, kind-hearted." Still more notable is his comparative estimate of his own and the old country in those pre-abolition days, and of our utter unselfishness and devotion

to *duty* in engaging in that very war with Russia, of which it is now the fashion with some to speak with depreciation and disgust.

"I went," he writes to his mother in 1855, "last Friday night and heard a long and dull debate in the House of Commons. Such speakers as Webster and Choate are not to be scared up in England just now. I don't say this in glorification of our free and enlightened Republic. Don't suspect me of too much patriotism. I have vastly more respect for the government of England than for our own—the nation I can't help considering governed by higher principles of action, by loftier motives. They at least try to reform abuses and admit their existence. We love our diseases, and cling to them as the only source of health and strength. When you look at America from a distance, you see that it is a great machine for constantly extending the growth of cotton and expanding the area of negro slavery. This is the real motive power of our whole political existence, and such a principle can only carry us over a precipice; yet all who lift their tongues and voices against the course, or who express their disgust at the hypocrisy of a nation prating of freedom when its whole aim is to perpetuate slavery, are esteemed mischievous and malignant. England is just now, with the most tremendous naval armament in the world, engaging reluctantly in a war of duty to oppose the encroachments of the Eastern despotism; and we are playing the part of Prussia in the West, and seizing the opportunity, while France and Great Britain are otherwise occupied, to pick a quarrel with Spain, and so steal Cuba and annex half a million more negroes."

In later years it was a source of considerable pleasure to him that two of his daughters were married to distinguished sons of the dear mother country—the one to Sir William Harcourt, and the other to Mr. H. B. Sheridan.

At Frankfort he renewed his acquaintance with Bismarck, whom he had not seen since they were fellow-students at Göttingen and Berlin.

"I was received," he writes to his wife, "with open arms. I can't express to you how cordially he received me. If I had been his brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character, and of very great powers of mind. The prominent place which he now occupies as a statesman sought *him*. He did not seek it, or any other office."

A few days later he writes:—

"The Bismarcks are as kind as ever—nothing can be more frank and cordial than her manners. I am there all day long. It is one of those houses

where every one does what one likes. The show apartments where they receive formal company are on the front of the house. Their living rooms, however, are a *salon* and dining-room at the back, opening upon the garden. Here there are young and old, grandparents and children and dogs all at once—eating, drinking, smoking, piano-playing, and pistol-firing (in the garden), all going on at the same time. It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you; porter, soda-water, small beer, champagne, burgundy, or claret are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best Havana cigars every minute."

Writing to his uncle, Edward Motley, at the end of 1855, he thanks him for his "last generous present of £100," and tells him, "I don't know how I should have extricated myself from my printing and publishing difficulties but for the timely and most generous assistance which I have received." He was indeed fortunate in having relatives who could help him in the long struggle involved in the preparation of his great work. Without their aid he could not have published it on English ground and so secured a British copyright. It was at last issued in London, printed at his own expense, and published by Mr. Chapman, and met with brilliant success. During the first year of publication, *seventeen thousand* copies were sold—a remarkably large number for a three-volume historical work by an unknown author. Favourable notices abounded in the English periodicals, and his American friends and literary compeers received the book with hearty applause. Prescott congratulated him in a generous-spirited letter; and from the veteran Washington Irving—the first star in the glorious galaxy of writers which the States have produced in this century—came a flaming eulogium which must have been deeply gratifying to Motley, though his keen sense of humour would doubtless lead him to smile at the supreme office assigned to the American press in the following grandiloquent sentence:—

"The minute and unwearied research, the scrupulous fidelity and impartial justice with which you execute your task, prove to me that you are properly sensible of the high calling of the American press—that rising tribunal before which the whole world is to be summoned, its history to be revised and rewritten, and the judgment of past ages to be cancelled or confirmed."

Visiting America for a time with his family in 1856-7, Motley was received cordially by his old friends, Holmes and

Bancroft, and others. Dr. Holmes, in the briefest chapter of his altogether too brief *Memoir*, says :—

“At this time I had the pleasure of meeting him often, and of seeing the changes which maturity, success, the opening of a great literary and social career, had wrought in his character and bearing. He was in every way greatly improved; the interesting, impulsive youth had ripened into a noble manhood. Dealing with great themes, his own mind had gained their dignity. Accustomed to the company of dead statesmen and heroes, his own ideas had risen to a higher standard. The flattery of society had added a new grace to his natural modesty. He was now a citizen of the world by his reputation; the past was his province, in which he was recognized as a master; the idol's pedestal was ready for him, but he betrayed no desire to show himself upon it.”

In the autumn he returned to Europe, in pursuit of materials for his next work—the *History of the United Netherlands*. After a sojourn of some months on the Continent, he settled down in London for a time; and here in the summer of 1858, as he mixes more in society, his letters become more and more interesting and quotable. We must confine our extracts to a very few of his portraits of our island celebrities.

Here is a sketch of Thackeray :—

“He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great ‘snob’ of England. His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow-creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat. As you like detail, however, I shall endeavour to Boswellize him a little, but it is very hard work. Something was said of Carlyle the author. Thackeray said, ‘Carlyle hates everybody that has arrived: if they are on the road, he may perhaps treat them civilly.’”

A “photograph” of Macaulay :—

“Of course you would like a photograph of Macaulay, as faithfully as I can give it. He impressed me on the whole agreeably. To me, personally, he spoke courteously, respectfully, showed by allusion to the subject in various ways that he was quite aware of my book and its subject, although I doubt whether he had read it. He may have done so, but he manifested no special interest in me. . . . His general appearance is singularly commonplace. I cannot

describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected, out of even a very small number of persons, as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. His hair is thin and silvery, and he looks a good deal older than many men of his years—for, if I am not mistaken, he is just as old as his century, like Cromwell, Balzac, Charles V., and other notorious individuals. . . . The face, seen in front, is blank, and, as it were, badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness, and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the colour of those orbs, and equally so, from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic.

"As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. I believe he is thought by many people a bore, and you remember that Sydney Smith spoke of him as 'our Tom, the greatest engine of social oppression in England.' I should think he might be to those who wanted to talk also. . . . Macaulay is not so dogmatic or so outrageously absurd as Carlyle often is, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. . . . I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent."

Mrs. Norton, and other beauties and celebrities, he paints with an admiring brush; but all his portraits of the fair sex are not so flattering. At a "drum" one evening at the Thackeray's there was, he tells his wife, "a tremendous screeching lady, who stunned the company with Italian music, with a voice which wanted elbow-room as much as it did melody." On the other hand, he was charmed, at the same party, with "one of those wonderful grandmothers of which England can boast so many"—Lady Stanley of Alderley—"a tall, fair, agreeable dame, with blonde hair and handsome features, apparently thirty-five." Next morning he was at Lady Byron's,

who discerned a "most wonderful" likeness in Motley to her departed lord the poet. A day or two after, with fifty of his compatriots, he was "Peabodied." The benevolent millionaire took them down the river to see "the Leviathan" steamship, then at a standstill for want of funds; afterwards to dinner at Blackwall.

These pleasant receptions and much kindly appreciation he details to his absent wife; but will not ask her to excuse "this egotism," because he writes it on purpose to please her. "To utter such things to any one else would be the height of absurdity." Trying to amuse her with a record of what he saw, was, he assures her, the only real satisfaction which he derived from this "going up and down like Beelzebub in the world of London."

Introduced amongst the leading statesmen of the day, he gives amusing sketches of their appearance and characteristics. At a breakfast at the Duchess of Somerset's, Lord John Russell's costume seems to have struck the correctly clad stranger as a little peculiar: "a green cutaway coat, large yellow waistcoat, and plaid trousers." But he thought the "easy, nonchalant, common-place manner" of our great men preferable to "the portentous aspect on the commonest occasions of many of the 'most remarkable men in our country, sir,' which is apt to characterize Transatlanticism as much as the customary suit of solemn black 'in which they are pleased to array themselves.'" At Cambridge House he was cordially received by Lord and Lady Palmerston.

"When the ladies retired, I found myself next to Lord Palmerston, and he talked with me a long time about English politics and American matters, saying nothing worth repeating, but conversing always with an easy, winning, quiet manner, which accounts for his great popularity among his friends. At the same time, it seemed difficult to realize that he was the man who made, almost every night, and a very late hour in the night, those rattling, vigorous, juvenile, slashing pieces which ring through the civilized world as soon as uttered. I told him that it seemed to me very difficult to comprehend how any man could make those ready, impromptu harangues in answer always to things said in the course of the debate, taking up ail the adversary's points in his target, and dealing blows in return, without hesitation or embarrassment. He said very quietly that it was all a matter of habit; and I suppose that he really does it with as much ease as he eats his breakfast."



This ease of speech seems to have puzzled Mr. Motley a good deal, accustomed as he had been to the intense "bird-of-freedom" style of oratory. A little later on, he hears Mr. Bright make "a few remarks" in the House, and is struck with his manner, "easy, conversational, slightly humorous, rather fluent." Of Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst and Stratford de Redcliffe he gives excellent portraits. But, with this humorous exaggeration of Brougham's historic nose, we must take leave of the fascinating flood of letters of this period:—

"Then came Lord Brougham, looking as droll as ever. There certainly never was a great statesman and author who so irresistibly suggested the man who does the comic business at a small theatre as Brougham. You are compelled to laugh when you see him as much as at Keeley or Warren. Yet there is absolutely nothing comic in his mind. On the contrary, he is always earnest, vigorous, impressive, but there is no resisting his nose. It is not merely the configuration of that wonderful feature which surprises you, but its mobility. It has the litheness and almost the length of the elephant's proboscis, and I have no doubt he can pick up pins or scratch his back with it as easily as he could take a pinch of snuff. He is always twisting it about in quite a fabulous manner."

After London came the Hague, where he "immediately plunged over head and ears" into the large collection of national archives, and found much pleasure in the society of the accomplished Queen of Holland, who received him with great kindness. The winter he spent with his family in Italy, returning to England in the summer of 1859, and passing the following winter here. Meantime the first two volumes of the *History of the United Netherlands* were approaching completion, and Mr. Murray was ready and willing to publish them. In June, 1860, he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford. September found him "pursued by printers' devils at every turn and by every post," even at Studley Royal; and in the last days of the year the fruit of much thought and research saw the light, and was welcomed in the world of letters, Guizot and Barthélémy St. Hilaire being among the first to congratulate the author.

The new year found him in the midst of literary triumph and social celebrity, but it brought with it the great crisis in

the existence of the United States—the war with the rebellious, slave-holding South. In his intense concern for the honour and welfare of his country, Motley's impassioned soul forgot all personal interests and successes. He had long been chafing under the disgrace incurred by his native land in succumbing to the slaveholders' party, and allowing it to enact laws the tenor of which was to compel the North to act as the captor and gaoler of the fugitive slave. The first gleam of light broke through the darkness when Abraham Lincoln was elected President.

"I rejoice," wrote Motley to his mother, "in the triumph at last of freedom over slavery more than I can express. Thank God, it can no longer be said, after the great verdict just pronounced, that the common law of my country is slavery, and that the American flag carries slavery with it wherever it goes."

When the great civil conflict broke out his nature was moved to its very depths. As he had felt degraded by the election of Presidents whose only title to office was their readiness to yield everything to the daring and imperious South, so now his spirit leapt up in hope and pride when the North gave its best blood to uphold the rights of humanity. But it pained him excessively that in the mother country, which had received him with such unvarying kindness, our statesmen for the most part, and many of our leading writers, had little sympathy for the North in her hour of peril, and seemed inclined to add to her load of difficulties. To make clear the real issues involved in the strife, Motley wrote two letters to the *Times*, which produced considerable effect on public opinion. Notwithstanding the bad lead given to English opinion, however, from the leaders of commerce and society in America itself, as well as from the English aristocracy, the nation, as a whole, was not on the side of the South. The great body of the people were, in this matter, sounder in their sense of justice and their love of freedom than their superiors in social position. The large religious heart of England beat in sympathy with the North. Mrs. Stowe's writings, glowing with concentrated indignation, had permeated all classes; Lowell's famous prophecy—

"Out of the house of bondage 'tis decreed our slaves shall go,"

had been taken to heart in the old England almost as much as in the new; and the great mass of our countrymen, unbiassed by the blindness of statesmen who should have been more discerning, sorrowed at the military mishaps of the North, and rejoiced in its final victories with a hearty admiration.

Amongst the friends of the North on this side the Atlantic, on whose sympathies Mr. Motley could rely in this time of trial, were Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. John Stuart Mill. The first of these maintained the right in speeches of great force and manliness; and in January, 1862, writing to Motley an encouraging letter, said, "The whole human race has a deep interest in your success."

In August, 1861, Mr. Motley was appointed Minister to the Court of Austria, and a few months later proceeded to Vienna, where chiefly he resided during the next six years. This term of diplomatic service would have been very pleasant, save for his anxieties about his country and its civil war. When the end came, and Grant dealt out his scattering blows upon the rebel hosts, as Motley had been "constant in the ills" of his native land, so he was "joyous in its joy;" but the rapture of that joy was chastened by the tragedy—the assassination of President Lincoln—which followed so closely on those splendid victories.

The letters to and from Motley during the Vienna period are exceedingly interesting, but they bear very much on European politics and the American war. Amongst them, however, are some characteristic letters from Bismarck, written in the hearty style of old comradeship, partly in German and partly in English. We give fragments of these literary curiosities. In April, 1863, the Baron writes:—

"When over-reading my letter just before I go to meet in my bed 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' I find that under the noisy distractions of parliamentary bullying I have written down a *suite* of dull commonplaces, and I was about to burn it, but considering the difficulty in this dreary sort of life of finding out an undisturbed moment, and a more sensible disposition of mind, I think, like Pontius Pilate, '*Quod scripsi, scripsi.*' These drops of my own ink will show you at least that my thoughts, when left alone, readily turn to you. I never pass by old Logier's house in the Friedrich Strasse without looking up at the windows that used to be ornamented by a pair

of red slippers sustained on the wall by the feet of a gentleman sitting in the Yankee way, his head below and out of sight. I then gratify my memory with remembrance of 'good old Colony times when we were roguish chaps.'"

The allusion in the last sentence is to an old college song, beginning—

"In good old Colony times,  
When we lived under the king"—

which appears to have made a deep impression on Prince Bismarck, who quoted it as recently as last winter in his famous speech in the Reichstag, and said that he learnt it at Göttingen long ago from his dear friend John Motley.

Again, under date "May 23, 1864," in what he probably considered to be beautifully idiomatic English, with the same nice poetic touch from the *Night Thoughts*, the Baron writes:—

"I am working from morn till night like a nigger, and you have nothing to do at all—you might as well tip me a line as well as looking on your feet tilted against the wall of God knows what a dreary colour. I cannot entertain a regular correspondence; it happens to me that during five days I do not find a quarter of an hour for a walk; but you, lazy old chap, what keeps you from thinking of your old friends? When just going to bed in this moment my eye met with yours on your portrait, and I curtailed the sweet restorer, sleep, in order to remind you of Auld Lang Syre. Why do you never come to Berlin? It is not a quarter of an American's holiday journey from Vienna, and my wife and me should be so happy to see you once more in this sullen life. When can you come, and when will you? I swear that I will make out the time to look with you on old Logier's quarters, and drink a bottle with you at Gerolt's, where they once would not allow you to put your slender legs upon a chair. Let politics be hanged and come to see me. I promise that the Union Jack shall wave over our house, and conversation and the best old hock shall pour damnation upon the rebels. Do not forget old friends, neither their wives, as mine wishes nearly as ardently as myself to see you, or at least to see as quickly as possible a word of your handwriting.

"Sei gut und komm oder schreibe.—Dein,

"V. BISMARCK.

"Haunted by the old song, 'In good old Colony times.'"

Motley's lengthened stay at Vienna came to a not altogether unexpected end under the Presidentship of Andrew Johnson, who, on Lincoln's assassination, stepped into a position for which he was not eminently fitted. Motley received an insult—

ing missive from Mr. Secretary Seward, based on a virtually anonymous letter, which had come into Johnson's hands and should have been at once consigned to the flames. His "answer to the accusation was denial of its charges; his reply to the insult was his resignation." This, and a similar intrigue which cruelly terminated his subsequent mission to London, illustrate the manner in which the great Republic at times treats its most faithful and illustrious servants, especially if they are of a character and class altogether different from the ordinary politician.

The summer and autumn of 1867 he spent chiefly in London and the country, amongst his old English friends, enjoying more than ever their society, and superintending the publication of the third and fourth volumes of his *United Netherlands*. The letters of this period to his wife and daughters have much of the fascinating freshness and life of the earlier ones from which we have quoted.

In June 1868, he returned with his family to his native Boston, and in the spring of the next year was appointed by President Grant Minister to England; a post from which he was recalled, in November 1870, most undeservedly, and as much to the disgrace of his country as to his own mortification and sorrow. The early part of 1871 he spent at the Hague in historical research. His object he thus explains to his most admired and much beloved English friend, Lady William Russell, indulging in a playful hit at the hero of his next great work:—

"I live much among the dead men, and have been solacing myself for several months in reading a considerable correspondence of John van Olden Barneveld, who had the ill luck to be decapitated, as you remember, two centuries and a half ago. If they had cut his head off on account of his abominable handwriting, no creature would have murmured at the decree who ever tried to read his infinite mass of manuscripts. I take some credit to myself for having, after much time and trouble, enabled myself to decipher the most of them. It is a system of hieroglyphics such as I have not before encountered, and I have had some experience in the cography of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

From Holland he ran into Germany, and paid a long-promised visit to the Bismarcks at Varzin. Of the happy

family life here he gives a full account in his letters to his wife and daughter, declaring finally, "As for Bismarck himself, my impressions of his bigness have increased, rather than diminished, by this renewed intimacy. Having been with him constantly fourteen or fifteen hours a day for a whole week, I have certainly had opportunity enough to make up my mind."

Returning to England, he passed the winter of 1872-3 at Bournemouth, where he was seriously ill from the rupture of a blood-vessel. At the beginning of 1874 he issued his *Life and Death of John of Barneveld*: a noble monument to one of the grandest figures in Dutch story. In the portrayal of the great Arminian statesman, "the founder of the Commonwealth itself," Mr. Motley had endeavoured to be thoroughly impartial; but the plain facts of his narrative were too damaging to be received with complacency by the modern representatives of the Calvinistic faction in the Low Countries. The conclusion from the historian's unbiassed statements was irresistible, that Calvinism, in Holland at all events, had been no friend to civil or religious liberty; and that the adherents of the gentle Arminius—including such men as Barneveld and Grotius—were the staunch advocates of a healthy freedom, which was unpalatable alike to the overbearing Prince Maurice and to Gomarus, Calvin's chief representative in Holland.

On the last day of this year Mr. Motley suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his beloved wife—"the pride of his happier years, the stay and solace of those which had so tried his sensitive spirit." Writing three months afterwards to Dr. Holmes, he says: "The loss of that almost lifelong companionship with one much nobler, purer, wiser, and truer than I could ever hope to become, has left me a wreck, in which I can take but little interest." In a sympathetic letter Carlyle—and no man was more tender-hearted and helpful in sorrow than that rough-tongued sage—tells him: "Immortality itself, with all its infinitudes of splendour, if there were no meeting again, would be worth nothing or even less to us." "The blow," says Dr. Holmes, "found him already weakened by mental suffering and bodily infirmity, and he never re-



covered from it." From the day of his wife's death his life seemed to be one of patient waiting. "Never for one hour," says his daughter, Lady Harcourt, "did her spirit leave him, and he strove to follow its leading for the short and evil days left, and the hope of the life beyond." The long series of letters comes to an end in one written to Lady Harcourt on May 17, 1877. On the 29th of that month he died suddenly at Kingston Russell, near Dorchester, the residence of his younger daughter, Mrs. Sheridan.

In closing these deeply interesting volumes, the question naturally occurs to us: Why, with such ample materials, is there no adequate Life of a man like Motley? Dr. Holmes's *Memoir*, excellent so far as it goes, is but a brief, absurdly meagre sketch. Mr. Curtis has edited these invaluable Letters with such judgment and ability as give assurance that he is well fitted for the higher task of writing a full Memoir of Motley, which should be as charming and popular a book as any in our literature, rich as it is in good, well-told lives.

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#### ART. VII.—MODERN BUDDHISM.

1. *Buddhism in its Connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism and in its Contrast with Christianity.* By Sir MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS, K.C.I.E. London: Murray. 1889.
2. *Buddha: His Life, Doctrine, and Order.* By Dr. H. OLDENBERG. Translated by W. HOEY, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate.

PROF. MONIER-WILLIAMS' new work on Buddhism, which has grown out of lectures delivered in Edinburgh last year on the "Duff" foundation, is published "in memory of Dr. Duff." It is most opportune that at the time when the policy of that "prince of educational missionaries" is being denounced in some quarters as a ghastly failure, so suitable and worthy a memorial should appear in his honour and such testimony should be borne to the wisdom and solidity of his

work. No one will question Prof. Monier-Williams' knowledge of Indian subjects, a knowledge gained, not only by lifelong study, but also by extended residence in the country; and this volume, pointing out so emphatically the contrast between Christian and Buddhist teaching, bears ample witness to his earnest Christian faith. What then does he say of Dr. Duff and his policy?

"No one can have travelled much in India without having observed how wonderfully the results of his indomitable energy and fervid eloquence in the cause of truth wait on the memory of his work everywhere. Monuments may be erected and lectureships founded to perpetuate his name and testify to his victories over difficulties which few other men could have overcome, but better than these will be the living testimony of successive generations of Hindu men and women, whose growth and progress in true enlightenment will be due to the seed which he planted, and to which God has given the increase."

It is scarcely necessary to ask what men who know India by long years of residence and study think of the proposal to evangelize it by uneducated, untrained agents. A more foolish, wasteful proposal it would be hard to conceive. If conversions have been comparatively few on the old method, they would be fewer still on the new. To judge by much that is written on the subject one would suppose that the education of the higher classes of Hindu society has absorbed all the attention of Christian missionaries, that the masses of the people have been ignored, and that popular evangelistic work is unknown. No greater misrepresentation could be put forth, and no greater mistake made, as a reference to missionary reports and letters would instantly show. With the exception of the Scotch churches, which have put education in the foreground as the shortest way to a native ministry and a native church, every other church has put education in the second place. But if we are to go on the principle of adapting implements to soil, and of reaching each class of society by the most effectual agency, we quite fail to see how among the educated classes Christian education can be entirely neglected.

Turning from the Preface to the body of Prof. Monier-Williams' work, its peculiar value seems to us to consist in its description of the contrast between primitive and modern

Buddhism. Most, if not all, of our existing works on the subject apply to Buddhism in its earliest form, as it came from Buddha's lips. But this is just as little the Buddhism of later times and of modern days as Vedic doctrine is modern Brahmanism, or the Pauline system of teaching is that of the Roman Church. It is of course no new or strange thing for religious and philosophical systems to undergo great changes in the hands of later generations. Judaism had its Rabbinical speculations, and Mohammedanism, with all its rigidity, has not been without its different schools of interpreters. So far from the Vedas being the Bible of modern Hinduism, there is very little connection between them. The Nature-worship of the Vedic age belongs to the religious childhood of India, and was soon left behind. But the change which Buddhism underwent was still more radical, and, so far as we know, has no parallel in the history of religion. Even the importation of sacerdotalism into the Christian Church in early days, and the entirely different sense thus put into the term priest, so well described by Bishop Lightfoot in his essay on *The Christian Ministry*, was less revolutionary than the transformation which came over Buddhism. The change was nothing more or less than a simple return in great measure to the ideas and ways out of which Buddha fought his way at such agonizing cost. "In point of fact it was not a development that took place, but a recoil—like the recoil of a spring held down for a time by a powerful hand and then released" (p. 151).

Our author describes this process of change and the resulting contrast with a clearness and fulness never attempted before in English. The life of Buddha, his conversion or enlightenment, his forty-five years' preaching, his distinctive doctrines, are passed over lightly. The chief part of the bulky volume is taken up with an account of the subsequent changes and corruptions, both in faith and practice. For an account of the earliest form of Buddhist teaching we can desire nothing better than Oldenberg or Rhys Davids. But let any one compare the Buddhism of these works with the Buddhism of the present work, and he will find the change great indeed. Prof. Monier-Williams draws largely upon Koeppen's great

work on *The Religion of Buddha*, but he everywhere tests and supplements what he borrows by the original sources; and as Koeppen's work is untranslated and out of print, even the borrowed matter will be new to most readers.

It is obvious that the fact of change or development in Buddhism has important practical consequences.\* There are really two Buddhisms, opposite in many essential respects in contents and character; whereas it is too often tacitly assumed that there is only one, that there is no break between the earlier and later form. But if the fact is as our author proves, different and even opposite statements will be true according as the reference is to the one Buddhism or the other. The fundamental doctrine of Nirvāna may be taken as an example. It is sharply disputed whether this means extinction of personal existence or of sinful desire and inclination. Most Western admirers of Buddhism, and these are many, affirm the latter to be the meaning. Sir Edwin Arnold in his brilliant *India Revisited* has no doubt on the point, and resents the other interpretation with something like scorn.

"If any teach Nirvāna is to cease,  
Say unto such they lie.  
If any teach Nirvāna is to live,  
Say unto such they err." †

Prof. Pfeiderer takes the same view (*Philosophy of Religion*, iii. 72). Rhys Davids seems to waver, inclining in the *Hibbert Lecture* to one view, ‡ in the small manual to the other. We think it quite possible that both views are correct, that Buddha himself meant by the term extinction of existence, modern Buddhism extinction of evil desire. In truth, if Buddha only meant the doctrine in the milder form, he taught nothing new, nothing which Hindu teachers did not know. In that case his renunciation of home and friends, his years of study and penance, made little change and brought little gain. Prof. Pfeiderer acknowledges that the harsher form of the doctrine is the more natural interpretation of Buddha's teaching at first sight, but he cannot reconcile with it Buddha's

\* Rhys Davids, *Hibbert Lecture*, p. 204.

† *Light of Asia*.

‡ Pp. 161, 211, 253. *Manual*, p. 111.

acceptance of transmigration. But on Buddha's theory transmigration only continues until the demerit which necessitates re-birth is worked off; it is not perpetual, as in Hinduism. This interpretation is also in keeping with the Buddhist theory of the soul, which is not a separate entity, but a mere assemblage of faculties united by no personal tie—a curious anticipation of modern sensational philosophy. It is in harmony, again, with Buddha's account of the cause of human suffering. True, according to the teaching of the Four Noble Truths, suffering springs from desire or craving after sensuous good, and therefore the extinguishing of desire would be the end of suffering. But according to every reading we have ever seen of the Four Noble Truths, such desire or craving is inseparable from individual existence (Monier-Williams, p. 43), in which case nothing but the cessation of existence will put an end to suffering. We have no doubt, therefore, that the older interpretation of Nirvāna is the primitive one, although Buddhist monks are careful to assure English visitors that it is a slander on Buddha's memory. Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann base their admiration for Buddha on this very ground. His thoroughgoing pessimism and the remedy he proposes are quite to their taste. Prof. Monier-Williams allows that Nirvāna in "its first meaning is restricted to the complete extinction of the three chief fires of lust, ill-will, and delusion, and a total cessation of all evil passions and desires, especially of the desire for individual existence." "Nirvāna, then, is not necessarily the annihilation of all existence." "But besides Nirvāna we have the expression *Pari-nirvāna*. This is not merely the blowing out of the fires of the passions, but also the entire cessation of re-births, with extinction of all the elements or seeds of bodily existence" (p. 140). It is added truly enough, that Nirvāna and *Pari-nirvāna* "have no place in the aims or thoughts of the ordinary adherents of Buddhism at the present day." Their highest aspiration reaches no farther than a "higher condition of bodily existence in their next birth on this earth."

There can be no doubt that modern Buddhism claims to be and is a religion. All the religious elements are present; the religious wants of man's nature are professedly met, dogma

and ritual are completely organized. But original Buddhism—*i.e.*, Buddha's own teaching—seems to us after every new investigation to be the negation of religion. Our author applies several tests, but two are sufficient. How does Buddha treat the fundamental doctrines of God and Immortality? For the latter Nirvāna is substituted. Existence is an evil to be got rid of. The other test is still more decisive. What place did God hold in Buddha's theory? None at all. Buddha sedulously discouraged all inquiry into causes and origins—*i.e.*, into the questions which lead up to a Creator and Moral Governor. Let any one examine the entire system of Buddha's ethical teaching. The substance of his decalogue is : (1) Kill not any living thing ; (2) Steal not ; (3) Commit not adultery ; (4) Lie not ; (5) Drink not strong drink ; (6) Eat no food, except at fixed times ; (7) Use no ornaments or perfumes ; (8) Use only a mat on the ground for bed ; (9) Abstain from dancing, singing, music, &c. ; (10) Neither possess nor accept gold or silver. The first five are for all persons, the second five only for the Buddhist Order of Monks. We have neither wish nor need to disparage the ethical teaching of Buddhism. We gladly acknowledge that it was far in advance of the age. Its mild, benevolent spirit is worthy of all admiration. As a moral reformer Buddha deserves a place beside Socrates. But there is no recognition of God where we should certainly expect to find it. If God has no place in man's moral life, he has no place anywhere. Goodness is not described as obedience to His will or conformity to His nature. It needs no divine sanction, and wins no divine reward. No moral command is prefaced by "Thus saith the Lord !" No doubt it will be said, goodness carries its own authority, righteousness is enjoined for its own sake. And we are far from denying to Buddha's teaching a certain cold, austere dignity. In any case God is omitted, and the omission is a tremendous one. It makes the same difference in the moral world, which the destruction of the sun would make in the physical universe. Nothing can make Buddha's own teaching anything else than a system of godless morality, precisely like some systems of our own day. There was no more of God in primitive Buddhism than there is in Comtism, there



was less than in Spencerism. But the system would not work. Morality without God soon came to nothing. The divine name and authority had to be brought back. Buddha's followers returned to the old religious lines, though in doing so they were untrue to their master. What took place on the soil of Buddhism is the most striking proof which history supplies of the necessity of religion to mankind.

The grounds on which Buddha justified his rejection of everything immaterial and unseen are well illustrated in the supposed conversation between him and a Brahman called Vāsettha. Vāsettha begins by saying that just as the several paths near a village or town lead to one end, so the different paths taught by different sects of Brahmins alike lead to salvation in union with Brahmā. The conversation then proceeds thus :—

"Do you really say that they all lead aright, Vāsettha?"

"I say so, Gotama."

"But then, Vāsettha, is there a single one of the Brahmins versed in the three Vedas, or of their pupils, or of their teachers, or of their forerunners up to the seventh generation, who has ever seen Brahmā face to face?"

"No."

"Well then, Vāsettha, those ancient Rishis of the Brahmins, whose ancient form of words the Brahmins of to-day chant over again or repeat, did even they speak thus, saying, 'We know it, we have seen it, where Brahmā is, whence Brahmā is, whither Brahmā is?'"

"Not so, Gotama."

"Then you say, Vāsettha, that not one of the Brahmins, even up to the seventh generation, has ever seen Brahmā face to face? And that even the Rishis of old, even they did not pretend to know or to have seen where Brahmā is. So that the Brahmins say, 'We show the way to union with what we know not, neither have seen.' Just as when a string of blind men are clinging one to another, neither can the foremost see, nor the middle one, nor the hindmost, just so, methinks, is the talk of the Brahmins. The first sees not, neither does his teacher, nor his pupil."

Several effective illustrations are then used, which may be seen at length in Rhys Davids' *Hibbert Lecture*, p. 59. Reduced to silence by this Socratic mode of teaching, Vāsettha then asks to be taught Gotama Buddha's own way; whereupon Buddha sets forth perfect moral character and conduct as the only road to union with Brahmā. It might seem from this con-

clusion that Buddha accepts Brahmā's existence. But even if this be so, Prof. Rhys Davids well points out that even union with Brahmā could only be preliminary to the Buddhist goal of Nirvāna. "There can be no finality in such a union; it must end like every other life, save that of the Arhat, in re-birth" (p. 70).

The same two doctrines supply examples of the transformation which Buddhism speedily underwent. As to immortality, Buddha, to say the least, withdrew attention from it, the present life was enough for him. The thought of the virtuous man is to be fixed on his own perfection and emancipation. But his followers have brought back the entire mythology of Hindu heavens and hells, with little regard to consistency or fitness. On p. 213 (Williams) will be found a list of the twenty-six heavens to which the good attain according to the degree of merit acquired. "The description, however, belongs to later Buddhism. It enables us to understand the true position of the Buddhist gods. They merely constitute one of the six classes of beings, and as they have to go through other forms of life, are inferior to Arhats (saints) and Buddhas." The heavens are of course stages on the road to Nirvāna.

With respect to the idea of God, by a strange irony modern Buddhism has made Buddha himself the object of worship, for without doubt the homage rendered to his image is far more than the honour done to a teacher. Nothing could be farther from Buddha's teaching about himself than the notion of his divinity. We had almost said that if he makes no reference to God, he makes less than none to himself in a divine character. No word of his points in such a direction. He does not even profess to be the organ of a divine revelation. He simply puts himself on a level with others. Every one may do what he does. He has only found what every one else needs, and points out the way. The only thing that would astonish him more than to find his followers worshipping at all, would be to find them worshipping himself. Yet this is what has taken place. Probably the cult began in the homage done to a religious teacher. Now he is the first of the three objects of Buddhist reverence—Buddha, the Law, the Order. His well-known image, the same everywhere in

type—calm, impassive, sombre—yet varying endlessly in form ; meditative, witness-attitude, serpent-canopied, argumentative, benedictive, mendicant, recumbent ; is installed in every temple.

"It was indeed by a strange irony of fate that the man who denied any god or any being higher than himself, and told his followers to look to themselves alone for salvation,\* should have been not only deified and worshipped, but represented by more images than any other being ever idolized in any part of the world. In fact, images, statues, statuettes, carvings in bas-relief, paintings, and representations of him in all attitudes are absolutely innumerable."

The later doctrine that Buddha was the twenty-fifth in a series of divine incarnations or manifestations is evidently an afterthought to justify the act of worship, just as much as the stories of his gigantic stature and the other legends which have effectually hidden the facts of his life. In this single doctrine we have a fair example of the contrast or contradiction between earlier and later Buddhism. The position is much the same as if future Positivists should deify and worship Comte, a result which we can well imagine would be far more agreeable to the colossal vanity of the Frenchman than the ways of modern Buddhism to the mild Eastern ascetic.

It was only to be expected that the places made sacred by incidents in the actual or mythical life of Buddha should be the object of Buddhist veneration. One of the Buddhist books says :

"There are four places which the believing man should visit as a pilgrim with feelings of reverence and awe. The place at which he can say, 'Here the Tathāgata [a name of Buddha] was born.' The place at which he can say, 'Here the Tathāgata attained to perfect insight and enlightenment.' The place at which he can say, 'Here the Law was first preached by the Tathāgata.' The place at which he can say, 'Here the Tathāgata passed finally away into that utter passing away which leaves nothing whatever behind.' And they who die, while with believing heart they journey on such pilgrimages, shall be re-born in the happy realms of heaven."

The holy land of Buddhism, containing these places, is a district in the Ganges valley, 300 miles long by 200 broad, in modern Oudh and Behar. Kapila-vastu, Buddha's birthplace, is

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\* "By oneself is evil done, by oneself is one injured, by oneself is evil left undone, by oneself is one purified, no one purifies another."—Dharma-pada,

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now a ruined village about 25 miles north-east of Fyzabad and 120 north of Benares. Buddha-Gaya, where the sage discovered the secret of truth and peace, which he had sought so long and earnestly, is marked by a splendid temple, which has been restored within the last decade. Here also is a sacred fig-tree, which may probably be a scion of the one under which Buddha obtained deliverance. "In truth, Buddha-Gaya is a kind of Buddhist Jerusalem, abounding in associations of thrilling interest." Benares, which is the chief sacred place of Hinduism, is also the second holy place of Buddhism, for it was here that Buddha began to preach, or in Buddhist phrase, to set in motion the wheel of the Law. In the Deer-park near Benares, he preached his first sermon, the substance of which is as follows: "There are two extremes, O monks, to be avoided by one who has given up the world—a life devoted to sensual pleasure, which is degrading, common, profitless; and a life given to self-mortification, painful, ignoble, profitless. There is a middle path, which leads to insight, to wisdom, to quietude, to knowledge, to perfect enlightenment, to final extinction of desire and suffering." He then goes on to enumerate the Four Noble Truths: (1) All existence involves pain and suffering; (2) All suffering is caused by lust or desire of three kinds—for sensual pleasure, for wealth, and for existence; (3) Suffering ceases when lust or desire ceases; (4) Extinction of lust is reached by the Noble Eightfold Path—right belief, right resolve, right speech, right work, right livelihood, right training, right mindfulness, right mental concentration. His starting-point is always a pessimist's view of life. He insists again and again that all the incidents of life involve suffering—birth, decay, illness, death, union with objects we hate, separation from those we love, failing to obtain our desire, clinging to the five elements of existence. Kushi-nagara, where Buddha died, or attained Nirvāna, is 120 miles north-east of Benares. Rāja-griha, now Rāj-gir, was Buddha's favourite place of retreat. With Shrāvasti in Oudh, another place of retreat, is connected a story which, fact or fable, is characteristic of Buddha's humane spirit.

"To the north-east of the Jeta-vana garden is the place where the Buddha washed a sick monk, who lived apart by himself in a solitary place. The

Lord of the World, seeing him, inquired, 'What is your affliction?' He answered, 'In former days, my disposition being a careless one, I never looked on any sick man with pity, and now when I am sick no one looks on me.' Thereupon the Buddha said to him, 'My son, I will look on you,' and touching him healed his sickness. Then leading him forth, he washed his body, and gave him new clothes, and said, 'From this time forward be diligent and exert yourself!' Hearing this, the penitent monk, moved by gratitude and filled with joy, followed the Buddha and became his disciple."

At Vaishali, twenty-seven miles north-east of Patnā, Buddha often stayed and preached. Here, when he was going to Kushi-nagara to die, the evil deity Māra met him, and wishing to get rid of him, said, "You have now been long enough in the world. Those whom you have saved from the circling streams of transmigration are numerous as the sand." The Buddha replied, "No, those who are saved are as the grains of dust on my nail; those who are not saved are like the grains of dust on the whole earth. Yet I am to die in three months." Sankashya is famous as the place where Buddha alighted in his descent from Indra's heaven, whither he had gone to instruct his mother, who had died soon after his birth. The ascent to heaven was an easy matter, but to facilitate the descent Indra made him a ladder with three parallel flights of steps. A Chinese traveller in India in the seventh century says that formerly the ladders were visible, but that in his days they had disappeared. Many other similar sacred spots testify to the impression made on the Indian mind by Buddha's story.

One of the best measures of the extent to which later Buddhism has departed from the spirit of its founder is the prevalence of relic-worship in the most debasing forms. The most precious relics consist of teeth, hair, and nails of Buddha himself. Fragments of this kind are often enshrined in immense *stupas* or mounds. Quite recently there was an account in the *Times* of the opening of such a mound in north-west India. The mound was 100 feet high, 80 broad, consisting of huge masses of earth and stone, raised to protect a bit of bone, which was found at the bottom encased in precious stones. No doubt is entertained by the people that the reputed tooth of Buddha in the great temple of Kandy in Ceylon is genuine. Its travels and adventures before it found a home in Ceylon are an exciting romance. "The tooth is

enclosed in nine bell-shaped, jewelled golden cases, one within the other, each locked by a key, and each key consigned to the custody of a separate official. The interior cases increase in costliness till the most highly jewelled of all is reached, and within this, on a golden lotus, lies the relic," which all the Ceylonese look on as the palladium of the island. Equally degrading is the belief in Buddha's foot-print on Adam's Peak, made when he mounted to heaven. This is merely a shapeless hollow in the rock, five feet seven inches long by two feet seven inches broad—a match for the tooth at Kandy, which is two inches long. The foot-print is visited annually by about 100,000 Buddhist pilgrims. Similar marks are shown in Burmah, Siam, and other Buddhist countries. This is low enough, but there is a lower deep still. Buddhist degeneracy touches its nadir in the prayer-cylinders of Tibet. We had thought that these were fabulous, but it seems they are real enough. The prayers are written or printed an almost countless number of times on rolls and strips of paper, and then enclosed in cylinders, which are whirled round again and again. Every turn counts as if all these prayers had been said. Such cylinders are set up at the entrance of temples, that passers-by may give them a turn. Persons are paid to perform the operation. Mechanical invention has been set to work to construct machines by which the number of prayers is still further multiplied. Praying-flags and praying staffs are contrivances of the same kind. Every time the flag is stretched out by the wind the prayers are reckoned to the credit of those who erect the flags. Mechanical worship is here brought to perfection. We have gone into these details in order to illustrate the contrast between the Buddhism of to-day and the Buddhism described in Oldenberg's work. We do not know another religion in the world which has undergone such deep debasement as is witnessed in the Buddhism of Central Asia.

Some other features in Tibetan Buddhism deserve to be touched on. The resemblance of the services, rites, and ceremonies to those of the Roman Church has been pointed out by Roman Catholic missionaries. Rosaries, incense, saint-worship, holy water, chanting by double choirs, vestments, are



all in use.\* The Grand Lama answers to the Pope. He is regarded as an incarnation of the Buddha, and on his death is believed to be born again in some child. Accordingly, means are used to decide into which of the children born at the time of the Grand Lama's death the Buddha has entered. It is in Tibet also that the Buddhist order of monks has attained its greatest dimensions. The numbers of monks reported seem scarcely credible. The capital town, Lhāssa, is almost given up to them. It has thirty large monasteries; two-thirds of its inhabitants are monks. A Chinese proverb says that its chief residents have always been "priests, women, and dogs." One wonders how an idle population of this size is supported. The residence of the Grand Lama near Lhāssa rivals the Vatican in size, number of rooms, wealth, and ceremonies. At one monastery a huge caldron is shown, holding 1200 gallons of tea, which is used to regale the monks. The monasteries of southern Buddhism are on a smaller scale. Our author somewhat ungraciously compares the appearance of one which he visited in Darjeeling to that "of some small Dissenting chapel in an English village." We say "ungraciously," because many a "small Dissenting chapel in an English village" represents no little self-denial and self-sacrifice on the part of farm-labourers and small shopkeepers.

Buddha's Order of Monks is an integral part of his system. Founded by himself, it has been, if the paradox may be allowed, both the backbone and the right arm of Buddhism. The monks are at once the scholars, the teachers, and the evangelists of the faith. If we compare Buddhist with Christian monasticism, points both of resemblance and contrast present themselves. The underlying idea is the same. Just as the Western monk is supposed to live, or at least to aim at, the ideal Christian life, so the Buddhist monk is supposed to live the ideal Buddhist life. The Buddhist theory is essentially impracticable to one living in the relations of home and business life; detachment from these is the primary condition of its realization. Buddha himself was the first monk of his

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\* Rhys Davids, *Hibbert Lecture*, p. 193.

order. And every monk since is supposed to have entered on the road to Nirvāna. We often speak of the monks as priests, but the term is misleading. Buddhism has no priests in the proper sense; for it has no doctrine of guilt or sacrifice or forgiveness. Of the Western vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, the Eastern monk takes the first two only. He eats and wears only what he receives in charity. His alms-bowl is his daily companion. As in the West, the vow of poverty is evaded; for though the individual monk may not possess property, the monastic community may. There are Buddhist nuns as well as monks.

The minimum age at which a novice is received is fifteen; his parents must consent. After making a threefold profession, "I go for refuge to the Buddha, I go for refuge to the Law, I go for refuge to the Order," he is instructed in the Ten Precepts before-mentioned. His reception as a full monk takes place some time later, before an assembly of at least ten monks, after which he goes through a course of more advanced study. The daily monastic life proceeds in much the same order as in the West, with certain modifications. Thus the monks are supposed to sally out into the streets every day to receive their food. At certain seasons they act as mission-preachers in towns and villages, putting old and young through a course of systematic instruction in Buddhist doctrine.

The reason why monastic life is regarded as the ideal life in Buddhism, is that it affords the most scope for the profound meditation by which final Nirvāna, the aim of every thorough Buddhist, is attained. It was by this means that Buddha himself attained perfection. He had tried the other Hindu methods of ritual worship and bodily austerity in vain,\* and for Buddhists these methods are prescribed in the strongest terms. It was while Buddha was plunged in profound reflection under the sacred fig-tree that the secret of existence flashed upon him, and it is by the same method that every one

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\* "Ah! brothers, sisters, seek  
Naught from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,  
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;  
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;  
Each man his prison makes."—*Light of Asia*.

else must succeed. The lofty virtue inculcated in Buddhist ethics contributes to the same end, only indirectly, as the condition most favourable to such meditation. Accordingly in Buddhism meditation (*dhyāna*) is the first of duties, absorbing or superseding every other, and is reduced to an exact science. Technically it is described as of four degrees of intensity. The first stage (*dhāranā*) is concentration of thought on some object, along with inward peace and joy; the second is concentration without effort; the third is the state of inner rest and joy without even thought; the fourth (*samādhi*) is a state of complete inner absorption, in which the mind is withdrawn within itself, and is absolutely indifferent to anything outside. Even the first stage is a very high one. The man who has reached it has completely laid aside faith in a personal *ego*, doubts of Buddha's teaching and confidence in outward rites, and is on the road to Nirvāna. He can only be re-born as a god or a man. The man at the second stage has nearly conquered, not only the first three delusions, but also anger and lust, and has only one more human birth before him. At the third stage a man has quite got rid of these five delusions, and can only be born again in Brahma's heaven. At the fourth stage a man is delivered from the other five fetters also—viz., desire for material life, desire for immaterial life, pride, self-exaltation, ignorance—and is called an Arhat (saint). "He has already entered Nirvāna, and while still living he is dead to the world." For him all the causes of re-birth are dead. Even these Arhats are said to be of three ranks—those who become so through their own efforts and the help of a chief Buddha, and do not help others to become so; those who become so through their own efforts only, but do not help others; those who become so through their own efforts, but delay entering on the possession of their bliss in order to save others. The supreme Buddha is the only example of the latter class.

If we ask what are the subjects of this profound meditation which is to lead to final perfection, the answer is, the doctrines of Buddha, the Four Noble Truths, with all their reasons and consequences—the miseries of the world, the emptiness of all earthly good, the impermanence of the human and material, the final

inference being that life is not worth living. In plain terms, that is the conclusion towards which Buddhism works. When this has become a fixed conviction, deliverance is attained. Not that the conviction is attained in a single existence. The deflecting influences are too many, the power of the sensible and temporal is too great to allow this. But by the doctrine of Karma (the Buddhist form of transmigration) the accumulated merit of one life is carried over to another. According to one account Buddha himself professed to remember some of the former births in which he had accumulated merit. In one, as a hare, he used to abstain from harm, and teach his neighbours—the ape, jackal, &c.—to do the same. Meditating what he had to give in charity to needy men, he came to the conclusion that he could only give himself. In order to try him, a god then came as a Brahman soliciting food. The hare told him to collect wood and make a fire; and on his doing this, the hare leapt into the fire, and roasted himself to satisfy the Brahman's hunger. In his previous birth he was a prince, who gave away a white elephant which had the power of bringing rain whenever necessary. The people of the country were so angry at this act of charity, that the prince had to withdraw with his family to a forest. On the way, however, he gave away the horses to Brahmans, then the chariot, and last of all his two children. For this last act he became the Buddha we know. At the same time the process of accumulating the needful amount of merit is rendered slower by a strange peculiarity of the doctrine of Karma. The amount of merit or demerit transferred from one life to another is not determined by a comparison of the good and evil which a man does; no balance is struck. The good and evil respectively work out their consequences apart. There is no escape from the universal, inexorable law of reward and retribution. In the Buddhist system no divine intervention, making redemption or forgiveness possible, is so much as dreamt of. Every act of necessity bears its own fruit. The evil, the Buddhist definition of evil being remembered, must be worked out of the individual life; and for this a sufficient number of births is necessary. Of course it is only one or two, the few select spirits here and there, who really aim at Nirvāna. The overwhelming majority are

abundantly content with an endless cycle of different births more or less tolerable. Annihilation seems as undesirable to them as it does to us.

In the supreme importance attributed in Buddhism to meditation we see its thoroughly mystical character. Outward forms and rites, especially penance and mortification, which bulk so largely in Hinduism, are of no avail. The individual must wait in the exercise of profound reflection and practical virtue for the insight which admits to bliss. That insight is matter of personal experience; it cannot be taught or communicated, it must be felt. Here we have the essential principle of all mysticism. Only the mysticism which is one of many elements in other religions is the main, not to say the exclusive, constituent in Buddhism.

Virtuous character and conduct, as we have seen, is an auxiliary to meditation. This is its function and value. Remembering this, we gladly recognize the purity and range of Buddhist ethics. Indeed, considering the secondary place assigned to virtue and the insufficiency of the motive to it, one wonders that the ethical teaching is so admirable. Not that the Western eulogies lavished on Buddhist ethics are quite deserved. Virtue for virtue's sake—in other words, absolute disinterestedness—is no more the motto of Buddhism than of other systems. There, also, goodness is a means to an end; only the end is differently conceived or defined. Nor is this the place to point out the limitations of Buddhist morality. These are such as necessarily follow wherever the thought of God as the supreme source and example of goodness is rigorously excluded. With all deference to the Western admirers of the Eastern sage, the highest summits of virtue are utterly inaccessible on such conditions. The two most admirable features of Buddhist morality are its insistence on inward purity and its merciful, humane character. Among the maxims quoted by Professor Monier-Williams are the following:—"Not to commit evil, to accumulate merit by good works, to purify the heart, this is the doctrine of the Buddha." "Let a man overcome anger by gentleness, let him overcome evil by good, the parsimonious by liberality, the liar by truth." "The fully enlightened find no satisfaction even in heavenly pleasures, but

only in suppression of desires." "One by one, little by little, moment by moment, a wise man frees himself from personal impurities, as a refiner blows away the dross of silver." "Better than dominion over the earth, than going to heaven, or having sovereignty over the world, is the attainment of the first step in sanctification." "Reverence and humility, contentment and gratefulness, the hearing of the Law at the right time, this is the greatest blessing." "Self-mortification and chastity, discernment of the Noble Truths, perception of Nirvāna, this is the greatest blessing."\* The several parts of a virtuous character are said to be—putting away the taking of life, putting away theft, unchastity, lying, slander, bitterness of speech, foolish talk. On the other hand, many Buddhist precepts of lofty sound are reduced in value when they come to be expounded. Thus, the Noble Eightfold Path of virtue is said to include, as we have seen, right belief, right resolve, right speech, right work, right livelihood, right exercise, right mindfulness, right meditation, which are interpreted to mean respectively belief of Buddhist doctrine, giving up wife and family, recitation of Buddhist doctrine, living as a monk, begging, suppression of self, remembering the frailty and baseness of the body, trance-like indifference and torpor.

The complete disappearance of Buddhism from India, the land of its birth and power, is one of the enigmas of history. Chinese Buddhists, who travelled in India in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, A.D., give us glowing accounts of its position and splendour in those times. Yet the last vestige of living Buddhism has long since disappeared from Indian soil. Nothing is left but ruined monuments and sacred places to tell the story of its reign. Our author decides against the view that persecution was the means by which it was exterminated, and he is probably right. Violence would almost certainly have left some traces of its work. No such traces, even in the form of rumour, is known. Two circumstances perhaps help to explain. First, the fact that the main tenets of Buddhism are taken from Hinduism; and, secondly, the return to the old Hindu ideas to a great extent, which we have

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\* See Rhys Davids, *Hibbert Lecture*, pp. 66, 174, for other examples.



already illustrated. As to the first fact, Nirvāna itself is not easily distinguishable from the absorption of the individual in the supreme spirit as Brahma, which lies underneath every form of Hinduism. All that Buddha did was to deny or ignore this supreme spirit, lying behind sensible existence, as incapable of proof, and to give the doctrine a central importance.

"It is obvious that to believe in the ultimate merging of man's personal spirit in one impersonal Spirit is virtually to deny the ultimate existence of any human spirit at all. Nay, more, it is virtually to deny the existence of a supreme universal Spirit also. For how can a merely abstract universal Spirit, which is unconscious of personality, be regarded as possessing any real existence worth being called true life?"

The doctrine of Karma, again, is another form of transmigration. So, too, meditation fills a high, though not an exclusive, place in Hindu thought. Omit some doctrines of Hinduism, develop and emphasize others, and you have Buddhism. Then suppose that approximation took place between the two systems, as was actually the case, and we have a partial explanation of the disappearance of the new in the older faith. Some of the Buddhist fancies are not behind the Hindu in boldness or extravagance. Take this illustration of the duration of a Kalpa, the cycle covering the existence of one of many successive creations:—"Let it be supposed that a solid rock, forming a vast cube sixteen miles high, and the same in length and breadth, were lightly rubbed once in a hundred years with a piece of the finest cloth, and by this slight friction reduced in countless ages to the size of a mango-seed; that would still give you no idea of the duration of a Kalpa." In the competition between a highly sensuous and a highly philosophical system, we can easily understand that the former would have the advantage. At all events, Buddhism flourishes most in Burmah and China, where no such competition exists, whereas in Central Asia it has itself assumed the most concrete and sensuous forms. Still, its extinction in India remains mysterious to a high degree.

We are not going to criticize the Buddhist theory of life, man, and the universe. We might as well criticize the Ptolemaic astronomy or the Platonic theory of ideas. European

admirers of Buddhism are as great an anachronism as an adherent of Egyptian or Chaldean astronomers. If anything could persuade us to accept the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, it would be the spectacle of these Western semi-Buddhists. We could well believe that our Hartmanns and Schopenhauers are modern miniature editions of some of Buddha's minor disciples. For Buddha himself and his early followers we have little but respectful and admiring sympathy. That in those far-off days, encircled by the darkness of idolatry and superstition, with no clear light from heaven to guide them, they were able to feel their way to so much noble truth, is surely one of the marvels of the world's history. Truly, God never left Himself without witness. The testimony of God's Spirit in man's soul has never in any age or country been quite suppressed, and sometimes man seems to have been on the very point of discovering the high truths of revelation. But Buddhism in the heart of India five centuries before Christ is one thing, Buddhism in the heart of Europe in the nineteenth century after Christ is another. Of the latter it is a hard thing to speak even with common patience. Critics make merry enough over the old-world science of Scripture. What shall we say of the old-world philosophy and ethics of the critics themselves? Before Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, to say nothing of Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, we bow the head with profoundest reverence. The plea of ignorance covers many of their errors. But for those who repeat their errors without their excuse respect is impossible.

One feature which all the great Eastern religions possess in common, is the long course of development they have undergone, and the great number of aspects they present. It is so with Hinduism, which is Nature-worship, pantheism, henotheism, polytheism by turns, everything but monotheism. Traced to its lowest roots, Hinduism is pantheistic. Not merely the philosopher of the Hindu schools, but the village cultivator will take his last stand on pantheistic ground. It is so again with Buddhism, which is one thing in Buddha's hands, another in his followers' hands.

"Its teaching has become both negative and positive, agnostic and gnostic.

It passes from apparent atheism and materialism to theism, polytheism, and spiritualism. It is under one aspect mere pessimism, under another pure philanthropy, under another monastic communism, under another high morality, under another a variety of materialistic philosophy, under another simple demonology, under another a mere farrago of superstitions, including necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry and fetichism."

But these systems, whether in India or the farther East, are one and all effete. Their development ceased centuries ago. No doubt their power over the national life of the countries where they prevail is enormous; but this is far more by the dead-weight of inertia and tradition than by the living force of reason and conviction. They have long ceased to be productive and aggressive. They are in pretty much the same condition as the great religions of Greece and Rome and Egypt at the time of the Christian era. Pass away they will and must. What is to take their place? The answer is not doubtful. There is only one possible successor. The greater than Buddha has come to claim his own. Secularism may satisfy some Western minds; it will never satisfy Eastern minds; religious sentiment and faith are too deeply ingrained in the Eastern nature. The East refused to accept an irreligious morality from its own sons, Buddha and Confucius, quickly converting their philosophies into religions. Will it accept unbelief at Western hands?

We doubt whether it is wise or right to treat the relations between the old Eastern faiths and Christianity as simply negative and antagonistic. Antagonisms there are in many respects. Our author says truly enough: "A greater contrast than that presented by the essential doctrines of Buddhism and of Christianity can scarcely be imagined." And yet there are points of affinity as well. The profound ethical spirit, the appeal to the rational and spiritual in man, the high ideal of character set up, are common elements. In the end it may prove that these systems have prepared the way of the Gospel in more than a negative sense. If it is the office of religion to reveal God to man and man to himself, to be a means of communion between God and man, and a power qualifying for holy living, if Buddhism fails to fulfil these conditions and Christianity fulfils them (Williams, p. 539), we cannot doubt

the issue of the conflict now going on over the vast field of the East. The late Bishop of Calcutta told the author that he once asked a Buddhist worshipper what he had been praying for. "For nothing," was the answer. He asked again, "To whom have you been praying?" "To nobody," was the reply. The transition from "nothing" and "nobody," from the emptiness of Nirvāna to the Father in heaven revealed by Jesus Christ, is scarcely to be measured by human thought.

The task lying before Christianity in the East is quite unique in modern times. Its mission there is to civilized, educated peoples. Highly elaborated philosophies and religions are already in possession. The nearest parallel is the mission-work of the early Church amid the decaying civilizations of Greece and Rome. The writings of the early Fathers—the Origenes, Clements, Tertullians, Cyprians—show us the sort of men who did the work and the nature of the means they used. Are we to go on different lines? Are we to use in India and China precisely those methods, and no others, which are found suitable in Africa and the South Seas? Are we going to meet knowledge with ignorance? There is a glorious field in the East for the most gifted and cultured of the Church's sons and daughters. The spontaneous devotion of such lives to Christ's work there would be of priceless value in these days. An appeal was made some time since to our Universities on the subject, and a Universities' Mission was the result. May such labourers be multiplied tenfold! Numerical progress is slow, but not slower than is to be expected in view of the difficulties to be overcome. Eastern missions are a heavy tax on Christian faith and patience. They are not for the sanguine and easy-going, but for those who can plod and pray and endure without flinching or fainting. The conflict is no holiday-campaign, no promenade with music and banners; Hinduism and Buddhism are not to be carried with a shout and a rush. The Church must make up its mind to years of stern fighting and heavy cost, or it had better withdraw. But no one with the heart of a missionary has doubt or fear of the result. Time and truth, the world's needs and progress, experience gained from failure and success in the past, all tell one story and point to one end.

## ART. VIII.—ROGERS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

1. *Rogers and his Contemporaries.* By P. W. CLAYDEN.  
Author of *Samuel Sharpe, Egyptologist, &c.* Two vols.  
London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1889.
2. *The Early Life of Samuel Rogers.* By P. W. CLAYDEN.  
London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1887.

“WHAT constitutes a State?” is the question which Sir William Jones asks in his *Ode in Imitation of Alcæus*, and which he answers with such clearness and force as to raise regret that he did not attempt to solve the still more puzzling enigma: “What constitutes a poet?” For here, in these new volumes of Mr. Clayden’s, we at once come face to face with the very question. We find the poet Wordsworth pronouncing judgment upon the poet Crabbe, and rejoicing that the poet Rogers coincides in opinion with him “about Crabbe’s verses, for *poetry* in no sense can they be called.” “Nineteen out of twenty of Crabbe’s pictures,” says the severely critical Distributor of Stamps, “are mere matters of fact, with which the Muses have just about as much to do as they have with a collection of medical reports or of law cases.” It is not our province here to allot their respective positions to these three candidates for fame. Wordsworth was, of course, *facile princeps*; but the intensely realistic Suffolk poet is amply shielded from the arrows of the metaphysical but rather narrow-minded Laker by Byron’s brief eulogium: “Nature’s sternest painter, yet the best.” And though Wordsworth brings in his correspondent as participating in his criticism, it is only fair to Rogers to remember that in after years he struck up a friendship with Crabbe and introduced him to the best literary society—a boon which the latter, who had been suffering good part of his life from the fearful isolation of a small seaside parish, could appreciate above most men, and gratefully wrote: “The society to which you introduce me is all! I can put nothing—of my

concerns here—in comparison with it.” In his *Italy*, too, Rogers paid him this fine compliment:—

“Had I thy pencil, CRABBE (when thou hast done,  
Late may it be . . . it will, like Prospero’s staff,  
Be buried fifty fathoms in the earth),  
I would portray the Italian.”

As for Rogers himself, it would be cruel to weigh his poetry in the nicely adjusted scales of an age which possesses a large surplus of poets and critics. His compositions were painstaking and tasteful rather than imaginative and forceful, but they gave pleasure to his contemporaries, and put him on a footing of intimacy with the leaders of society. As the combined result of his poetic standing and of his refined and generous hospitality, we have in these volumes letters to and from most of the celebrities of his day, with anecdotes, conversations, and ample store of literary information.

His long career stretched over two full generations, rich in character and crowded with great events of war and peace. It embraced the French Revolution and the Great Exhibition. It included Burke and Fox and Sheridan and Mackintosh, as well as Canning and Peel and Russell and Macaulay; Cowper and Crabbe, Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Tennyson; “Zeluco” Moore, “Man of Feeling” Mackenzie, of the old generation, with Thackeray and Dickens, of the new. With the first forty years of the banker-poet’s life Mr. Clayden dealt in his interesting book, *The Early Life of Samuel Rogers*; and he begins these still more interesting volumes with the time when Rogers, free in great measure from the cares of business, was finally settling down to bachelor life in the house in St. James’s Place, which was to be for nearly fifty years the most famous rendezvous of the wits and notabilities of London.

At this time (1803) Rogers’s principal poem, *The Pleasures of Memory*, had been published eleven years, and had met with steady popularity, being then in its fourteenth edition; and that not a niggardly edition of 250 or 500, but one of 2000 copies. As yet none of his younger competitors had overshadowed his fame. Campbell was just rising into notice



as the author of the kindred poem, *The Pleasures of Hope* ; Wordsworth and Coleridge were but little known ; Scott had not yet shown what he could do ; Moore was in America, and Byron was a schoolboy ; Cowper, but recently departed, still held rightful sway over all classes, especially in the religious world, while Rogers was the favourite in fashionable society. Having himself secured a seat on the hill of Parnassus, he could afford to be generous in his treatment of his brethren of the pen ; and his tastes and disposition happily led him to find real pleasure in playing the part of Mæcenas to a large circle of struggling authors. As yet, in the early days of the century, his speech and bearing must have been as conciliatory and attractive as his hospitable board and its artistic surroundings. Travelling about England, he loved to make the acquaintance of men of genius wherever he found them, and urged them to visit him whenever they came up to town. Many of them accepted the invitation and met with a generous host, who introduced them to agreeable society, and sent them back with a budget of reminiscences which would serve to brighten many a dull hour in far off country towns.

These volumes are rich in letters from the poets ; among which Wordsworth's are especially numerous and interesting. In them he unconsciously depicts his own mental and moral features, giving a more perfect portrait of himself than has hitherto been presented. When Rogers introduced him to Charles James Fox, the great Whig statesman—who had previously expressed his preference of Wordsworth's *We are Seven*, *Harry Gill*, and *The Idiot Boy*, to his more ambitious blank verse—greeted him with the meaning words, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Wordsworth, though I am not of your faction." In the summer of 1812 Rogers spent a pleasant time in the Lake district with the Wordsworth family ; and in his account of it he mentions that when they walked up the Troutbeck Road, and "saw the sun set on the lake in all his glory," "the Wordsworths were as much affected by it as if they had never seen such a thing before. Indeed, in their little valley they never can see a sunset."

From Rogers's intimacy with Fox—much of whose conver-  
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sation he has recorded in the *Recollections* published after his death by his nephew—sprang his acquaintance with Lord and Lady Holland; whose house, in 1831, Macaulay pronounced to be "the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen"; informing his sister, also, that "Rogers is the oracle of that circle." He had, in fact, the tact to please the imperious and eccentric mistress of the house, while he stood high in the affection and esteem of her more genial husband. Macaulay, at the above date, was full of wonder that such men as Lord Holland, Hobhouse, and Byron placed Rogers above Southey, Moore, "and even Scott himself"; and could only assign as the reason, "This comes of being in the highest society in London." But, as Mr. Clayden points out, it was really his poetry that had given Rogers a standing in "the highest society;" *The Pleasures of Memory* having made him the fashion before Macaulay was born. Lord Holland's opinion of that poem was expressed in the couplet which he inscribed on his summer-house, and which, by calling the attention of his many distinguished guests to its merits, served as an advertisement for his friend:—

"Here Rogers sate, and here for ever dwell  
For me those pleasures which he sang so well."

Among the poet's special friends in middle life were Porson, the great scholar; Windham, the outspoken statesman; and the irrepressible Horne Tooke, whose axioms and anecdotes he was fond of repeating, and who amused himself with thinking "how posterity would feel when they read his great work, *The Diversions of Purley*, and reflected on the persecutions he suffered." Posterity, however, pays but little attention to his "great work," and still less to the justice or injustice of the annoyances which his indiscreet conduct brought upon himself.

Rogers's acquaintance with Byron rose out of a literary quarrel between Moore and his lordship; in which, as in several similar affairs, Rogers played the creditable part of peacemaker between the two irate poets, inviting them to dinner, and getting Campbell to join the party. The meeting

of four such men was a unique event. Moore, who had never before seen Byron, though he had just been challenging him to mortal combat, was struck, as were the other two, with his pale, handsome face and gentle manners, and the would-be duellists henceforth were bosom friends.

Gliding over these pleasant pages, we come, in 1809, to a letter from Walter Scott, in which he lays the flattering unction to the soul of the Southron poet in a most amusing style. Ballantyne was about to issue "a little miscellany of poetry," entitled *English Minstrelsy*, and Scott assures Rogers that "no collection of the kind can be completed without a specimen from the author of *The Pleasures of —*." Here the illustrious writer's memory evidently failed him, not being able to supply the deficiency. In the original MS. the word *Hope* is crossed out, and no other substituted—showing only too plainly that the subject of Rogers's poem had not imprinted itself very deeply on his recollection.

In 1812, after fourteen years of elaboration and correction, Rogers published his *Voyage of Columbus*—a fragmentary poem, with which he himself seems never to have been well satisfied. In those long years of cutting and pruning all the pith and spirit of the poem must have died out of it. Its first appearance was made in a volume which contained also his *Pleasures of Memory* and other poems; and the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1813, devoted to the book an article, "cold, critical, and somewhat severe," the sting of which lay in charging the poet with extreme haste! Pitching upon the unfortunate line,

"There silent sat many an unbidden guest,"

the writer made the awkward inquiry: "What but extreme haste and carelessness could have occasioned the author of *The Pleasures of Memory* to mistake for verse such a line?"—a question which roused the comical indignation of Tom Moore, who writes to Miss Godfrey: "The accusing him of haste is really too impudent a humbug, when they and all the world know so entirely to the contrary." Rogers himself took his revenge on the reviewer in the neat epigram:—

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it:  
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it."

Ward's criticism, or sarcasm, was, however, only a piece of—unintended—retributive justice; for, a month or two previously, Rogers seems to have passed a similar judgment on some of his friend Scott's poetry in a letter to Wordsworth, who, ever ready to acquiesce in any censure on his compeers, felt reminded of "an epigram something like the following":—

"Tom writes his verses with huge speed,  
Faster than printer's boy can set 'em,  
Faster far than we can read,  
And only not so fast as we forget 'em."

It would be unjust not to append the closing paragraph of Wordsworth's letter, which displays an independent spirit on the part of his wife, and some signs of compunction on his own:—

"Mrs. W., poor woman! who sits by me, says, with a kind of sorrowful smile, 'This is spite, for you know that Mr. Scott's verses are the delight of the times, and that thousands can repeat scores of pages.'"

Rogers availed himself of the peace of 1814, after twelve years of European warfare, to visit the Continent, in company with his sister Sarah, to whom he was tenderly attached. For eight months they travelled happily about in France and Italy. Of the latter country he made a careful study, marking everything of interest and entering elaborate descriptions in his diary, so laying a groundwork of fact for his future *Italy*. He did not as yet, however, proceed to manipulate his material into the blank verse of that well-known guide-book poem, but from 1813 to 1819 was much occupied with his *Human Life*, perhaps the most pleasing of all his poems, containing as it does nicely-sketched pictures of his own early years.

With Coleridge he had met in the Lake country, in the summer of 1803, and drunk tea with him and Wordsworth; but the former poet, just then in a melancholy mood, did not at once take to the lively London banker, and wrote to Sir John Beaumont about him in this strong language: "If I believed it possible that the man liked me, upon my soul I should feel exactly as if I were tarred and feathered." But the mood passed off, and the philosopher soon found Rogers—

ever helpful to brother authors, especially the poorer ones—a very agreeable and useful person to know. Breakfasting one morning at the house of the man who had been so distasteful to him, he held forth for three mortal hours on poetry, probably without a break, for Rogers and Hookham Frere “sat spell-bound,” unable, doubtless, to get the slightest interval for the expression of either satisfaction or dissent.

In short, Rogers was the friend of all the poetic tribe and their congeners. Byron consulted him confidentially on financial matters; Bowles, on a point of literary etiquette; Sheridan, when dying, looked to him, not in vain, for help to ward off the bailiffs; Ugo Foscolo owed much to his kind interest; Bloomfield found his opportune remembrance to be “like a fountain in a desert;” to Mrs. Norton he was ever generous and helpful; and to his influence Tennyson seems in a considerable measure to have owed his Civil List pension and subsequently his appointment as Poet Laureate. Writing a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Siddons, on the death of her brother, John Kemble, he received from the great actress “a thousand thanks” for his “kind and friendly note.” “I did fancy,” she writes in epic style, “I was almost forgotten by you, and it grieved me; for, alas! death and change have left me also almost a bankrupt.” Rogers, though he had some admiration for Kemble as an actor, regarded him as “an over-estimated person,” and used to apply to him the *mot*, that the way to wealth would be to buy him at other people’s valuation and sell him at his own. When he was living at Lausanne, the tragic John is said to have been jealous of Mont Blanc, being daily vexed at hearing people ask, “How does Mont Blanc look this morning?” His sister, alluding to the small attention which her own retirement from the stage attracted, when compared with his, imparted to Rogers the consolatory reflection: “Perhaps in the next world women will be more valued than they are in this.”

The First Part of his *Italy*, for which he had made such long notes of preparation, was published anonymously, and fell flat from the press. Sir Uvedale Price, one of the best letter-writers of that generation, wrote Rogers a long complimentary epistle on receiving a copy of the book, affirming,

with reference to the episode of Ginevra, that he "never can think without shuddering of the moment

'When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there  
Fastened her down for ever!'"

—lines, to modern thinking, of a most prosaic bathos. Yet the poem contains at least one fine passage :

"There is a glorious City in the Sea," &c.

After an interval of six years the Second Part was published, with the author's name to it. But already Rogers was superseded by the new school of poets. Byron was now the rage; and the impassioned stanzas of *Childe Harold* made Rogers's tame blank verse seem "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." From the bookselling point of view, *Italy* was a failure. Rogers quietly accepted what appeared to be the verdict of the public; "made a bonfire, as he described it," says Samuel Sharpe, "of the unsold copies, and set himself to the task of making it better." If he was not much of a poet, he had at all events plenty of common sense and business shrewdness: yet more, he possessed "the sinews of war," in an ample supply of ready money. So he carefully concocted his plans for retrieving his defeat. After spending two years in revising and enlarging the unlucky poem, he selected points for illustration, and engaged some of the chief artists of the time to make the drawings and to engrave them on steel, himself directing and supervising everything. Twenty-five of the illustrations were from Turner's and twenty from Stothard's drawings; and amongst the engravers were such artists as Goodall, Wallis, D. Allen, W. Finden (not Findon, as Mr. Clayden has it). As the outlay on the designs and engravings was very great, he wisely resolved to spread it over a large edition, and printed ten thousand copies, the total cost being £7335. The result was a great success. The poem, embellished with exquisite vignettes, now gained the favour which before had been denied it, and the poet, in the course of a few years, was reimbursed for his large outlay, with probably the addition of a good profit.

The success of this venture encouraged him to bring out a



corresponding edition of his other poems. It contained sixty-five engravings, chiefly by Finden and Goodall, from Turner's and Stothard's designs, and has never been surpassed in the beauty of the illustrations from the pencil and the burin of these great masters. Like the *Italy*, it was a complete success; and these magnificent issues had the twofold effect of making Rogers known to a new generation, and of imparting high enjoyment and artistic education to a wide circle, from which the rare genius of Turner had hitherto been hidden.

About this period (1831-4) Rogers's group of friends and guests was visibly changing. As, one by one, the intimates of his early and middle life dropped out of the ranks, fresh recruits were ready to step into their places. Amongst the most distinguished of the latter was Macaulay, who now became a frequent guest at the poet's table, and who tells his sister of a "remarkable" party at breakfast there, which included "Lord John Russell, Tom Moore, Tom Campbell, and Luttrell. We were all very lively." Rogers's fame, as a poet, breakfast-giver, and utterer of smart sayings, had of course crossed the Atlantic, and nearly every American of note made a point of visiting him at St. James's Place. Fenimore Cooper was one of the earliest to call upon him. George Ticknor dined and breakfasted there, and was delighted with "the excellent and kind old Mr. Rogers." To his record of the breakfast he subsequently added a note: "From what I have heard since, I suppose Rogers is not always so kind and charitable as I found him both to-day and whenever I saw him afterwards." Certainly Rogers had the reputation, which he both desired and deserved, of making caustic remarks. His apology for this habit to Sir Henry Taylor was at least ingenious: "They tell me I say ill-natured things. I have a very weak voice: if I did not say ill-natured things, no one would hear what I said." But his best apology is, that if he said bitter things in society, in private he was always saying and *doing* kind and generous things. As Charles Sumner puts it, after breakfasting with him: "He says the most ill-natured things, and does the best." Amongst other American visitors were Daniel Webster and his wife, the poet Halleck, the pleasing authoress, Miss Katharine Sedgwick, and, later on, Longfellow, then (1842) so little

known in England as to require an explanatory introduction from Sumner.

When Rogers completed his seventy-fifth year, on July 30, 1838, he may fairly be reckoned to have become—what he had long looked—an old man. Yet for some years after that he kept up his remarkably active habits; and in November of that year, when in Paris, he chose for himself a lodging at the top of a flight of a hundred and twenty stairs. "Rogers and I," said Moore, "do not trouble chairs much." His system was "to keep the physique for ever in play; if ever you once give it up, he thinks it is all over." The plan answered well for thirteen years longer, till he was knocked down by a carriage, when walking home late at night from a friend's house. His old friend, Sydney Smith, came to reside within easy reach, and was on the most affectionate terms with him. "My dear Rogers," said the inveterate joker one day, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered; and lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu." A younger circle of brilliant writers was gathering round him. Dickens, in his first letter, begs his acceptance of a copy of *Nickleby*, with "the warm assurance of my esteem and admiration." Thackeray "warns" him that he is coming to breakfast with him. Charles Mackay, whom he had befriended when he was "a nameless, friendless, hard-struggling stranger alone in the wide world of London," dedicates a volume of poems to him and becomes a favourite guest. Haliburton—"Sam Slick"—sends him his portrait, and tells him that London always returns him "home loaded with 'the Pleasures of Memory.'" The poet Pringle one day introduces to him a young aspirant, John Ruskin, who tells us in his *Pæterita*, that it was the birthday gift of Rogers's *Italy* which "determined the main tenor of his life," and who wrote a long letter from Venice to the aged art-collector, winding up with the modest petition: "When I am over-wearied with the lurid gloom of the London atmosphere, will you still let me come sometimes to St. James's Place, to see the sweet colours of the south?"

One of the most gratifying incidents of Rogers's life was the Queen's offer of the Laureateship, vacant by the death of

his old friend and correspondent, Wordsworth. In conveying this offer to him, Prince Albert assured him that it would "give Her Majesty great pleasure if it were accepted by one whom she has known so long, and who would so much adorn it." The old man felt great pleasure at this high fulfilment of his youthful ambition to be known as "the poet Rogers," but, after some hesitation, decided that as he was now nearly eighty-seven, it was his duty not to accept the office. Accordingly he wrote the Prince an affectionate letter, gratefully declining it; and the honourable post was more suitably conferred on Tennyson, who on his appointment appeared at Court in his friend Rogers's Court dress, which had served Wordsworth on the like occasion. "I well remember," says Sir H. Taylor, "a dinner in St. James's Place when the question arose whether Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred," a matter which surely should have been referred to the author of *Sartor Resartus*.

The accident already mentioned, by which Rogers sustained a fracture of the thigh bone, brought his active locomotion to an end in June, 1850. But it also produced gratifying proof of the wide esteem in which he was held, in numerous calls and letters of sympathy. Lord Brougham, kindly desirous to keep his old friend posted up in all matters of interest, wrote him a series of vigorous letters; and amongst his other correspondents were Lady John Russell, Hallam, Ruskin, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Emily Pusey, Mrs. Sigourney, and Sir Charles James Napier. The last, writing from India, tells Rogers that he himself, being short-sighted, &c., expects to end his mortal career, "not, like a gentleman, on the field of battle, but on a street crossing in the arms of a compassionate sweeper, broken on the wheel without the honour and glory of being publicly executed."

Not the least interesting letters in these volumes are those written by Rogers himself to his sister Sarah; his constant affection for whom was a pleasing trait in the character of a man who, on account of the many sharp piquant sayings attributed to him, was held by some to be a hard-hearted cynic. His fondness for children was another good point. For years he entertained large parties of them on Twelfth

Night; and a pretty incident of his old age was, when, on one occasion, just before the party broke up, he said to the youthful groups surrounding his table, "We have eaten together, we have played together, but we have never prayed together; let us do so now;" and the aged poet and the merry children knelt together while he repeated the Lord's Prayer. As friend after friend departed, his thoughts naturally were drawn more and more to the unseen world; and amongst those who were kindly desirous that he should entertain higher religious views than those which he had imbibed in early life from Dr. Price, were Lord Monteagle, who wrote him a beautiful account of the happy state of their dying friend Empson, and Lord Glenelg, who, "lest there should be any mistake," sent him a clear statement of the evangelical doctrine of the Atonement.

Rogers survived his sister Sarah only eleven months, and passed peacefully away on December 18, 1855, in the ninety-third year of his age. His memory lives again in the exceedingly interesting pages of Mr. Clayden, who has not only produced a readable book, invaluable for its portraiture of a half-century of the best literary society, but has also, with fairness and skill, vindicated the character of a man who occupied a distinguished position in the republic of letters, and was by no means an unfaithful steward of the wealth and other advantages which had fallen to his share.

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#### ART. IX.—GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

*The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris, United States' Minister to France.* Edited by ANNE CARY MORRIS.  
Two vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THE centenary of the French Revolution has fully brought to light, what hitherto was very partially known, and that only to the few readers of Jared Sparks's history, the diary of Morris, United States' Minister to France from 1789

to 1793. Morris belonged to an old and famous Pennsylvanian family. Writing to John Penn (ii. 467) he says: "Our families have been connected in friendship from the reign of Charles II., when the Penn of that day hoped, as long as there existed any of the name of Penn and Morris, the former would be the proprietors, the latter the governors of Pennsylvania." From his mother he got his Christian name Gouverneur; and thus, for two reasons, he was specially fitted to make his way in old French society. He had French blood in his veins; looked at many things from a French rather than from a New England point of view, and he was the very opposite of a political adventurer. His relations were aristocratic, his antecedents Tory; and though, during the War of Independence, he threw himself heart and soul into the popular struggle, still, during his sojourn in Europe, it soon became clear that he was fond of people of rank; and that, for the French at any rate, he thought a limited Monarchy the best form of government. His letters prove that he was more or less connected with several of the plans for getting the royal family out of France. His monarchical tendencies were well known; and the very slight molestation to which he was subjected at a time when *suspects* were in evil case, shows that the French never lost their regard for international rights. And not his office only, but his nationality, gave him exceptional advantages. The position of a United States citizen in France at the end of the eighteenth century was like that of a Scot in the time of the Plantagenets. He belonged to an allied nation, which had the twofold advantage of being useful (almost indispensable) and not too near.

Such a man was sure to be well received; and his flexibility of character (was he Norman on the mother's side?) soon put him on really intimate terms with the foremost people of both sexes. It must have been a trial as severe as that under which so many Spartan generals failed when plunged into the luxury of Lesser Asia, for this citizen of Philadelphia to have been thrown amongst the loosest set in a city which he calls "perhaps as wicked a spot as exists;" and it is piquant in the extreme to see how this shrewd, pleasure-loving (and pleasure-taking), sensible, kindly, unen-

thusiastic, if not cold-hearted, polished citizen of the world acquitted himself amid the nobles and financiers and fine ladies who were hurrying royalty to its ruin. His father, dying when he was twelve, willed that he should have the best education possible. Before he was of age, having already made his mark at the Colonial bar, and having written with much acceptance on what was to the last one of his favourite subjects, the evil of a paper currency, he longed to visit Europe and "rub off in the gay circles of foreign life some of my barbarisms and model myself after some who cut a figure in the land." Money for the trip was not forthcoming; and, instead of copying English lawyers, Morris found himself before many years drafting a plan to settle difficulties with Great Britain. His plan was a sort of Home Rule, "internal taxation, &c., to be left with ourselves, but separation to be shunned. It would bring us under the dominion of a riotous mob." This was in 1774; two years later Morris had completely changed. In the third New York Congress he led the debates on the adoption of a new form of government, urging that, "after the dignity of a free people has been outraged by English oppression, a connection with Great Britain cannot exist and independence is absolutely necessary." His language was of the strongest: "Have you the least hope in treaty? Will you trust the Commissioners? Trust crocodiles, trust the hungry wolf in your flock or a rattlesnake near your bosom, you may yet be something wise. But trust the King, his Ministers, his Commissioners, it is madness in the extreme." Elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, he was sent in the winter of 1776 to Valley Forge to help Washington, whose army was well-nigh demoralized, by looking after the clothing and feeding and doctoring. All through the war and after, he was so hard-worked, filling in the small gaps of public business with professional business, as to have no time for his beloved diary keeping. At finance he laboured hard; "the first bank in this country was planned by me," he says, and the present American coinage was suggested by him as Assistant Finance Superintendent under his cousin, Robert Morris. Yet, though he was indefatigable in the service of the new Constitution, "the finish of style and



arrangement of which," President Madison said, "fairly belongs to his pen," he had no confidence in its stability. "I have no hope," he writes in 1781, "that our Union can subsist except as an absolute monarchy." He feared war between the States, and advocated centralization; and, while strongly denouncing slavery, he was anxious to limit the suffrage to freeholders.

The loss of his leg from a carriage accident seemed an additional recommendation in the French circles where his handsome face and fine figure were the subject of general comment. His sense of humour showed itself under the infliction; a friend called, the day after, and insisted on the good effect of such a trial in counteracting the temptations of youth. "You argue so handsomely," he replied, "and point out so clearly the advantages of being without legs, that I'm almost tempted to part with the other." In Paris, when carriages had been suppressed, he still drove about as usual; and once when the mob stopped him, shouting "An aristocrat," he thrust his wooden leg out of the door, and said: "Yes, an aristocrat who lost his limb in the cause of American liberty," whereat the mob cheered as loudly as they had just been hooting.

Such was the man who, having come to Europe about the tobacco business in which he and his cousins were largely engaged, was in 1792 named United States' Minister Plenipotentiary. From the first he had the *entrée* of society. Two letters to the Marquis of Chastellux on the trade relations of France and the United States had commended him to the Minister of Marine, who thought them "fuller of powerful thought than anything he had seen." Chastellux had served under Rochambeau in the American war. His Irish wife was lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Orleans, with whom, through her, Morris formed a lasting friendship. The Ségurs, Madame de Tessé, Madame de Corney—in short, every *salon* was soon open to him, though at first the Ministers received him with a good deal of hauteur. Malesherbes, "le respectable Malesherbes," whose death is one of the greatest blots on the Revolution, quite captivated Morris; he writes of him with real enthusiasm; and of his daughter, Madame de Montvoissieu,

with her five children, this man-flirt, who held his own with the audacious Madame de Flahaut,\* and who says quite coolly of his affair with Madame de Nadaillac: "*Au reste* things must take their course *sans que je m'en mêle*, for it's chance which usually decides," remarks: "She has more the appearance of being happy than any other woman I have seen here." It was a case of *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, and prepares us for his complaint to his brother of "the wearying hurry of Paris life," into which, nevertheless, he threw himself with might and main. Of the men whom the Revolution brought to the front he formed a deservedly low opinion. Mirabeau, the only one above mediocrity, was weighed down with the burden of his vices, too great even for the unexact Parisian conscience. Necker he calls a poor creature, honest but stupid, immensely overrated. Lafayette has the *besoin de briller*; and actually gives advice about American affairs, "because he wants to appear the Atlas which supports the two worlds." To Washington he writes: "The nobles have no leader, the middle class take their ideas from books, the *enragés* are hurrying things forward." He sees that the movement is a popular one; yet he does not think a democracy can last ("how could they work an American Constitution who have not American citizens to support it?") Things will, therefore, drift to a despotism—i.e., if France escapes dismemberment.

Of the horrors which went on around him his diary tells little; in a letter to Washington (ii. 53) he mentions the execution of the Queen, hinting (as he had already said of the King's death) "the blow was directed from a distance, in order to make any reconciliation impossible." He then adds, "A blow is, I am told, meditated which will shroud in grief and horror a guilty land. Already the prisons are surcharged with persons who consider themselves as victims." During the September massacres he had been in actual danger. While the Dutch Ambassador, who was to leave Paris next day, was

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\* Married at fifteen to a dissipated man of fifty. Abbé Périgord (Talleyrand) became her friend, instructor—and lover.

dining with him, a mob came and insisted on searching for arms. He says they shall not search; there are no arms, and if there were they should not have them. And he turns the tables on them by insisting on their seizing and finding the informer that he may be brought to justice. This was a bold step, as he had several royalists in hiding; but "the scene finished by apologies on their part." To Jefferson he writes:—

"I can't be offended at what is done by the people. They don't understand the law of nations, and they are in an inconceivable state of fury. . . . I shall preserve the proper firmness, and, though my friends may have to lament my fate, I hope they never will be obliged to blush for my conduct."

When his intimate friend, M. de Montmorin, with whom he had discussed his *mémoire* to the King, and whose commissariat plans he had offered to help, was murdered, he must have felt anxious about his own fate. A lady was seized in his house by order of the Committee of Safety. "I can't resent it as I ought by going away," he writes, "because it is not the best of the French who behave so, and because the unsatisfactory attitude of England makes it needful to deal cautiously with France." To Jefferson he writes again: "We have had one week of unchecked murders, in which some thousands have perished." The diary, however, of this date contains merely such cynical entries as this: "Nothing new to-day. The murders continue, and the magistrates swear to protect persons and property. Weather pleasant." One thing was constantly present to Morris's mind, the folly of the Duke of Brunswick and of the *émigrés*, to which, he saw, these pitiable excesses were largely due. His evidence seems to support the statement of Mr. Morley in a recent debate, that the action of these men, and of the sovereigns who aided them, drove the people to madness. Of royalist plots, one succeeded another; and they were serious enough to keep the public mind in that state of wild suspicion so graphically described by Carlyle. The Baron de Breteuil was actually proposing to burn Paris at the time the King was debating between taking refuge in Spain and leaving Versailles "in order to come and live among his people." Of the King Morris

formed a very low estimate.\* To Washington, early in 1780, he writes :—

"If the reigning prince were not the small-beer character he is, there can be little doubt that, watching and using events, he would regain his authority : but what will you have from a creature who, situated as he is, eats, drinks, and sleeps well, and laughs and is as merry a grig as lives ? The idea that they will give him some money when he can economize, and that he will have no trouble in governing, contents him entirely."

"I think," he remarks (i. 553), "there is a want of mettle in their majesties, which will ever prevent them from being truly royal." Had the King followed the line marked out on July 7, 1790, when the whole Assembly fell into one another's arms and swore eternal friendship, he might, Morris thought, "have succeeded." But, soon after, Brunswick's violent manifesto was published; and, with the strange change of front which he showed on other occasions, or rather because he had come to see that Louis was wholly unfit to head a great popular movement, Morris began to advise the flight of the royal family, and to help it as far as he could without compromising himself. About the Queen he believed all the evil tales of the scandalmongers. Count Fersen he speaks of as her lover. Chatting with Madame de Flahaut, he thinks that lady and he might govern France, and ironically notes that "the kingdom is in much worse hands." He is to look after finance and commissariat; she is to manage the Queen "by keeping her supplied with an alternating succession of masses and gallants." How far the charge is true, and what foundation there is for the similar charge made against Marie Antoinette's elder sister, Caroline of Naples, will always be (like the character of Mary Queen of Scots) a matter of individual opinion. Morris had a morbid love of scandal. The vilest of all his stories is about the King of Prussia. Why Morris fills his pages with such stories can only be to prove his thesis that "society" was rotten to the core, that what should have been the salt of the earth had

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\* M. de Trudaine told him, on the authority of Count de Montmorin, the Foreign Minister, and Madame Flahaut confirmed the story, that when young the King used to spit and roast live cats, that when Dauphin he beat his wife (Louis XV. once banished him for it), that he always spat in his hand as being more convenient. "It is no wonder such a beast should be dethroned" (i. 431).

so lost its savour as to be good only to be trodden under feet of men. Yet in the masses he finds no great moral superiority over the classes. His constant complaint is that, in France, at least, they are not worthy of the freedom at which they are grasping; and, in striking contrast with his usual *air moqueur*, the ironical or even cynical way in which he notes even the most serious matters, are his impassioned regrets at the stigma cast on liberty by the excesses which are being perpetrated in her name. "My heart bleeds," he writes to Jefferson in June 1790, "when I reflect that the finest opportunity which ever presented itself for establishing the rights of man throughout the civilized world is perhaps lost, and for ever;" and to Pinckney, United States' Minister in London, "It is a painful reflection that one of the finest countries in the world should be so cruelly torn to pieces. . . . A man attached to his fellow-men must see with distress the woes they suffer; but an American has a stronger sympathy with this country than any other observer; and, nourished as he is in the bosom of liberty, he cannot but be deeply affected to see that in almost any event this struggle must terminate in despotism." Is he in earnest in thus writing? or is it only professional "buncombe"?\* At the same time he is, in his diary, complaining of the heat, which makes perch, alive in the morning, uneatable by dinner; dining with Madame de Staël, and after dinner sending for wine, and "letting the gentlemen get preciously drunk" (i. 569); and giving word to the King by M. de St. Pardou, that "*relief must soon arrive.*" That his comments on the massacres, &c., are few may be partly due to fear lest his diary should be seized; but it was certainly in part due to the *insouciance* of a man who, at such a time, could be hanging about boudoirs; "assisting" at toilettes, "with perfect decency even to the shift;" writing *vers de société* such as—

"You find my morals somewhat free;  
But why enthrall the mind?  
The truest doctrine, trust to me,  
Is nature unconfined"—

against which his French lady-friends protest, and of which he  
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remarks, in a spirit of odious heartlessness: "this is convenient, and will, I know, be more strictly followed by those who condemn it than by the author." Sometimes he thinks the ladies encourage him with a view to *jolis cadeaux*; more often his vanity assures him that they are in earnest. But never was there a man less disposed to "lose the world for Cleopatra." His every word is calculated. When he compliments a Polish princess on her daughter's dancing, he does it "in such a way that if I should see her in Poland I think she would receive me hospitably" (ii. 206). And business is never forgotten; from a *risquée* discussion at the Duchess of Orleans's, in which he argued that "a woman of sense and learning is more easily led astray than another, because, having a higher sense of duty, she feels a pleasure proportionately greater in the breach of it," he runs off, leaving the ladies crying out that "his opinion is abominable, but perhaps just" (i. 288), to Necker, and at once plunges into a debate about the United States' debt to France and Holland and the unaccommodating behaviour of the Dutch bankers. His hardness in the matter of this debt seems at first sight as repulsive as his frivolity. We are inclined to ask what his expressions of concern for the state of France were worth. This was surely no time to drive a hard bargain with a nation that had been lavish of blood and treasure when help was, for the young American Republic, a matter of life and death. The payment of the debt in hard cash would have immensely strengthened Necker's hands. But Morris may have seen that no temporary strengthening would restore French finance while the *Caisse d'Escompte*, like a bottomless sieve, was swallowing all incomings. He may have thought, too, that to propose paying the debt in French Stock, to be purchased by his Government, was the surest way of giving stability to the French funds; but we cannot wonder that Necker and De Moustier were disappointed. Less defensible was his hanging back when urged to send food to starving Paris, where, he admits, there was a million to be fed, "struggling against hunger and misery, and dying in the struggle." When, in October 1789, Le Coultoux urged him to see Necker about buying flour and wheat, "I received the proposition very coldly," he says, "and told him,



'I'm going to England, being heartily out of humour with everything in France'" (i. 177). Necker would even have used the debt in payment of supplies, but thought it would be fairer to exchange French goods against flour. To this Morris said decidedly, "No; goods sell on credit, flour for cash," and gave advice which, if serious, makes us doubt whether he was really a sound financier after all. "Raise the price of bread, and simultaneously," he says, "the price of labour, so that the extra cost may fall on the employer" (i. 191), forgetting that the employer would at once shorten his number of hands, and so the misery would be made worse.

Such, broken by several visits to London, where, no wonder, he was bored by the stiffness of the receptions, "the ladies all ranged upright against the wall," and where he was very plain spoken with Pitt about the non-appointment of a British envoy to the States, was his life in Paris. Always a *bon vivant*, though, when he first came over, his republican plainness of dress had mystified the French Ministers' valets, his style, from the date of his appointment as Minister, was princely. He had a coach and four, plate, porcelain, wine ("a tun of Sauterne, and one of the best claret, not that prepared for English consumption," &c.) His dinners were sumptuous; the credit of the young republic, he thought, depended on the brilliancy of his *ménage*. When, in August 1792, the other ambassadors go, he stays; because "the basis of our Constitution is the right of a people to establish what government they please." Yet, when, in the following April, he was stopped in the street because he had not a *carte de citoyen*, he retreated to Sainport, twenty miles off, where he had bought a house. The French were anxious for his recall, and no wonder, for, besides his well-known attempts to serve the King, he was accused of communicating with the British Government. His letters were opened, but, nevertheless, those written from Sainport to Washington and others are the most interesting of all. He wonders that "four years' convulsion among 24 million people has brought forth no one either in civil or military life whose head would fit the cap which fortune has woven" (ii. 61). "Robespierre (he says) has been the most consistent, if not the only consistent, man

of them all. There is no imputation against him for corruption." At Sainport he remained till his successor, Monroe, arrived. Then, sending by sea his carriages, plate, wine, and the rare odds and ends he had picked up during the Terror—among them a quantity of Tokay, with the Imperial seal, a present from Maria Theresa to her daughter, which he bought at a little grocer's for 25 cents a bottle—he went to Coppet, where Madame de Staël (who, he thought, when they first met, five years before, gave him something like "the leer of invitation"!) nursed him through an ague. Thence to Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, &c., leaving Europe in 1798, and retiring to America, to take but little part in politics, to marry at the age of 56, to the disgust of his kinsfolk, "a fine woman who was willing to marry an old man," and to devote himself to profitable investments.

Everywhere in Europe he had met all the celebrities, and gathered all the small-talk. His scandal, when not prurient, is unkind. Thus of George III., he gleefully says, "he gripped Pitt by the throat, and nearly throttled him, thinking he had hold of 'the rebel General.' " Bonaparte he stigmatizes as a coward on the authority of some disappointed Frenchmen.\* Of Tom Paine, he says, "he is besotted from morning to night"; the same charge he makes against President Madison; while of Dean Jackson he writes: "He is patronized by the Duke of Leeds, who uses his house as a *rendezvous* for his girls" (ii. 269). This inveterate habit of picking up filth is a serious blot to our enjoyment of a work, the value of which is that the writer, though far from impartial, has sense enough to see the weaknesses of both sides. When he comes to talk of Europe in general, we perceive how thoroughly this republican ambassador is the chronicler of the classes. No memoir-writer of Louis XIV.'s time could be more practically convinced of the divine right—in Europe—of kings and nobles (though his stories prove them to be such kings and such nobles!). Scarcely a word about the people, and not a hint as to

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\* He actually retails the abominable slanders (comparable with those about Lord Byron and his sister) about the Emperor and his sister, Madame Leclerc, afterwards Princess Borghese.

what the French did towards fulfilling their longings after freedom. In the Upper Palatinate he thinks the inhabitants almost savage, "keeping the shingle on their roofs by laying stones upon them!" His remedy is, "more oppression—i.e., heavier taxes, to draw forth more efforts of body and mind, such taxes being spent among them in setting up manufactures, and so holding out new objects of desire. . . . On these two pillars, *property* and *luxury* (or, if you will, *avarice* and *sensuality*), the arch of national wealth would be reared high by the hand of labour" (ii. 318).

Indeed, however valuable as a diarist, Morris is disappointing as a politician. Handsome, and clever, and inordinately vain both of his good looks and of his ability, he failed to leave his mark on the politics either of his own country or of France. His position at the end of his life was not worthy of its beginning. Like too many other Americans of wealth and culture, he kept out of public affairs because they were not managed to his taste. He was violently anti-Bonapartist. His rage at the treaty of Luneville was boundless. England ought never to have permitted it. It makes her a second-rate power. She should have fought on till her paper pound was worth only a penny. She could have done it, for she had already gone through the earlier stages of depreciation. The financiers would have been ruined, but there would not have been a sucking pig or ear of corn less in the country, and she would, when the war was over, come out of it as fresh as a bridegroom—a prophecy of the wonderful recovery of America after her war, in spite of her enormous debt and her greenbacks. Elected Senator in 1800, he was never in touch with Jefferson, of whom he writes (ii. 426), "he has outlived his popularity, and is descending to a condition which I find no decent word to designate." Jefferson's reelection he explains by saying: "His supporters have no other person they can run." Nor are his strictures confined to Jefferson; almost every American statesman comes in for a share of them. Indeed, if, as some say, jealousy is the weakness of French public men, Morris justifies his French blood by betraying an abnormal amount of it. In 1803 he retired to Morrissania, the family estate, which he had bought

from his elder brother, the English General.\* He still meddled in politics, sometimes by request, oftener when, writing to Rufus King, or to Parish or to Randolph Harrison, he would inveigh against the war with England, and afterwards against the peace, by which in his estimation it was dishonourably closed. He was much in request for orations; in 1800 he had pronounced that on Washington, and in 1814 he celebrated, in Dr. Mason's church, after prayer, the downfall of Bonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbons. Of the Hundred Days, all he says is: "Bonaparte will be quelled, and his associate conspirators brought to condign punishment. I am, moreover, disposed to believe that ere long Jacobin doctrines will be put down everywhere. The family of nations must not be tormented by the vain and touchy waywardness of a presumptuous member. Those who, like Napoleon, deny the law, must, like Napoleon, be put out of the law. 'Would you make war against principles?' I am asked. 'Yes, and to destroy principles inconsistent with the peace and happiness of mankind, destroy those who hold them.'" That is the key to Morris's earlier conduct. He had no broad views. Had he chosen to make the best of Necker, whom he persistently under-rates, and of Lafayette, whose vanity and feather-headedness he exaggerates; and, accepting the post offered him in 1791 of Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, had he thrown himself into the work of the French Assembly, he might perhaps have saved the Monarchy. It was a crisis to which none but a great single-minded man would have been equal. To save the Monarchy, in spite of the miserable underhand scheming and counter-scheming of so many of its unworthy supporters, was a task for a hero, and Morris was no hero. He wrote a *mémoire* for the King, advising a line of conduct which Louis's pitiful *entourage* prevented him from adopting. He tried to help the King to escape; and he meanwhile spent much time and energy in

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\* Morrisania is now the name of the furthest end of New York up beyond Harlem; the ever-growing empire city having swallowed up the greater part of the domain to which in 1802 Morris invited his friend Parish's son to come and shoot partridges; see ii. 491, where he prophesies that the whole island will by-and-by be cut up into building lots.

more than friendly *tête-à-têtes* with French ladies. Caution and cold-heartedness no doubt helped to make him refuse a position in which, had he risen to the level of it, he might have done a wonderful work; but distaste for the line which he saw the Revolution was bound to take no doubt accentuated his refusal. Madame de Nadaillac took his measure with wonderful correctness when, at their second interview, she told him he was an *aristocrat outré*. Of the power of wealth, even in a republic, he was thoroughly convinced; and his worship of rank is shown in his remark about M. Genet, appointed Minister from France to the United States in 1793: "You will see in him at first blush the manner and look of an upstart." Marshal de Ségur had already primed him with the news that, while he was Secretary of War, Genet was a clerk in his office at £50 a year. And yet he was not insensible to the truth expressed in Burns's line, "A man's a man for a' that." To a M. de Bersheni he pointed out the impossibility of subduing a nation every individual of which thinks himself as good as a king, "and if you, sir, should look down on him he would say, 'I am a man; are you anything more?'" "But," retorted De Bersheni, "there must be differences of ranks; and I should say to one of these people: 'You, sir, who are equal to a king, make me a pair of shoes.'" Morris replied: "Our citizens, sir, have a manner of thinking peculiar to themselves. This shoemaker would answer: 'Sir, I am very glad of the opportunity to make you a pair of shoes. It is my duty to make shoes. I love to do my duty.'" What the Frenchman's reply was we are not told; but Morris's comment is: "This manner of thinking and speaking is too masculine for the climate." And his diary proves that he thought *persiflage* fitter for the French climate than seriousness. Here is his beau-ideal of "a light, pleasant conversation": "I tell the Duchess of Orleans that her portrait in the Salon 'n'a qu'un défaut à mes yeux.' 'Et qu'est-ce donc, ce défaut?' 'C'est qu'il ne m'appartient pas, Madame.'" And when some one says of the Duchess's father, the Duc de Penthièvre, "il passe sa vie à bien faire," there comes the complimentary equivocal, "Oui (pointing to the Duchess), *elle est bien faite*." His conceit

comes out on almost every page of these volumes ; perhaps the richest instance of it is when, at the theatre, where he is pointed out to the Queen, he says, " I cast up at her Majesty a look of inscrutable sensibility " (*i.e.*, sensitive compassion.) This benevolent Sphinx registers Count Woronzow's opinion that " Pitt was a liar, insolent in menace and mean when forced to apologize. One of his modes of working was by bribing ambassadors—Marquis del Campo, for instance, was his tool." Church, the Liberal Englishman who protected Talleyrand, endorsed all this, and added : " Pitt is, like his father, a very great rascal ; but by no means so great a man." It is strange to find Morris exulting over " the signal victories which Almighty God has given to the Russians—troops whose excellence is founded on the physical and moral qualities of the people." A pure despotism, therefore, was not, in his view, inconsistent with a high degree of national advancement. At the war of the United States with England in 1813 he was so indignant that he would fain refuse to pay taxes, alleging that " the debt now contracting by Messrs. Madison & Co. is void, being founded in moral wrong of which the lenders were well apprised."

We have noticed his cynicism, which was partly affected and partly real. Of the Indians he says : " They passed to us with the soil, and we acquired an incontestable right to hunt them like deer, and to take what, by the principles of public law, is still their country, if they be, as they pretend, human creatures." Of getting rid of black labour, he remarks : " To do so you must persuade the planters to be poor till tobacco grounds and rice swamps shall be peopled by the sons of St. Patrick"—which reminds us of the Yankee proverb, " The American railways are laid on the bones of Irishmen."

We gladly quote, in conclusion, an instance of his true kindness. Colonization schemes abounded in Paris in the early years of the Revolution. Americans, anxious to get rid of their waste lands, easily persuaded restless spirits to emigrate. Joel Barlow and Duer were the promoters of the ruinous Gallipolis settlement on the Ohio and the Scioto Company. Against these (as rotten as Dickens's "City of Eden") Morris lifted up his voice, urging and entreating the



French not to be led into schemes that would certainly bring ruin if not death. With this redeeming instance of earnest disinterestedness we close this inadequate notice of what is in some ways the best book of the season. The freshness and piquancy of the diary can only be appreciated by those who read it. Its severity on American politics is enough to gratify the most anti-Republican. "Every new election," writes Morris to Aaron Ogden, 1805, "presents a more hideous picture of the public mind. No parallel can be found unless among the Athenians, and even their mob government was in some respects preferable to representative democracy. A mob is a whimsical legislature and a wild tribunal, but it has some sense of national honour and some regard for justice. A body of representatives, influenced by faction, has neither" (ii. 472). The wonder is that, with such sentiments, Morris escaped the axe of the Jacobins.

## SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

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### THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

*Manual of Biblical Archæology.* By C. F. KEIL, D.D. With Alterations and Additions furnished by the Author for the English translation. Two vols. Translated and Edited by the Rev. A. CUSIN, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1888.

"WHILE this volume was in course of translation the distinguished author passed away, after a life of extraordinary industry and devotion to Biblical studies." Born in 1807, Keil was a noble example of German learning, industry and faith. His chief work was in connection with the complete Commentary on the Old Testament, which has been translated into English, and which, though it may in some respects be now somewhat behind date, rendered great service to preachers twenty years ago. The veteran scholar was at work up to the last, bringing out new Commentaries on New Testament books quite recently. He has an honoured place beside Hengstenberg, Delitzsch, Luthardt.

His work on Archæology touches on few controversial points, and is a mass of trustworthy and valuable information. Dr. Crombie, in editing the first volume, says truly: "The amount of information which the work contains is immense, and it must long remain the standard treatise in a scientific form, irrespective altogether of Dr. Keil's views on the dates and origin of the books of the Bible. In no other work with which I am acquainted are to be found the same full and instructive criticisms on the opinions of Kurtz, Delitzsch, Hengstenberg, Riehm, and others who have written on Old Testament subjects relating to Archæology."

Both volumes are models of careful translation and editing. The reader feels that he is brought into touch with the first author. As to the subject of the second volume, it deals principally with the social, business and state relations of the Israelites, giving a vast amount of minute information on these topics.

*The Gospel according to St. Paul. Studies in the First Eight Chapters of his Epistle to the Romans.* By the Rev. J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A., D.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1889.

Dr. Dykes is doubtless all the more able and effective as a Theological Professor for his long service as an expository preacher of the most thorough and thoughtful class. In this volume the preacher and the professor seem to coalesce. The analysis of the Apostle's discussions is very close, and not merely logical or argumentative; throughout profound spiritual sympathy and earnestness informs and quickens the texture of exposition. Some parts are singularly fine; perhaps nothing is finer than the exposition of the seventh chapter, though we are not sure that we wholly agree with it, or that it is quite consistent with the exposition of the following chapter. The style is very clear and very impressive; it is something better than popular, but it is anything but abstruse or technical. Altogether, we have here a very able and profitable exposition of the great thoughts of the great Apostle.

*The First Epistle to the Corinthians.* By the Rev. MARCUS DODS, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

Among the volumes of the "Expositor's Bible" thus far published, we have met with few more satisfactory than this. In a volume of moderate size, there is given to the Christian reader a clear, close, unaffected, unostentatious exposition, not verse by verse, but thought after thought, of this most interesting, perhaps, and certainly most various, of all the Apostle's writings. Difficulties are not shirked, and inconvenient passages are not slightly passed over. As a sample of modest, practical, masterly exposition, thorough, but in admirable taste, we may refer to the section which deals with 1 Cor. vi. 12-20. We do not always, of course, agree with Dr. Dods. For example, we prefer a different exposition of "through a glass darkly." But then we may be wrong, though it is our duty to attempt a critical estimate of his writing. On the whole, we think this expository volume the very sort of book which is needed, especially for intelligent searchers of Scripture at the present time, who are not themselves competent to study New Testament Greek critically.

*The Redemption of Man. Discussions bearing on the Atonement.* By D. W. SIMON, Ph.D. (Tüb.) &c. &c. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

Dr. Simon is "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," though he belongs to the armies of Israel. He has here given us the fruit of very wide research, as well among German and rationalistic as among British and

orthodox writers. The "Discussions" are eminently candid, they are very comprehensive, they are acute and subtle in a high degree. We need hardly add that they are very suggestive. To summarize is quite impossible in a brief notice. But let us assure our readers that if Dr. Simon's ideas are conciliatory and comprehensive, they are also evangelical and orthodox. We say this, of course, without at all pledging ourselves to all his critical distinctions or all his detailed expositions.

*Outlines of Christian Doctrine.* By the Rev. H. G. C. MOULE, M.A., Principal of Ridley Hall. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

This small volume is a very full, clear, learned, modest, and every way admirable manual. It is, indeed, a happy thing that the modern evangelical school of the Church of England possesses such a master of theology as Mr. Moule. He seems to have parted company with all the faults of the low evangelical school, without falling into any of the faults of high Anglicanism. We begin to have hope for the rise of a new, a truly liberal, a really learned, evangelical school in the Church of England, which may absorb the best elements of the old Methodist evangelicals, without either the narrow Calvinism or the fanatical pre-millenarianism, which were so often mixed up with the "evangelicalism" of thirty years ago. We recommend this small volume, a real *multum in parvo*, to our readers of whatever church colour. There is very little indeed with which an evangelical Nonconformist or a Wesleyan would be out of sympathy, although we cannot think that Mr. Moule's interpretation of Romans vii. can be regarded as satisfactory. One great merit of the volume is that the theological teaching is throughout no less experimental than orthodox, and that a spiritual catholicity of doctrine pervades the whole.

*Social Christianity.* By H. P. HUGHES, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

This volume contains a selection from the sermons, or "conferences," as Mr. Hughes prefers to call them, delivered in St. James Hall during the past two years. These addresses aim at setting forth what may be called "applied Christianity," the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in its application, particularly to current social and practical problems. They are written in the vigorous, uncompromising style characteristic of the author, a style which belongs indeed rather to the rostrum than the study, we might say, rather to the platform than the pulpit. Readers of the volume will hardly expect to find in it carefully weighed words, the expression of the conclusions of a well-balanced mind; they will look rather for outspoken denunciation of current evils, and energetic, but often crude and unsatisfactory, advocacy of immediate

remedies. Such expectations will not be disappointed. The spirit of these addresses is in many respects so excellent and contrasts so favourably with the often feeble and uncertain utterances of the pulpit on these great questions, that we could wish it were possible to commend them without reservation. What Christian would not heartily unite in an earnest attempt "to abolish slavery, drunkenness, lust, gambling, ignorance, pauperism, mammonism and war?"

But the very form of this extract from the preface shows that Mr. Hughes is likely rather to treat his hearers and readers to a kind of indiscriminate hammering, a general furious "assault and battery," which may be magnificent on the platform, but is anything but the kind of war against complicated evils which is likely to be thoroughly successful. Weapons of precision alone can suffice for their utter destruction. We rejoice in all uncompromising declaration of war against evil, and rejoice therefore in Mr. Hughes's protests, which at least will rouse the sluggish and indifferent. But there is little indication in this volume that Mr. Hughes understands the complexity of the problems he undertakes to grapple with. There is a great deal of vague talk about "Jesus Christ and the Masses," "Christ the greatest of Social Reformers," and the like, but we find little concerning that sinfulness which cleaves to men and women of all classes, and is the ultimate cause of all misery. Some forms of evil are justly and unsparingly denounced. But one would say that Mr. Hughes's audience consisted largely of persons quite ready to applaud any references to "the democracy," its needs and claims and importance, and that Mr. Hughes was not unwilling to gratify them. True, Christianity never favours the rich few, nor does it ever flatter the poor multitude. Those who would reform society in the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ have many things to remember, some of which Mr. Hughes never forgets. Of other elements in the great message, quite as important, there is in this volume no trace.

The subjects of these sermons are varied and interesting. The preacher knows how to bring out useful lessons from topics of current history, whether it be the death of the Emperor of Germany or the publication of *Robert Elzemere*, and we doubt not that thousands who would be repelled by the orthodox "sermon," would be attracted and interested by such vivacious and pointed "speeches," as those contained in this volume. In spite of the one-sidedness we have been compelled to notice, the general effect of such utterances as these must be good. We trust that the printed as well as the spoken words will prove useful to thousands.

*The Imperfect Angel and Other Sermons.* By THOMAS G. SELBY. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

We are not surprised that these sermons have attained so quickly the rare honour of a new edition. The subjects of the twenty discourses contained in

this noble volume are varied and lofty, and the spirit in which they are discussed is marked by exceptional depth and power. These are not in the accepted sense popular discourses, but we feel sure they will be greatly appreciated by all thoughtful men—they are, indeed, just the kind of discussion that such men are anxiously seeking for. Mr. Selby's great merit is that he sets forth evangelical truth, and with great clearness and force shows its accord with the accredited science and philosophy of our day. The spirit of Butler is here. Many thoughtful minds will be greatly cleared and comforted to find the great doctrines of our faith considered in such a fresh and independent spirit, and so sustained and illustrated by the facts and theories of our modern intellectual masters. Mr. Selby's style is admirable; without being in the least rhetorical it is full of imagination, and will be easily followed by the reader least familiar with logical writing. Sermons of this order are among the best treasures of the Church; they are of profound and lasting interest, and we predict for them a still wider circulation and an increasing influence. Rarely indeed does it fall to our lot to recommend to our readers sermons at once so timely and masterly; they will fittingly stand by the side of Robertson, Mozley or Wace.

*The Threshold of Manhood.* A Young Man's Words to Young Men. By W. J. DAWSON. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

Mr. Dawson has here gathered together fourteen sermons which, with one or two exceptions, were specially addressed to young men. The dramatic and pictorial power of the discourses bears witness to the fact that the writer is poet and preacher in one. Heartfelt sympathy for the peculiar difficulties of a young man's life in a great city gives the pulpit counsels a claim to attention, which all will allow. They are full of force, penetrated with Christian manliness, unsparing in their denunciations of vice, and throb with desire for the salvation of the young. These are sermons for the times, which should nerve many young soldiers for the good fight of faith. As to their value as expositions and character studies we cannot speak so highly. Mr. Dawson's estimate of Judas goes, we believe, entirely on wrong lines, but, like all his other sermons, it is full of dramatic force and earnest appeal to the conscience.

*Present Day Tracts.* Vol. IX.—*Man in Relation to the Bible and Christianity.* Vol. X.—*Tracts on Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals.* London: Religious Tract Society.

The former of these volumes deals with "The Age and Origin of Man Geologically Considered," the writers being Mr. T. R. Pattison, F.G.S., and Dr. Friedrich Pfaff, with "The Antiquity of Man Historically Considered," Canon Rawlinson being the writer; Dr. M'Alister writes on "Man Physiologically Considered," Prebendary Row vindicates the "responsible free agency" of man as "not a machine;" the Rev. J. Radford Thomson sets forth in out-



line the "witness of man's moral Christianity;" Dr. Blaikie's subject is "The Adaptation of the Bible" to man's "needs and nature;" Sir. J. William Dawson deals with the "Points of Contact between Revelation and Natural Science," and the Rev. W. S. Lewis writes on "Christ and Creation." Vol. x. includes a tract by Godet on "The Authenticity of the Four Principal Epistles of St. Paul;" one by Eustace R. Conder on "Moral Difficulties in the Old Testament Scriptures;" by Dr. Stoughton on the evidential value of "The Unity of Faith;" by Dr. Blaikie on "The Family;" by the Rev. M. Kauffmann on "Socialism and Christianity," a tract of which much of the substance has appeared as an article in this Journal, and the Rev. R. G. Girdlestone on "The Age and Trustworthiness of the Old Testament Scriptures." Here are two very cheap, very precious, very timely volumes of Christian evidence.

*Christian Classics Series.* Vol. VI. *The Writings of Patrick the Apostle of Ireland.* A Revised Translation. With Notes Critical and Historical. By the Rev. CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

We have lately, in more than one article in this Journal, devoted considerable space to the subject of Ireland's apostle and to cognate subjects. The interest attaching to the writings of the great Celtic saint is altogether special, as distinct from what relates to Papal Romanism as from any which belongs to historical Protestantism. It is a privilege to have placed within the reach of every one such a translation as that here published by Dr. Wright—of whose Biblical and general scholarship and whose special knowledge of Patrician lore we do not need to speak—a translation which is as beautiful in its printing and general get up as it is cheap and handy.

*The Foreign Biblical Library.* *Kurtz's Church History.* Translated by the Rev. John MACPHERSON, M.A. Vol. II. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

This is a closely packed and almost a massive, but yet a handy, volume. Within its five hundred pages is compressed a vast amount of information. The history of the Germano-Romanic Church between A.D. 911 and A.D. 1517, with a most complete and painstaking summary, or at least index, of all its controversies and important episodes, not omitting, for instance, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Vivorum*; and the "history of the development of the Church under modern European forms of civilization," including the Reformation in all its branches, the Churches of the Reformation, the "Deformation," which section relates to "Mysticism and Pantheism, Anabaptism, Anti-Trinitarians, and Unitarians," and the Roman Catholic "Counter-Reformation," are in-

cluded within this volume. Its erudition is very great, and its style happily is clear. It furnishes a bird's-eye view, so to speak, of the Church history of more than seven hundred years. It is, however, absurdly brief, even in comparison, as to English Christianity. Four pages are given to England's pre-Reformation, and the same number to its Reformation under Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth.

*The Doctrine of the Holy Spirit.* The Ninth Series of the Cunningham Lectures. By GEORGE SMEATON, D.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology, New College, Edinburgh.  
 \* Second Edition. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

It is enough for us to direct attention to the fact that this standard work of Scotch Evangelical Theology has reached a second edition. There was a need for such a treatise, and Dr. Smeaton's work is recognized as having met that need. All students of orthodox and spiritual theology will desire to have this volume in their library.

*History of German Theology in the Nineteenth Century.*  
 By F. LICHTENBERGER, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris. Translated and Edited by W. HASTIE, B.D., Examiner in Theology, University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

Dean Lichtenberger is an Alsatian, a man of German race, but of French tongue and training. This gives him a great advantage as an interpreter to us of German theology. The translator has prefaced the Dean's work with a learned and eloquent—sometimes too eloquent—Introduction of considerable length. The student of theology will accept the volume as one of the best and most complete accounts yet given of the various schools of German theology since the beginning of the present century. Mr. Hastie does us the honour in his Introduction to refer to more than one article in this Journal. He also quotes Dr. Rigg's *Modern Anglican Theology* in its second edition (1857), but is evidently not aware that a third and enlarged edition of that work was published by Mr. Woolmer some years ago. Will he allow us, with all respect for his eloquence and erudition, to ask him what authority he has for such an expression as "room to orb about," when speaking of the "restless modern mind?" It is refreshing to find that neither the toil of a translator nor the labours of an examiner in theology have had the effect of abating the freshness of his writing or his enthusiasm as a close and thorough student of the history of theology both in Germany and in England and Scotland.

*Exodus, with Introduction, Commentary and Special Notes, &c.*

By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., Oamaru. Part I.

*The Redemption: Egypt.* Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

1889.

This little volume is packed with information well-digested and clearly put. The first eighty pages of Introduction deal with the style and history of the book, the character of the exodus movement, the Egypt-Sinai theatre of events, and other topics. It is one of the best digests of modern thought and research on the Exodus that we have seen. The notes on the text which follow are full and suggestive. There is a capital explanation of the much-misunderstood word "*borrow of her neighbour*." The "exercise" which follows this section on investing wealth in jewellery seems, however, a rather absurd introduction of political economy into a hand-book for Bible classes. But for that, and that is really a trifle, the little volume forms one of the most satisfactory commentaries we have seen. It is a neat, cheap little book which ought to have a wide circulation.

*The Sermon Bible. Vol. III. Psalm lxxvii. to Song of Solomon.*

London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

We explained the plan of this work in our notice of the second volume. Some tolerably full outlines are given on the various texts; references to other discourses are given in notes. Such admirable epitomes of the best homiletic literature as are contained in this volume cannot fail to be helpful to preachers. All lovers of the Bible, indeed, will prize the light these sermons throw upon its chief passages. It is crowded with striking passages from the chief preachers of the last half century. Archbishop Benson, Dean Alford, Dean Plumptre, Dr. Parker, Mr. Spurgeon, and a host of distinguished orators have been laid under contribution to fill this book with gems of pulpit literature.

*David: His Life and Times.* By Rev. WILLIAM J. DEANE,

M.A. Rector of Ashen, Essex. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

This is a very charming and satisfactory volume of the "Men of the Bible Series." The subject is not only full of interest, but is delicate and difficult. Mr. Deane's ability, knowledge, and judgment, have enabled him to produce a volume which answers in every way to the requirements of his subject, so far, at least, as can be fairly expected. Mr. Deane has, of course, to leave some points and passages in David's history unexplained or imperfectly explained, and not a few he cannot but utterly condemn. He does not, however, allow needful severity to obscure the noble and attractive features of

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David's character, or to prevent him from re-expressing the reality of his religious faith and principles. The last chapter is an admirable summing up of the whole case.

*A Manual of Christian Doctrine.* By the Rev. J. S. BANKS.  
Second Revised Edition. London: T. Woolmer. 1889.

This timely manual has now reached a second edition. It is the book to put into the hands of all young students of theology. An enormous amount of information is packed into small compass and put in such a way as to provoke thought and guide further study.

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## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Dictionary of Natural Biography.* Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN.  
Vol. XVIII. Esdaile—Finan. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

IN a volume containing all the Evanses (far fewer than one would imagine), the Fairfaxes, and the very numerous Fergusons and Fergussons, two lives have an almost equal claim on the first place—Mr. Fawcett by the editor (who has also written Beau Fielding, his probable kinsman Henry Fielding, the novelist, Miss Ferrier, and the poet Falconer), and Faraday, by Professor Tyndall. It is very touching to find Mr. Fawcett actively interfering to save Epping Forest, and to prevent the wildness of the New Forest from being destroyed. His love of natural beauty, no longer perceptible to himself, worked with his growing sympathy for the poor. His work for India, too, has never been fittingly appreciated. His speeches on the Indian Budgets of 1872-3 are models of thoroughness; and the way in which his efforts were appreciated in India is shown by the success of a subscription started in 1874, after he lost his seat for Brighton, to pay his expenses at the next election. In the Post Office his great work, which has not yet come to full fruitage, was his development of the Savings' Banks. Of his *Aids to Thrift* he circulated nearly a million copies. That he should have remembered scenery, which, as an angler, he had so loved, is less remarkable than his skating to the last fifty or sixty miles a day, and his enjoying a gallop on Newmarket Heath. Altogether this son of a Kirkby Lonsdale draper who had migrated to Salisbury, was a typical Englishman, bearing with "superlative courage" the sad accident (a random shot from his father's gun) which made him totally and permanently blind.

Professor Tyndall's very sympathetic memoir is even more interesting. Faraday, son of a Yorkshire blacksmith, a contrast physically to the giant Fawcett, began life as errand boy (promoted soon to be apprentice) to Riebau, a bookbinder near Manchester Square, Marylebone. A customer gave him some tickets to the Royal Institution, he heard some of Davy's lectures, wrote out his notes in a quarto volume, and asked Davy to enable him to devote himself to science. Happily Davy saw his way to take on an assistant, and thus the young bookbinder was placed on the line which led him to magneto-electricity, to diamagnetism, and all the other discoveries connected with the name of this prince of experimentalists. Faraday's strange religious views (he belonged to the Sandemanians, named after his father's friend a seceder from the Presbyterians) are well known; less known is the fact that for three years (from 1841), his health having broken down, he "did nothing, not even reading on science," spending good part of the time in Switzerland, fondly nursed by his wife and brother-in-law. His physical strength at this time was equal to much mountaineering; but his mind was so weak that he was quite unable to enter into conversation at the *table d'hôte*. The rest and change wrought a complete cure, and 1845 was signalized by "one of his most pregnant and beautiful discoveries," the magnetization of light. Thenceforth, however, he spared himself, steadily refusing the Presidency both of the Royal Society and of the Royal Institution. His biographer owns that neither can Faraday's intellectual power, nor the extraordinary delicacy of his character, be accounted for by heredity: "he was like water which in crystallizing excludes all foreign ingredients, however intimately they are mixed with it." Among less important lives we may note Fowkes, the convivial clergyman, Abp. Herring's *protégé*, who wrote "The Brown Jug," and whose translations of Anacreon, Theocritus, &c., are by Dr. Johnson pronounced "very fine." He had the insight to discover the merits of Gawin Douglas, extracts from whom he modernized. The names beginning with Ethel fill a considerable space; most of them are contributed by the indefatigable Rev. W. Hunt. Mr. J. M. Rigg contributes, besides Fearn, the metaphysician, friend of Dr. Parr, who wrote a long series of books "without showing any clear apprehension of the points in dispute;" and Fergushill, the Scotch preacher; lives of two Falconers—the classic and divine, who never took duty except once as *locum tenens*, and yet was Bampton lecturer in 1810; and his uncle, another classic, who was called "the Mæcenæ of Chester." Sir Ralph Fane, done to death in the miserable reign of Edward VI., for alleged plotting against Northumberland; and Fairclough, expelled from his living of Kedington, because he could not take the oath in 1662, "losing thereby a thousand a year, a valuable living, a pleasant house, a fine glebe, a large auditory, a loving people, and a kind neighbourhood," are in their way typical lives. The notice of Rev. James Everett of the "Fly Sheets" will be read with interest; though Mr. Lowther should have mentioned Everett's colleagues. The life of Fauntleroy shows that Mr. L. Stephen by no means closes his temple of fame against those who have no title to honour. Of this we have seen other

instances in former volumes. Mr. Alsager Vian tells us that Edmund Angelini, an Italian, offered himself as Fauntleroy's substitute on the scaffold. We must not forget the definition of "retreat" in the poet Falconer's "*Marine Dictionary*," "a French manœuvre, not properly a term of the British marine." Mr. Firth is right in bringing to the front Fairfax's capture of Wakefield. "No more remarkable success was gained by any general during the Civil Wars" than this storming, with 1500 men, of a town held by at least 3000, of whom 1400 were taken prisoners.

*Francis Bacon: his Life and Philosophy.* By JOHN NICHOL, M.A., Balliol, Oxon., LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. Part II. Bacon's Philosophy; with a Sketch of the History of Previous Science and Method. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

Able and careful as was Professor Nichol's Part I. on Bacon's Life, this second volume, containing Part II., on Bacon's Philosophy, will greatly enhance its reputation. As a manual for the University student, or for the general reader of the best class, the man who, without seeking to be himself a philosophical authority or a literary devotee, means to understand thoroughly the subjects on which he reads, we know of no volume on Bacon's philosophy so highly to be commended as this one. The author is not only painstaking, accurate, and competently read, he is evidently an accomplished student of philosophy, ancient and modern, and he is an elegant and, when the subject naturally inspires him, an eloquent writer. His book is well condensed and very comprehensive. The successive sections may serve partly to indicate the scope and suggest the method of the volume. They are as follows: I. Bacon's Relation to the Past—i.e., to the method and science of antiquity, the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. II. The *Instauratio Magna*. Under this head the intrinsic character, the aims, the limits, the merits, the defects, the influence, and the varying estimates of the great work are all dealt with in a clear and masterly way. The author is a thoroughly independent student and critic, but modest withal.

*John G. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides.* An Autobiography. Edited by his Brother. Second Thousand. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

The first thousand of this volume was immediately sold off. Hence a copy of the "second thousand" comes to us for review. The mission to the New Hebrides, of which Mr. Paton was one of the first two missionaries sent out, and may be said to have been the chief founder, is one of extraordinary interest. In the character of its difficulties and horror it is a parallel to the Fiji Mis-



sion. We have here a thrilling and heroic story, the only drawback to which is a certain strain of self-assertion, and an undercurrent of aggrieved rejoinder to certain "arm-chair critics" who seem to have done wrong to the devoted missionary. The first part of the biography gives the writer's home life in Dumfriesshire, up to the time when, at a somewhat mature age, he was sent forth as a missionary of the "Reformed Presbyterian Church." The hundred pages containing the record of this part of his history are singularly interesting and instructive. The account of godly peasant life among the descendants of the Cameronians sixty years ago is one of the freshest and most delightful pieces of autobiography we have read, and is especially valuable in such an age as the present. The autobiography ends with his leaving the New Hebrides five-and-twenty years ago. A second volume is to follow containing the remainder of his story, and showing how, having "sown in tears," he was privileged to "reap in joy." The success of the mission has been as wonderful as its beginning was discouraging and difficult. There is one thing, we must add, which we hardly understand about this volume as it here appears. It is edited by the missionary's brother, who tells us that "many sections have been recast and largely modified" by himself. The "large" process seems to us to be quite incompatible with the character of an autobiography.

*David Livingstone.* By THOMAS HUGHES. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Livingstone could not be omitted from any series of biographies of English "Men of Action." The publishers have been fortunate in obtaining the help of Mr. Thomas Hughes to write this record. To give a clear and well-written outline—more than an outline could not be given—of the vast work, as a missionary and an explorer, done by this brave and good man, this noble and tender man, this most sagacious and adventurous pioneer—in so doing to reveal the living traits of his very vivid personality, and to do all this in a spirit of sympathy with the Christian character and the missionary inspiration of his hero, was what was required of the writer of this brief biography. Mr. Hughes has done all this, and done it in such a style of English writing as was to be expected from such an author. This slight volume will make Livingstone a clear image before the mind of multitudes to whom, unable to compass the reading of the large and closely-filled volumes, which contain the full record of his life's work, he has hitherto been little more than a name.

*Henry the Fifth.* By the Rev. A. J. CHURCH. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

We have been disappointed in this volume of the "Men of Action" Series. Much labour is bestowed on so well-worn a subject as the relations of Henry

and Judge Gascoigne, but as to the king's relations to the Continent, his greatness both as a conqueror and a ruler, his *res gestæ* beyond the limits of England, the information given is inadequate. Much original research was perhaps not to be expected; but mastery of the results of recent research ought not to have been wanting. No one from reading this book would be able to form a just idea as to the real greatness of Henry V. in all the characteristics, not only of an English sovereign and military leader, but of a European potentate.

*The Church of Scotland in the Thirteenth Century: The Life and Times of David de Bernham, of St. Andrew's, A.D. 1239 to 1253, with List of Churches dedicated by him and Dates.* By WILLIAM LOCKHART, M.A. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

David de Bernham's life serves the author of this brief treatise as a thread on which to hang notices of church life in Scotland during the thirteenth century. The brevity of the notices is doubtless due to the scantiness of the available records. It is a busy ecclesiastical world into which we get glimpses—the great Frederick of Germany waging deadly war with Popes, the rise of the great Dominican and Franciscan orders, clerical schools and foundations, splendid churches and monasteries in great numbers, missions and preaching. A list is given of above a hundred churches consecrated by the active bishop. The destruction of ecclesiastical buildings has nowhere been on a larger scale than in Scotland. The author is evidently a zealous antiquarian, and to his brethren of the craft his careful book will be very suggestive.

*Wycliffe and Movements for Reform.* By REGINALD LANE POOLE, M.A., Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Leipzig. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

In this volume of the "Epochs of Church History" Series, we have a calm, thorough, scholarly digest of the main points, not only in the writings and history of Wycliffe, and his forerunners in doctrine and influence, but in the history of the reforming leaders and movements which followed during the following century and up to the time of Luther. The political elements in the Reformation traceable in earlier times, beginning with the epoch of Pope Boniface VIII. (1294–1314), the Franciscan Controversy, including the part taken by Marsiglio and William of Ockham, the Popes at Avignon and the relations of the Papacy and England, are subjects dealt with as antecedent to the history of Wycliffe. In continuation, beyond that history, Lollardy in England and Bohemia, the divided Papacy, the Councils of Pisa and Constance, John Hus, the religious revival in Spain and Italy, the pre-Reformation in

Germany, and the Lateran Council, are succinctly treated of. We strongly recommend this valuable summary of a most interesting and important period in the religious history of Europe.

*English History from Contemporary Writers. The Crusade of Richard I., 1189-1192.* Edited by T. A. ARCHER, B.A.  
London: David Nutt. 1889.

The idea carried out in this volume is very attractive, and all is done by the editor to furnish such annotation and appendices as are needful for the reader. Of course, the writers quoted are by no means altogether trustworthy; they are such witnesses as the twelfth century could furnish. Modern historians have to check one by another, and to correct all by their own sure and larger knowledge, the fruit of generations of wide research and trained criticism. But the reader who goes to a standard modern master of history for his text will find in such a volume as this charming illustrations of special points, which help him, as no modern narration can do, to enter into the spirit of the times and to reproduce, at least in part, the colour, the movement, the action of that strange and fascinating past—the Middle Age Crusading world. The selections are happily chosen and the illustrations are choice and good.

*The Nine famous Crusades of the Middle Ages.* By ANNIE E. KEELING.

Miss Keeling has not only studied the standard historians of the Crusades, but has consulted the chroniclers of the time and metrical romances, which have enabled her to add some contemporary details to her narrative. The history, written in Miss Keeling's graphic style, cannot fail to interest all readers. The record of these wars, "hideous" though it is, throws a flood of light on the men and manners of the Middle Ages. All the salient features are clearly brought out. The book is neatly bound and has a number of capital illustrations. The volume would, perhaps, have been more attractive if the pages had not been so crowded with matter, but this has enabled the Book Room to give, at a low price, a very complete sketch of that remarkable epoch of life in the Middle Ages, as to which Cotter Morrison, in his happier days, said so finely, "Christ had thundered through the hearts of all, and the only fear was that of being the last on the road."

*Short Biographies for the People: Reformers.* London: Religious Tract Society. 1889.

This new grouping of the *Short Biographies* is a happy thought. Here is a whole history of the Reformation in many lands, told by skilled writers, and condensed into one neat, cheap, and most instructive volume.

## BELLES LETTRES.

*Neighbours on the Green.* By MRS. OLIPHANT. Three vols.

London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

THESE pure and graceful stories—there are nine in the three volumes—were contributed anonymously to the *Cornhill Magazine* many years ago. "The Green" is called "Dinglefield Green," which is a sufficiently transparent *alias* for Englefield Green in the neighbourhood of Virginia Water, or, we might say, Windsor. Mrs. Oliphant identifies not only herself, but some other distinguished persons, with the Green as residents, in the inscription to these volumes. "Inscribed," she says, "to several old friends, and especially to the gallant soldier and writer, General George Chesney, and the distinguished critic and philosopher, Mr. R. H. Hutton, who at the time these stories were written gave distinction to the Green." It must not be supposed, however, that these exquisitely and most naturally told stories reveal any secrets in regard to either Mrs. Oliphant herself or any of her "neighbours on the Green." It is evident that they are creations and not mere adaptations and improvements. That no hints have been borrowed from actual characters or histories at one time or other connected with "the Green," we could not of course undertake to say. The local scenery and colouring there can be no doubt has been largely reproduced in the stories. But that, if any such stories as we have here presented to us had been in any recognizable part or degree true of the leading residents on the Green, or any of them, Mrs. Oliphant would have published them we take to be quite impossible. They are dreams, fancy pictures, and are charmingly sketched and coloured. The imaginary narrator is a widow lady, slightly past middle life, and of upper middle station in society, the common confidante of old and young, of county families, and of families falling, painfully for themselves, below the line of "county" status or recognition. The weaknesses and the virtues, the charms and the foibles, of the different characters in these families, their secret histories of joy and sorrow, of pathos or tragedy, are inimitably told in Mrs. Oliphant's best and happiest manner. Nothing can be more exquisite, more touching, more finished, than the story of "Lady Denzil," our favourite of the nine. The "Stockbroker at Dinglewood," also, is a very beautiful story, though briefer and less full of quiet and perfect art. The "Scientific Gentleman" is an interesting and, of course, well written, but rather unpleasant sketch, well brought in, however, as a contrast in tone to the others. "Lady Isabella" and "An Elderly Romance" are scarcely inferior in quality to the best in the volumes, although briefer and less fully worked out. But, as we cannot criticize in detail, it is useless to refer specifically to the others. They are all fit companions to each other. We are bound to say, however, that the first, "My Neighbour Nelly," is made to turn on what we regard as an impossibility,

though the *Spectator* (Mr. Hutton's paper, we need not say) avers that such things have actually happened. A gallant sailor gets into a terrible difficulty by addressing a "proposal" to the elder sister, by the title *Miss* without a surname, when he meant his effusion for the younger sister. Even the signature of the reply does not enlighten him, and for months he carries on a correspondence with the wrong young lady—the two sisters being in all respects great contrasts to each other. As he had been many times in close company with both sisters together, and in the midst of many intimate and familiar friends, it will be evident to a critical reader of the story, that if he did not know which was the elder sister, he must at least have known the Christian name of the younger.

*Schwartz.* By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. Two vols. Macmillan & Co. 1889.

These two volumes contain four stories, but are named after the first of the four. The titles of the four are "Schwartz," "Young Mr. Barter and his Repentance," "Bulldog and Butterfly," and "Julia and her Romeo." Mr. Murray is deservedly a favourite, but these slight and hasty sketches do not show him at his best. Nevertheless, they are pleasant light reading, and some of them are very racy. The spirit and manners and language of the old yeomanly England of the West Midlands are reflected in an amusing parody of *Romeo and Juliet*, entitled "Julia and her Romeo." "Bulldog and Butterfly" is very clever and entertaining. "Young Mr. Barter and his Repentance" is more of a story than the others, and is not unworthy of the author of "Aunt Rachel." The first sketch, after which the story is called, has less substance than either of the others, although the opening description of an illusion arising from over-wrought nerves is cleverly done. "Schwartz" is a dog, and is the hero of the sketch, which is at least as odd as it is clever.

*Wordsworthiana.* A Selection from Papers read to the Wordsworth Society. Edited by WILLIAM KNIGHT. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Wordsworth Society began in 1880 and came to an end in 1887-8. This volume contains selections from the contributions furnished during these eight years, either as papers or as speeches, on the subject of the great lake-poet. Among these is a paper on "The Platonism of Wordsworth," by Mr. Short-house; one on "The Earlier and Later Styles of Wordsworth," by Mr. R. H. Hutton; Mr. Arnold's Address as President in 1883; "Wordsworth's Position as an Ethical Teacher," a paper by the Dean of Salisbury; Mr. J. R. Lowell's Address as President in 1884; "The Theism of Wordsworth," by Professor Veitch; and many more. The preparation of this volume must have been a labour of love to Professor Knight, and it cannot fail to be welcomed by the poet's admirers.

*Told in a City Garden.* By EASTWOOD KIDSON. London : Elliot Stock. 1889.

This is a volume of verses. The "tales and lyrics" it contains are supposed to be "told in a city garden." The longest of them, "Poppy Grange," occupies about half the book, while two or three stories in blank verse and a dozen shorter compositions make up the volume. We cannot honestly say that we have found any poetry in these lines. Much has simply bewildered us, even the "Progressive Sonnets"—whatever that title may mean—are simply a kind of strained and tortured prose. Almost any page would furnish such an illustration as the following:—

"At length it chanced some technical desire  
Involved a need to seek the ways of men  
In the great capital ways-limitless."

This is neither prose nor poetry, and we fear we must say the same of the greater part of the volume.

*Accolon of Gaul, with other Poems.* By MADISON J. CAWEIN. Louisville : J. P. Morton & Co. 1889.

The author of these poems is a master in the technique of his art. The poems have great force, and often show a rare command of language. We cannot say, however, that he who runs may read; the style is often tangled, and the sentences involved, but the word-painting and the descriptive power of the poems entitle them to an honourable place in modern verse. The piece which gives its title to the book is an episode of King Arthur's Court. It deals with the seamy side of the legendary history, and so far is not pleasant reading; in one part it is open to grave criticism for its sensuousness, but it is a forcible poem. The little song embodied in it, "Will love grow less?" is very happy. "The Last Scion of the House of Clare," based on an incident similar to that in Roger's "Ginevra," is a good specimen of the writer's more quiet style. "Carmen" and "The Quarrel" are clever studies of character.

*Judge Burnham's Daughters.* By PANSY.

*Mad Margrete and Little Gun Vald.* A Norwegian Tale. By NELLIE CORNWALL. London : T. Woolmer. 1889.

*Judge Burnham's Daughters* is an American story of great power, which should warn all young people against self-will and worldliness.

*Mad Margrete* breaks somewhat new ground. Its pictures of Norwegian life are well drawn, and have the charm of novelty for most readers. Both books are very neatly got up.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Moral Ideal: a Historic Study.* By JULIA WEDGWOOD.  
London: Trübner.

Those who know the late F. D. Maurice's style, will recognize in a moment what was Miss Wedgwood's mental fare during her "twenty years of thought and endeavour." It is a long period of incubation. In the hurry of modern life very few can say that their thoughts have had even the Horatian period (less than half Miss Wedgwood's) to mature in. But we might well be content to wait, were we sure in all cases of such a worthy result. After so much from female pens which gallantry itself cannot help stigmatizing as mere rubbish it is a treat to come to such a very full and suggestive volume. Miss Wedgwood belongs to that earlier generation of female scholars for whom scholarship had not become a fashion. Girls did not go to that dingy Queen's College in Harley Street to listen to Maurice and Samuel Clark and their fellows, just because it was *chic* to do so. They went to learn, and they did learn; and, if Miss Wedgwood has got saturated with Maurice, she has not in the least lost her individuality. The fare, tough as some used to find it, has been thoroughly assimilated. This *History of Human Aspiration* (to quote her alternative title) might never have been written, had not *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy* preceded it, and yet in matter and treatment, though not in style, Miss Wedgwood is wholly original. Her plan is sketched in the titles of her chapters—"India and the Primal Unity," "Persia and the Religion of Conflict," "Greece and the Harmony of Opposites," "The Jew at Alexandria," &c. What strikes us in every chapter is Miss Wedgwood's thoroughness. She knows Alfred Ludwig's *Rig Veda*, published at Prague, thirteen years ago, far better than most of those who have taken up the subject in Max Müller's English selections. She knows her Burnouf, and quotes the striking passage:—"Deos fecit timor, dit le poëte latin. C'est une assertion que l'histoire ne confirme pas. . . . Il est possible de trouver une religion sans terreurs, telle a été la religion de nos ancêtres aryans," modestly correcting the hasty Frenchman with the quiet remark: "The allusion to a future hell is so rare in the *Rig Veda* that it has been found possible to deny, erroneously I believe, the existence of such an idea." She is equally at home in F. Lassalle's *Heracleitos*, in Plutarch, in Philo, and in St. Augustine. She combats Dr. Jowett, who denies that Plato's melancholy tone was due to disappointment at having failed to convert a Sicilian tyrant into a philosopher, appositely comparing the gloomy confession in *Leges* 686 with the hopeful dictum in *Repub.* 473, that, when kings turned philosophers or philosophers were made kings, this world's ills would be at an end. But there is much more in this volume than wide and deep reading; there is a rare breadth of thought and a still rarer appreciation of the purpose which, as we Christians

are bound to believe, runs through the ages. A good instance of this is her remark (p. 186) on the way in which slavery was a preparation for Christianity: "Obedience to steady systematic power, whether the power be in its own nature good or evil, does bring out some valuable qualities which nothing else can develop; and the list of Christian martyrs records the stored-up force of generations of patient resolute endurance. . . . The victim of Roman cruelty, whose only protest was the cry: 'I am a citizen of Rome,' died in a spirit which prepared his successors in calamity to triumph in their citizenship of the Heavenly City; for the sense of some dim justice accessible in the name of the City has a real, though a remote, relation to the love and power manifest in the death of Christ. . . . When we read of female slaves enduring the extremity of torture rather than betray the unhappy mistress whom they could not save, or finding strength to end life, like Epicharis in Piso's conspiracy, under the very hands of the tormentors, lest the exquisite anguish should wring from half-conscious lips denunciations of those not bound to the sufferer by blood and hardly by acquaintance, we feel that the new consecration of suffering and weakness, the message of the Cross, was realized by those who had never heard it. Rome, the tyrant of the world, taught the lesson of Christ. Under its stern and often cruel rule was learnt the power of submission; and that power was ready, when adopted by a new faith, to renew the world." This passage gives the key to Miss Wedgwood's method; here is a still more typical sample (the "Age of Death," p. 233) of her style: "The expansion of the City to include the race was to the men of the Antonine's time a great idea. Earnest thinkers were never tired of speaking of man as a part of the Universe; it was one of their stock phrases. . . . Man was to transfer his loyalty from Athens or Rome to the Order of Nature. They were ever fond of illustrating this idea by the comparison with a living organism which St. Paul has made so familiar. Nevertheless it is true that they were the strongest opponents of this idea, so far as it is a vital practical reality. They spoke much of man's membership in a society of gods and men; but they made this a mere phrase, because they recognized no other membership but this. *And if man's relationship to humanity is the only membership, it is a mere name.*" Were we not right in calling Miss Wedgwood's style Maurician? The sentence we have italicised is in "the master's" most characteristic manner. Very suggestive, again, is her way of pointing out that "*the idea* of selfishness first comes out in Philo (though Plato, *Leges* 731, approximates to it); *the word* belongs to Protestant England. Its need was felt with that post-Reformation morality which corresponded to the right of private judgment and justification by faith. It expresses the moral dangers incident to the complete development of modern individuality."\* We are loth to part company with Miss Wedgwood. Her book is not one to be devoured at a sitting, but to be read and re-read and

\* It does not occur in Shakespeare. Holinshed uses it (1577) to explain *philautie*, which held its ground nearly a century longer.

digested as the fruit of so many year's thought deserves to be. If in its closing pages the Maurician paradoxes seem, at first, a little too much in evidence, as we read over again we shall find their apparent jejuneness enriched with the best results of the very latest culture. What is said of "the fervour of modern democracy and of modern science" should be carefully weighed by those who aim at moving any portion, however small, of modern society. Even such a sentence as "man finds his true Unity only as he finds a larger Unity which makes him one with himself and with his brother man," is found to have a very practical meaning, if we will be at the pains to seek it out; and every page of the book will well repay the close thinking necessary to the full enjoyment of any part of it.

*The Philosophy of Mysticism.* By CARL DU PREL, Ph.D.  
Translated by C. C. MASSEY. Two vols. London:  
G. Redway. 1889.

The author in his Preface almost forbids criticism by anticipation. He speaks of critics "who, while they attribute wild error to an author who has devoted years of study to a subject, think they understand the subject much better without such study;" and again, "who have made no regular study in any direction and yet are thought capable of criticism in any direction, and who, without thoughts of their own, have leisure to disfigure and maltreat the thoughts of others." It requires no little courage after this criticism beforehand to venture any opinion on the author's work.

First, let us say, that "mysticism" is not used in the theological sense. The two volumes really consist of three long essays connected together in a general way. The first essay, filling the first volume, is an attempt to extract science and a whole philosophy of life out of the phenomena of dreams and somnambulism, not a very hopeful attempt. Far be it from us to say that the discussion does not contain much interesting and even useful information. But, in spite of our author's contempt for critics who differ from him, we can only compare the effort to found a theory of life on the phenomena of dreams to an attempt to build a palace on quicksands. The first thing, we take it, is to give shape and order to the data. And what hope is there of this being done in the present case? The second essay, on "The Faculty of Memory," again relies largely on dreams and somnambulism. The third essay is on "The Monistic Doctrine of the Soul," and would require "years of study" to understand. As far as we can gather, the author argues for a "transcendental subject" in every individual, of which body and soul are forms or manifestations. How this subject is reached, or its existence proved, is not said. It is Hartmann's "Unconscious" in other words.

We can imagine the present volumes giving no little pleasure to the late Laurence Oliphant; and doubtless there are many of the spiritualistic faith who will enjoy them. To others they will remain a sealed book. If the

author, after devoting years of study to the subject, has not succeeded in making himself intelligible, how can ordinary readers be expected even to understand it?

*Knowing and Being.* By JOHN VEITCH, LL.D. London : W. Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

Professor Veitch here presents us with a series of lectures lately delivered to his advanced class in the University of Glasgow. They contain a discussion of the old, old question of Realism *versus* Idealism, or as some prefer to phrase it, Dualism *versus* Monism. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Professor Veitch is an uncompromising opponent of the latter, holding fast by the Realism of Reid and Hamilton. In this volume he is mostly engaged in attacking the views of the late Professor Green, as contained in the early chapters of his *Prolegomena of Ethics*. We cannot in a brief notice describe the outline of his arguments, but may say that they are clearly expressed, cogently worked out, and that Dr. Veitch from time to time smites very deftly between the joints of Green's armour. Especially is this the case in what has always appeared to us the weakest point in Green's system, the relation between the individual and the "Eternal Consciousness." But the lectures are critical rather than constructive, and would have been more interesting as well as instructive if their able author had intermingled with them a fuller exposition of his own views. There is some hint that such a work may follow.

*The Preachers of Scotland.* Sixth to Nineteenth Century. *The Cunningham Lecture for 1888.* Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark.

In this volume Dr. Blaikie is at his best. The diffuseness of his expository style is not found here. His materials, gathered from a very wide field of research, are carefully condensed. The writing is clear and vigorous throughout. The lecturer is master of his subject, large as it is, and writes with a sympathy and spirit which carry the reader easily along with him. The volume divides itself naturally into two parts—the preaching of the Early Celtic Church, and of the Reformation and post-Reformation periods. In Scotland especially, the pre-Reformation feudal centuries were religiously, no less than socially, dark and dreary. There is no link of connection between the Columban Church and the Reformation. Modern Scotland owes all to the Reformation. Nor is there any pre-Reformation dawning of light in "the dark ages," such as sprung from the teaching of Grossetête, Wickliffe, and others in England. But, on the other hand, since the rise of Knox, Scotland has been, more, perhaps, than any other country, the land of preachers, and there has been a clear and close interlinking of one generation of preachers with another throughout the long and bright succession. Dr. Blaikie does justice, as well

as any one man can be expected to do it, to all the schools. Of course he follows M'Crie in vindicating the Cameronians and Covenanters against what he regards as the misrepresentations of the great novelist in *Old Mortality* and elsewhere. Knox and his successors—Covenanters, field preachers, the Secession leaders and lights, the moderate school, the Evangelicals, and especially the Evangelical revival, and the pulpit of to-day, all are passed in review in this vivid and interesting volume.

*Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information.* A Handbook of Reference on all Subjects and for all Readers. With numerous Pictorial Illustrations and a Series of Maps. Edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I. London: Blackie & Son. 1889.

We have carefully examined this first volume of Messrs. Blackie's *Modern Cyclopædia*, and have found that the articles compress into the smallest possible compass all salient facts on the topics they handle. The biographical sketch of Dr. Spenser Baynes, who died in 1887, is a good illustration of the way in which the work has been done. All information is brought down to the latest date, clearly arranged, and told in a simple style. Such subjects as Agriculture and the Bible have considerable space devoted to them, and are valuable epitomes of what is best worth knowing on each topic. The four closely printed columns devoted to Abbreviations will be found exceedingly useful. The whole work has been thoroughly and skilfully done. The handy size of the volume, the neatness, clear printing, good paper, woodcuts and maps make this an attractive book which will be of unspeakable service to all who use it as a book of reference.

*The Missionary Year-book for 1889.* London: Religious Tract Society. 1889.

This Year-book gives an outline of the range and work of the Protestant Missionary Societies of the world labouring in heathen countries, including Ladies' Missions of various kinds, and also of Medical Missions, Publication Societies, and Missions to the Jews. It is authentic, and its contents are clearly and closely condensed. It is a most interesting and valuable annual, and, besides its Table of Contents, which is also a list of societies and organizations, has a very full index of names, places, and leading subjects.

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\*\*\* Press of matter has compelled us to hold over many notices which were in type.

## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

**R**EVUE DES DEUX MONDES (May 1).—M. Leroy Beaulieu's second paper on "Religious Liberty in Russia" deals with "the non-Christian cults: Jews and Mussulmans." He says that Russian territory used to be firmly closed to the Jews, but now, thanks to Poland, which became at the close of the Middle Ages the great asylum for their race, half the Jews of the globe are subjects of the Czar. Their number is set down at three to five millions, but the statistics are not reliable. They are mainly settled in Poland and the adjoining provinces, where they form 15 to 25 per cent. of the population. In some towns the Christians are quite out-numbered by them. After referring to the painful outbursts against the Jews in the first years of the reign of Alexander III., the article touches on the striking individuality of the Russian Jews. They form, as it were, a nation within a nation. Their peculiar dress and jargon are well known in all the markets of Central Europe. They have their own journals and theatres. Their devotion to Judaism compares well even with the zeal of the peasants of the Orthodox Church. Many of the poorest classes spend their leisure in reading the Thorah or the Talmud. Societies are formed for the study of Hebrew books. They enjoy religious liberty so far as is compatible with Russian legislation, but civic liberty and equality is not granted them. In that respect their position is manifestly inferior to that of the Mahomedans, and even of the Pagans. After giving a large number of interesting facts, the writer sums up. He says religion seems to be for Russia a sort of uniform which all must wear independent of race, temperament, or habit. The religious and intellectual emancipation of the country—a work worthy of the greatest effort—is opposed by two facts: the national exclusiveness and reasons of State. M. Beaulieu holds that the rights of conscience and humanity are perfectly in harmony with the true interests of the Russian State.

**NOUVELLE REVUE** (April 1).—M. de Wailly's "A Word upon Samoa" abounds in facts about the people of these islands. They are somewhat taller than most Europeans, their skin soft and of a reddish brown, long curling locks, and a small beard. Their deportment is calm and tranquil, their bearing full of dignity and energy. The graceful movements of the people have won them the name of "gentlemen savages," which their great politeness also shows that they merit. The ordinary dress is a simple apron of leaves, but their dress of ceremony—the "lava-lava"—is a robe which covers the figure from head to foot. The "Jetonga," a large girdle of similar texture, is worn round the loins. It is a kind of heirloom in families. Tattooing, which is an almost universal custom in the East, is administered to all males at the age of eighteen. The young men, to the number of eight or more, are gathered together in a special house with the operator. The first victim is then stretched on the couch. His sister covers his face, and four other young girls firmly hold the limbs and chant some song. This is done to save the patient from the infamy, insupportable for a man, of appearing sensible to pain, and to drown his groans, or, rather, his howling, under the infliction. After the operator has worked away at his design for an hour the victim is set free. If the agony were prolonged the suffering would ruin the constitution of the young man. Leaving the place with one of his companions, who has been an anxious witness of his pain, the young man has a week of ease, then he must present himself for a renewal of the operation. These spells of suffering and relief alternate for about four months. If the courage of any victim fails he is looked upon as an Indian pariah would be. When a young man has passed safely through his sorrows, and his wounds are healed, there is a proud day of triumph. The dance of honour takes place



and the young native henceforth ranks as one of the men of his tribe. The women of Samoa are much inferior to the men in physical beauty. They are treated with kindness, and even with courtesy. The Samoans are monogamists. The wives, not the husbands, transmit their name, rank, and title to their children. Some account is given of the marriage customs of the islands. Sometimes, when a chief has made his choice of a wife, the bride is decked in her best ornaments, and goes, under the care of two duennas and with an escort of young companions, to the *maloe*, or central place of the village, where the whole population is assembled. After they have signified their approval of the chief's choice, the bride is led in procession to the home of her husband, whilst the crowd seated around the place chants some monotonous strain whilst the dances are going on. The people are mainly vegetarians. Fruits and roots abound. The palolo is their greatest treat. During the months of September and October, when it emerges from the sea, the whole archipelago seems delivered up to a gastronomic festival.

(May 1).—The first article, by M. Rendu, on "The International Renaissance," opens with a quotation from the Journal of the late Emperor of Germany, in which he expressed his hope that the terrible struggle between his own country and France might open a period of peace for Europe. "No," said Bismarck, in the act of accusation against the editor of *Das Tagebuch*, "that war is only the preface of a series of wars, and probably inaugurates a whole age of blood." M. Rendu shows in a few graphic paragraphs how the curse of militarism has plunged the world into a barbarism which had seemed extinct, reduces the European nations to extremities both financial and economical, and in the countries where it attains its greatest intensity acts as a blight on all the sources of the higher culture—philosophic and literary. He thinks that certain signs show that the night which has spread over the civilized world since 1870 is passing. He adduces certain facts which seem to indicate that the Triple Alliance is becoming irksome to its inventors, and, like some vast machine, is creaking and groaning under the strain. If no terrible explosion of the war spirit should come he considers that France may face the general elections with confidence, and through them give new force to those self-preserving and liberal principles on which her well-being depends. Thus she will present to Europe the sight of a nation in full possession of herself, and await the future, with her hand upon her sword, in the calm and moderation of her renewed moral force. The article is a kind of introduction to papers which will appear on international questions beginning with Italy. If the abolition of war is not yet possible, it is possible to strengthen the ideas of justice and train the international conscience so that some of the terrors of war may be lifted off. This end the forthcoming articles will steadily keep in view.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (April).—This is one of the best numbers of the French Evangelical review which we have had to notice. M. Viénot has a suggestive paper on "Protestantism and Pædagogy." He thinks that one of the most solid glories of France in the nineteenth century will be the active part taken in public instruction. All parties have been busy in this work. The "Dictionary of Pædagogy and Primary Instruction," edited by M. Buisson, shows how enormous has been the work accomplished. The origin of the movement has been, the writer of this article says, religious and Protestant. Luther was the first of the Germans who formed the plan of founding truly popular schools. The great struggle of his life did not allow him time to formulate his ideas, but M. Viénot is able to quote some memorable deliverances of the great reformer. After referring to the leaders of the educational movement the writer expresses his opinion that to give religious education outside the school is the great task of French Protestantism. M. Roller's "Letters from the East," which have some pleasing pictures of life in Egypt, and other papers deserve a careful reading.

UNSERE ZEIT (April).—Herr Wendt's article on "The Employment of Electricity in War" contains a concise account of the electrical machines which

are being gradually introduced into military equipment. The electric spark, he says, alone contains in itself the power to bind in one the gigantic armies of modern times. The value and even the necessity of the electric signal and news system first plainly appeared in the American War. The practical temper of the Americans then found opportunity to develop war-telegraphy in all directions and to overcome the difficulties which beset the subject. Field-telegraphy was not much developed during the Franco-German War; in fact, the smaller European States have led the way in this matter. Spain and Sweden have already enjoyed for a considerable time a carefully formed and perfect military telegraph troop. During the last years special interest has been awakened in the subject in Germany and considerable progress has been made. Particulars are given of the use of Morse telegraphic instruments in Egypt. Within nine hours after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir one hundred and fifteen telegrams of on an average thirty words each were sent on one wire. 1871 a war-balloon, the "Lightship," appeared before Paris. Such balloons, with the telephone and the electric light, have since been employed in war. The Italian Government secured such a balloon for the Abyssinian expedition. A telephonic station was affixed, and observations made in the balloon were sent down to a troop of workers below. The observations were then forwarded to head-quarters by mounted messengers. On the top of the balloon was fixed a powerful electric glow-lamp. The article also refers to the enormous effect of electricity as shown in the undermining at New York Harbour on October 17, 1885. Nine years were needed to prepare for the dynamite charge of 275,000 lbs. which was that day exploded with a touch of the hand by the daughter of the chief engineer. The electric spark fired the charge, and in a moment the vast mass of rock and stone was removed. Particulars as to torpedo boats are given which will be read with interest.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW (April).—This number opens with an article by Mr. H. Hutton on "The American Sunday-school." He shows that just as all other institutions are modified so the Sunday-school itself has been Americanized. There are as many Sunday-school teachers in the United States as in all the rest of the world put together, and nearly half the Sunday-scholars of the globe are taught in American schools—eight millions out of sixteen and a half. The first division of the subject is instruction. This is the chief feature of Sunday-school work, and the writer claims that nowhere is such prominence given to this didactic method as in America. But he complains that it fails to educate systematically—that the scholar's knowledge of Biblical history, even of the life of Christ, is confused and vague. The lack of grade is also singled out as another blot. The extension to the Sunday-school of the graded system, which is so efficient in general education, is earnestly urged. The youth of the teachers is the third weakness which Mr. Hutton refers to. He holds that the present state of things, under which young people resign when they marry, makes much of the teaching crude, and holds that "the strength of the ideal teaching corps will be developed when maturity works in the spirit of youth." There is also a tendency among advocates of Sunday-school work to overstate its claims. "Independent schools erect themselves into the dignity of separate social institutions. The result is that the work is often regarded as the rival of the Church, not as 'the youth's department of the great inclusive Bible school, the pastored church.'" The subject of devotion is dismissed in one brief paragraph. "In the service of song, what spiritual nonsense has been wedded to waltz movements too seductive to dance to! It makes one sigh, despite some admirable exceptions, to examine the hymnology of our American Sunday-school. What trivial and even ignoble music, what unwholesome, unchild-like, unspiritual doggerel our poor children are set to sing! To show it up, with illustrative examples, would make an article by itself." The closing section is on the literature of the Sunday-school. The realistic descriptions of low life, the "unrefined and ostentatious piety," the "premature obtrusion of experiences," which life will bring only too soon, and which tend to rob childhood of some of its sunshine, and, lastly, the lack of power which some

of the books show, are dealt on. "Literary gruel, with hardly brains enough in it to give it consistency, is surely deleterious."

THE METHODIST REVIEW (May-June), of which Dr. Mendenhall is now editor, has an interesting sketch of "Mrs. Bishop Simpson," from the pen of Mary S. Wheeler. She was the daughter of a leading Methodist citizen in Pittsburg, Pa., and after her marriage with Mr. Simpson threw herself heartily into all her husband's work. He had two circuit appointments after his marriage, then for nine years he was President of Asbury University at Greencastle, where his wife was active among the students, entertaining them frequently at receptions in her own home, and caring for the sick and lonely among them. Mr. Simpson next removed to Cincinnati, to take charge of the *Western Christian Advocate*. A terrible visitation of cholera swept over the city. Fires were kept burning in the streets, and multitudes fled to escape the scourge. Simpson himself was laid low by the disease, but recovered through God's blessing on the unremitting care of his wife. At every step of his career Mrs. Simpson's influence was left. She was a devoted Unionist. General Grant visited a large fair at Chicago. It was his first appearance in the city. "The ladies drew themselves in line, and, as he walked down the long aisle, showered him with bouquets of flowers; but Mrs. Simpson, always ready to do a graceful little act, stepped out and pinned a few roses in the buttonhole of his coat. Amid the excitement and enthusiasm hers were the only trophies he carried away with him from the hall." Mrs. Simpson has lived for many years at Philadelphia, where she has been a leader in all philanthropic work. The Home for the Aged and the Methodist Orphanage owe much of their prosperity to her tact and resource. This work has been her chief comfort since the death of her husband, and in it she is still actively engaged. In "Editorial Notes and Discussions" there is a paragraph on literature in the Southern States. It seems that the South is far in the rear in the literary race. Political jealousies and social institutions have been nursed at the expense of progress. "As one result, the illiteracy of the people is dense and unconfined; and yet so conservative is public opinion respecting it that the political leaders of the South who are in Congress increase their popularity with their constituencies by opposing Educational Bills. . . . Deficient in scholarship, the South is to-day without a great newspaper or eminent author, and without a magazine that makes any impression on the nation, or even the section where it is published. . . . Verily, the South is without the literary spirit and *littérateurs*. That the situation is at all recognized by any considerable portion of the Southern people is a hopeful sign; but until the masses are taught to believe that literature, theology, science, poetry, newspapers, magazines, books, churches, and schools are more important than cotton, tobacco, profanity, sectionalism, and degradation, the nation cannot look to that section for contributions to the great literature of the world." "A National System of Education" is a plea for greater attention to the education of the multitude. The writer says: "The entire truth compels us to write that ours is neither an ignorant nor an intelligent nation, though the facts at hand appear to justify both sides of the statement. In the sixteen Southern States perhaps three-fourths of the nation's illiterates, men, women, and children, who can neither read nor write, may be found. . . . Several Northern States also present in this respect a record neither creditable to themselves nor to the civilization under and for which they exist." The other side of the case is also referred to, and the immense importance of educating the voters of the nation is clearly pointed out.

THE CENTURY (April, May, June).—"Round about Jerusalem," by E. L. Wilson, in the May number, is one of the capital articles on Biblical subjects which the editor of the *Century* takes pains to secure. It is profusely illustrated, and is full of descriptions of the present day features of the Holy City. "Samoa" occupies a prominent place in the same number. First comes an article on the islands and the people; then the United States Commissioner, who was sent out in 1836, writes on "Our Relations to Samoa." A short account of a mission to the islands in 1874 completes the set of papers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (April, May, June).—The feature in the May number is entitled "A Chapter from my Memoirs." M. de Blowitz tells with great vigour and evident relish the story of his exploit in securing a complete copy of the Treaty of Berlin for the *Times* newspaper. At the very hour when the Treaty was signed in the German capital a telegram from London announced that the *Times* had published the preamble and sixty-four articles with an English translation appended. It was a great feat in journalism, and the article shows how well M. de Blowitz laid his plans in order to secure this notable result. A young man who gained a situation as a kind of diplomatic outsider attached to one of the representatives in the Congress came to lunch and dine at the Kaiserhof where Blowitz was staying. He placed a communication as to each day's work in his hat, and Blowitz and he exchanged hats on leaving the table. When this ingenious device failed through the young man's want of tact the journalist's task became more difficult, but he managed to surmount every difficulty. A friendly diplomatist gave him a copy of the Treaty. The French Ambassador, finding that Blowitz had been thus successful, read aloud to him the preamble, which had not been settled when he had secured a copy of the Treaty itself. Blowitz had made all arrangements for telegraphing the Treaty from Brussels, and on his way there justified his reputation for a wonderful memory by dictating what he had heard to his secretary. The two articles on "Social Life in Russia," in May and June, should be read by all who wish for a glimpse of the Czar and his people. The writer gives many sketches of life at Court, and in the country towns and villages. The convents along the Volga fill a large place in social life. "They monopolize all the veneration of the popular classes to the detriment of the secular clergy; their riches give them incontestable influence; the episcopate is recruited in this monastic militia." The social isolation of the clergy is such as no words can describe. The nobles keep the priest at a distance; he holds himself equally aloof from the peasants. The most religious people seem to draw a sharp distinction between respect for his office and contempt for the functionary. "Everything is reduced to one point, that is to say, 'he officiates well' or 'badly'; in other words, he looks well personally, or sings in tune, or he celebrates the ceremonies with proper intonations and noble gestures. He is chosen as if he were a sacred *maître d'hôtel*, from whom are demanded good manners and elegant service."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (April, May, June).—Theodore Voorbees' paper on "The Freight-Car Service" in the May number of *Scribner* opens with a sketch of the "Wanderings of a Car," which was sixteen months away from its owner, travelling up and down the American railways. For the latter half of that time the owners were making vigorous efforts to get their property back again. The delay and difficulty seem strange to English readers. An account is given of the "Car Accountant's Office," with some capital suggestions as to the way in which the cars may be rendered more readily available for work. The value of this department has only been recognized of late years, and the organization is in a somewhat backward state. The plan of mileage, and fixed charges for demurrage which the writer suggests as much needed remedies, have long been practised by our railway clearing house. "The Master of Ballantrae" improves as it goes on. The eighth chapter in the June number is full of fine touches. Perhaps the best of all is the description of the perils of the boy-heir from the nearness of his fascinating but uncrupulous uncle. "There was no inhibition, so long as the man was in the house, that would be strong enough to hold these two apart; for if it be hard to charm serpents, it is no very difficult thing to cast a glamour on a little chip of manhood not very long in breeches." There are excellent papers on Electricity, Slavery in America, Striped Bass Fishing, &c., in the capital June number.

ST. NICHOLAS (April, May, June).—Three natural history papers in *St. Nicholas* for May deserve a word of praise. "A Two-headed Painted Tortoise," caught by a boy who was fishing at New Haven, Connecticut; "An Orphan Bear Cub," and the "Dogs of Noted Americans" are full of facts which must both please and instruct young people. The stories and pictures are as fresh and spicy as ever.

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